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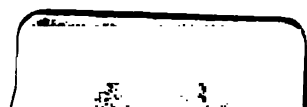
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EDITED BY
WILLIAM FRANCIS AINSWORTH,
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A STRANGE DOWRY.

BY MRS. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER V.

"The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless or immaterial, namely, our impatience; and the delusion that it will last for ever."
J. P. Richter.

For the next ten years we remained with this good lady, Miss Johnstone by name. They were happy years, on the whole, although we never saw our aunt throughout the time, as Captain Worthington, when in the West Indies, had taken a fancy to a small estate in Barbadoes, which he purchased with the intention of living there; and it was arranged that we were to join them as soon as we were old enough. He grew restless, however, with advancing years, and determined to return to England; the present found us anticipating our aunt's return, which came at last.

After our first meeting was over and we had time to look at each other, she said—

"Now, my children, let me see what you are like;" and she made us stand side by side while she looked long and earnestly.

She, dear soul, was just the same,—a few more silver threads in the pretty, soft hair, a few more lines, across the brow and round the eyes, marked the flight of time, and with what a gentle hand it had touched her; but now she spoke—

"You must be like your father, Dolly; but you, Mary dear, are the image of your poor mother. I could almost fancy I see her, as I look at you."

Her words gave me a thrill of delight, for my mother's memory was the one faithful picture which lived unaltered in my heart and mind. Perhaps it was my ever-recurring thought of her that had

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made me grow into her likeness; but enough of myself. Let me turn to Dolly, my bright, handsome sister.

I could see that my aunt's eyes rested upon her with pleased admiration; and no wonder,—she had such magnificent brown eyes, with that rich, warm colouring which bespeaks intense vitality. Her figure was tall, well-shaped, and graceful, while a queen might have envied its stateliness.

I was very proud of my sister, and as fond as I was proud. We had led a trustful, loving life together, cemented by our very unlikeness of character—for she was dashing, impulsive, brilliant; amiable also, and lavish, with a *verve* about her that took most hearts by storm. Living at all times on the surface of things, she took her pleasure out of life, without caring or asking if it held any deeper meaning. Her religious sentiment was satisfied by a languid observance of the High Church ceremonial, while her heart, which was susceptibility itself, was for ever hovering undecided among the rector's staff of curates, who found in her an unflagging coadjutor in all their good works, from croquet to altar-cloths.

Mentally, I was the reverse of my brilliant sister. Never caring for things the truth of which I could not discern, as I held hearsay faith to be no faith at all. Not in the least devotional until I felt convinced that there was a necessity for worship, when my whole soul fell prostrate; and as for my heart—it was a *terra incognita* even to myself, by no means susceptible, until, like my religion, it found a worthy altar at which it could kneel, and then I knew it would be deep and lasting in its power to love.

We joined my uncle in London. On our journey we discussed with my aunt the question of the two hundred a-year, which we had received with unfailing regularity.

"You will find it of use, my dears," she remarked; "for I regret to say, your uncle and myself are not well-off."

She thus effectually put an end to a suggestion I was about to make, that it was high time we ceased to avail ourselves of it unless we could ascertain from whence it came.

I had once or twice volunteered the idea to Dolly, who emphatically protested against our doing anything so mad.

"Good Heavens! Mim [her pet name for me], how do you suppose we are to be able to dress and go into society without it? We are not lilies of the field yet, whatever we may become. In the meantime don't, for pity's sake, hinder my trying to resemble them!"

There was no gainsaying Dolly. Whatever she liked to do she did.

We learnt from my aunt that it my uncle's intention to live at Southport, a very beautiful spot of earth in the south of England

offering all manner of advantages to the superannuated old soldier and sailor, not the least of which was a mild climate.

Uncle Worthington met us at the station. My aunt, I thought, looked a little bit afraid of him. He received us with a cold, shy sort of kindness, as if he did not quite know what to make of two grown-up young ladies to whom he was an utter stranger, and yet with whom he was expected to be on as affectionate terms as if he had known them for years.

He had a very good face ; stern in expression but noble as well. By no means conventional in either his manner or appearance, which, I fancy, was the secret of Aunt Jane's nervousness when they met, as she could never be certain if he would take the trouble to make the good impression she desired upon strangers. He was a stout, middle-sized man, with iron-grey hair and whiskers, looking much younger than his age, which was at this time sixty.

I am sure he felt us in the way at first, which did not tend to reassure us, and made Aunt Jane quite a different person, so nervous, flurried, and apologetic, that I became sorry for her, and determined to take the bull by the horns, in the shape of Uncle Worthington, and see if I could not establish a more comfortable footing with him, as the readiest way out of our difficulties.

Accordingly, when Aunt Jane and Dolly went out shopping I volunteered to remain behind as his companion.

He at first declined my proposal flatly ; but bearing in mind my purpose, I pleaded a headache, and carried my point.

I succeeded so well, having thawed him into conversing, and requested him to continue his pipe at the same time—a never-failing peace-maker with a man—that my Aunt and Dolly stared on their return to see the point of intimate friendship we had reached ; for we were laughing and talking as if we had spent the last ten years of our lives together, and I knew that my uncle and I would be firm allies for the future.

“How on earth did you manage it ?” asked Dolly, when we were alone.

“Easily enough. It simply required a little adaptability ; which is the only requisite for people to feel at home with each other, and to do away with the stiffness which strangles all the heart out of most people's lives.”

We were all so much more at home that evening, especially Aunt Jane, who was very glad we were prepared to like Uncle Worthington as he was, and make the best of him. She, from long experience of his worth, was so truly attached to him, that it made her happy when others could discern his good qualities beneath the rough exterior in which they were enveloped.

A few weeks after saw us at Southport, settled in a pretty

villa which looked over the town that lay in a hollow, with pretty terraces, crescents, and semi-detached villas on the outskirts. Southport itself was a lovely spot. Unlike most sea-coast towns, it presented a beautiful wooded appearance inland, which contrasting with the sea and rocks formed a charming landscape.

But no sooner were we fairly settled than our troubles began, at least those which took the form known as "social miseries," and proved such to my aunt and Dolly; for my uncle, feeling he had, as he expressed it, "got into port again," began unpacking an amount of old clothes that would have astonished even an advertiser for the same.

In one of these suits, the *debris* of his West Indian wardrobe, he appeared for six days in the week; a Pauama hat, with shoes of foreign leather and make, picked up like his wardrobe in different markets abroad, completed his singular costume. In this guise he spent his time; painting, polishing, carpentering, and I know not what other occupation which had taken entire possession of him, driving my poor aunt nearly frantic. Her ideas of *les convenances* were thereby subject to perpetual irritation, as she was anxious for our sakes to make a favourable impression on the people of Southport, in order that we might be considered in the light of desirable acquaintances.

But as long as the head of the family was not to be distinguished from a day labourer in a harlequin dress, what hope was there for our respectability?

"My dear Worthington, do remember we are new people here, and for the girls' sake make yourself fit to be seen. What will our visitors think? what will society say?" she expostulated. "Who will take you for Captain Worthington? You used to be so different when we first married. I am sure no one would ever think you had been in the Royal Navy to see you; we are no longer on a plantation in Barbadoes, but at home in England. Do think of society, my dear."

"Hang society!" burst out my uncle; "it's all a pack of nonsense. Society, as you call it, is a useless fool! Society won't do my carpentering for me; society won't varnish my chairs and tables; society be hanged, for all I care!"

I rather enjoyed my uncle's strong determination to preserve his individuality, and please himself after his own fashion in defiance of the opinion of polite society; but it was such a genuine annoyance to my aunt, who wanted for our sakes to stand well with people, that I knew it would never do to let him think I sided in his favour.

He was a perpetual thorn to Dolly, whose experience of life, though somewhat greater than my own, had only been viewed

through the highly orthodox lens of the very neat curates, and the sober, staid circle of Miss Johnstone's friends.

"Oh, Mim!" she groaned, when alone with me, after some more trying ordeal than usual; "that old man is a perfect affliction! I adore Aunt Jane, but I can never stand all *his* whims and oddities. I shall marry the first man that asks me."

"And be a greater goose than I take you for," I interrupted. "People often tumble from the frying-pan into the fire who adopt that principle."

"But did you see him to-day?" she said, energetically, "when Mr. and Mrs. Baines, the clergyman and his wife, passed down the front steps—such delightful people and give such nice parties!—I declare if he didn't go on painting that ugly old press, which he must needs drag into the most conspicuous part of the gravel-walk—that horrid thing he picked up at one of those vulgar auctions he is so fond of frequenting; and there he went on painting, without paying the least attention to them, which, by the way, I was rather glad of. I was so afraid he would speak to me familiarly; my only hope was, that they would take him for what he resembled. All that varnishing—ugh!—will be the death of me, and is wearing Aunt Jane to nothing. She gets as nervous as possible, I can see, when visitors call, not knowing but what he will walk into the drawing-room, paint-brush in hand, and exhibit his mountebank costume to the people present. He would think nothing of doing so. He has not the least consideration for our feelings."

"Well, dear, I hope you feel better after this explosion. I am sure I think he is a very kind, good old man to give us a home; the least we can do is to put up with his eccentricities."

"Stuff and nonsense! Are you to put up with pin-pricks for ever? A pin is a very small instrument of torture, and one to which we are at the same time much indebted, but if it pricks we are apt to forget its virtues; and that is how I regard Uncle Worthington's amiable eccentricities, and my intention is to escape this mode of social misery as soon as I can, even if I have to marry my grandfather to get rid of it!"

"It is to be hoped, then, your grandfather in question will be a man of fashion," I said, with a laugh.

"I should think so. As if I would marry any other!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn Crafteman. . . . A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable : not daily bread, but the bread of life. . . . Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united ; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. . . . Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself." *Sartor Resartus.*

MOST people have a pet Lobby. My uncle's hobby was driving a bargain. He loved an auction, and would display his purchases with great pride, especially if they had been knocked down to him for that disused coinage, "an old song."

Finding him perfectly unmanageable, my aunt and Dolly had handed him over to me, as they fancied that I could influence and restrain him, and they would often exhort me to look after him when I accompanied him on his various expeditions in search of bargains.

"My dear Mary, do see that he does not throw away his money on useless things. The amount of rubbish and old lumber he has imported into the house since we have been here is quite lamentable," said Aunt Jane.

"And whatever you do, keep clear of paint and varnish shops!" exclaimed Dolly.

Thus it was I had to keep him in hand, and I found it no easy task to drive a man as well as his hobby judiciously.

It was on our return from one of these excursions that I found Dolly and my aunt in a state of great excitement.

"Only fancy, Mim! we have had a letter from India!" said Dolly.

"Indeed! who from? I thought our connection with that country had long ago ceased."

"It seems not. Aunt Jane has had such a delightful letter from Colonel Domville, an old friend of our father's. Do you know anything about him, Aunt Jane?"

"No, my dear, unless—stop—let me think!" she exclaimed, putting her hand to her head to quicken her thoughts. "Domville? —Domville? the name seems not altogether strange. Now where have I heard it—ah—now I know! Domville was the name of the gentleman who wrote to your poor mother on your father's death. It was when you were children. Can you remember?"

We remembered the circumstance but not the name.

"Well, dears, he has written a very kind letter, asking if he may come and see you."

Suddenly it flashed across my mind that he was the source of our mysterious income ; and I said as much to my aunt and Dolly.

"Possibly, yet it is hard to say why he should be; for he was only a friend of your father's, and friends are not usually so Quixotic. In any case, it would be indelicate to tax him with it; so be careful," said my aunt.

"Of course!" exclaimed Dolly, who dreaded any interference that might cripple our resources. Instantly her mind flew off in another direction.

"Oh, Aunt Jane, what shall we do if Uncle Worthington goes on in his queer way when Colonel Domville arrives?"

My aunt gave a worried shake of her head as she left the room to receive a visit from our next-door neighbour, Mrs. Freeman, a poor, faded little creature, with a large family and a tiresome husband.

"Why do you tease Aunt Jane in this manner?" I said, after she had gone. "I declare it is too bad of you. If Colonel Domville cannot like us for ourselves he is not worth knowing. So, in any case, there is no necessity for us to make ourselves uncomfortable about him."

"There, Mim, that will do," said Dolly, cutting me short. "I object to preaching at all times; but just now I am dying to know what Colonel Domville is like, and in no mood for any deeper speculation."

We were not allowed to continue our discussion further, as my aunt sent a request that we would come to the drawing-room and help her to receive some other visitors who had just arrived: some exceedingly fashionable people, who had done us the civility of calling through an introduction; and as this was a first visit, my aunt wished to introduce us.

We were in the midst of a most animated conversation on all the polite topics usually discussed in a morning call, when who should invade our polished circle but my uncle, holding his varnish pot in one hand, and a brush in the other; his costume complete, even to the Panama hat.

I thought Dolly would have fainted. My aunt preserved her self-possession splendidly, and introduced my uncle with the utmost dignity; but as he was full of other matter than that of entertaining strangers, even though they might have been angels unawares, he went straight to the point for which he came.

"Mary, my dear," he said, addressing me, "I wish you would go down to Mrs. O'Brien, the brokeress, for me, the auction is over by this, and see if she has purchased that chair we saw to-day. I want it for my cabin. Offer her fifty shillings, not a penny more; I would go, only I want to give that table we bought another coat of varnish. Good day!" Then, with a bow to the visitors, he vanished.

Dolly gave an unutterable look, her face dyed with annoyance. My aunt, however, was admirable, and resumed the conversation regardless of the interruption. I admired her presence of mind, which treated the circumstance as quite in the order of things, and beyond the necessity of apology. It was not until our visitors had gone that I knew how much she had been annoyed.

"Too bad of him!" she exclaimed; "but nothing will alter him; he is so utterly indifferent to appearances."

"I think he is very selfish," said Dolly, ready to cry. "He ought to consider our feelings more than he does."

I had to leave them to discharge my uncle's commission. Having done so on this and several occasions to his entire satisfaction, he often entrusted me with his purchases and it was about six weeks after the above unlucky *contretemps* that I was again on my way to Mrs. O'Brien's second-hand repository.

On arriving there I found the shop deserted. I knocked in vain on the ground with my parasol; but after half a dozen ineffectual attempts to rouse the genii of the place, I began to pilot my way amid a fresh importation of newly-bought goods which were deposited in every direction likely to prevent my reaching the opposite door, which contained two oval panes of glass let into the upper panels, and were the gigantic magnifiers through which Mrs. O'Brien, from within, discovered the presence of a customer.

I found the pathway impassable. Such shoals and quicksands of crockery were sure to end in ruin, however softly I might tread. And so it turned out. Attempting to steady myself and avoid the avalanche of falling crockery I feared to drag about me, I caught at something—at what, in that chaos, it was impossible to say. All my efforts were in vain, down I fell amid the crash of furniture and ruins of glass, conscious only of an acute pain and a strong disposition to cry when I had reached the abyss.

"Merciful powers! what's happened," exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien, a woman of the feather-bed-tied-in-two mould of form, who came running in from the back regions of her establishment. "It's that drunken wretch O'Brien; for sure, he's bin to the cupboard agin, and pounds wouldn't pay for what the divil smashes when the the dhrop is in him!"

"If you please," I said, meekly, "would you help me up; I have hurt my wrist and cut myself, I think. I couldn't help falling. I'll pay for what is broken."

"Bless you, Miss, is it you?" she cried, in distress, coming to my rescue. "I declare it is too bad of O'Brien! It is all his fault, this. I can't lave him a minit but he's off. I tould him, ses I, 'Just you clear thim things away, and get the place straight, as I was busy behind there;' but niver a word does he mind!" and

she groaned as she thought of her hopeless affliction in the shape of a husband.

I was soon up preparing to go, when I became faint and must have fallen again had she not caught me.

"Come along in here, my dear," I heard her say, "and lie down on the sofa. Here, O'Brien, you scoundrel! here's a nice mornin's work you've bin and done. Just be off now, and see if ye can meet with the Doother Addison here any ways, goin' on his rounds. If ye do, just bring him in here to look at the young lady; her wrist is very bad. Indeed, I can't be sure if ye havn't kilt her outright, and then you'll be hung for it, bad luck to ye! and it's I, for one, won't be sorry for that same! There, don't stand there gaping." Here her voice and the room grew indistinct and I heard nothing more.

I had fainted with pain and fright, not being a very robust girl. On returning to consciousness I saw a strange face bending over me, and a hand holding my wrist with a gentle touch.

"Excuse me; Miss Prior, I believe?" he began, seeing I was awake. The voice had a pleasant sound that made me feel at ease. "I am sorry to tell you," he continued, "that you have injured your wrist severely; broken one of the small bones, in fact. I think, if you will allow me, I will set it for you at once; and will be as gentle as I can," he added, with a smile.

I signified my readiness to undergo the operation if he thought it necessary.

"I do, most certainly. If you take it in time, your recovery will be all the easier."

I yielded shiveringly, and in watching my sufferings Mrs. O'Brien became so volcanic that she was obliged to go out and administer another scolding to Mr. O'Brien, who, I have no doubt, was glad to shelter himself in some tavern for the rest of the day from the wrath of his wife, who was for ever holding up his deserved end, in the form of the gallows, before his inebriate mind.

In the meantime the stranger at my side was setting my wrist; I striving to be calm under the painful operation, and every now and then observing him. He was a man who looked about thirty, with a fine face, and manly, earnest grey eyes, that could look, when they pleased, "the whole world in the face." He was not handsome, but he had such an expression of truthfulness, it was impossible not to be struck by. His forehead was square and intellectual, with soft brown hair arranged in no orderly way beyond being well brushed off his temples; a good nose, and well cut mouth of most determined expression, which might induce fear until he let the sunshine of a most perfect smile show how utterly gentle and sympathetic he could be. He wore a moustache, and

no whisker. Here I was forced to give a little cry of pain as he was setting the bone before applying the splints, which obliged me to close my eyes for awhile.

When I renewed my observations I saw that he was tall, quite six feet, and well-built in proportion. His hands were so beautifully moulded, and yet so strong and tender, that I felt they were in a measure a key to his whole character, although, to tell the truth, I did not then define my impressions with the accuracy later observation and blessed experience have enabled me to paint so faithfully.

When the operation was over, I tried to rise, but found to my dismay that I was too weak to get very far, the accident had so unnerved me. In making the effort I nearly fainted again.

"If you will allow me, Miss Prior, I shall be happy to drive you home. I have only one other visit to make in the neighbourhood; and if you don't mind waiting, I will call for you when it is over. I don't think you are fit to walk," he added.

I thanked him, and accepted his offer, saying, "I felt sure my aunt and uncle would feel grateful for his kindness," for I saw nothing better to do.

As soon as he was gone I asked Mrs. O'Brien who he was, and must give her reply in moderated accents.

"Why, Miss, he is Docther Addison, the blesseddest man in the town, glory be to God! as fine a man as ever trod in shoe-leather; him as had never no call to do a hand's turn of work when he was born into the world, as the old housekeeper told me, who comes here when things are wanting, and bought a pair of candlesticks only last week. Well, she it was who told me, and there can be none as knows better, seeing she brought him up by hand, and fine trouble he gave her. Well, she says how his father was a mighty fine gentleman, the squire of some place a good ways off from this, who kept his hunters and his hounds, and his game-birds, and the blessed Virgin only knows what beside, and spent his money like a real gentleman as he was. Such fine eaten' and drinkin' as there was, with one comin' and another goin', and twenty servants in the kitchen, livin' on the fat of the land, and my young gentleman here heir to it all, off away in foreign parts takin' his pleasure, with money enough and to spare in his pockets, and his mother such a sweet lady—but oh, deary me! the changes in families as never was! Only to think, all of a sudden, when the young man was at the tip-top of his enjoyment upon enjoyments, the old gentleman dies, and when it came to be seen what money he left, never a sixpence was there to be had, but just the fine lot of debts! for if he had been spendin' his money like a real gentleman as he was, it was borrowin' of it he was all the time of those who robbed him

right and left, and the whole fine estate was sold up, and the lady died of a broken heart, and the young gentleman was left next door to a beggar on the world, to the tender mercies of his rich relation—and he has a power of them—for his support; but what does he do, but gather up the small bit of money he had left and learns to be a docther, and it was three years ago he came here and bought up old Dr. Malden's practice, and been a blessin' to the place ever since; but here he is, come to fetch ye."

CHAPTER VII.

"SERVANT.—'Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you . . . if it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait on you.'

"LOVE.—'Give my compliments to his Lordship, and I shall be glad to see him.'"
Trip to Scarborough.

I REGARDED him with fresh interest on his return. Instead of making any reply to his polite apologies for keeping me waiting, I kept silence, thinking he reminded me of a verse of Scripture: "And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and it beat against that house; but it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

I might be deceiving myself—who does not at times?—but I thought, "Here is a good man and true."

Having delivered my uncle's message at last, I drove home with Mr. Addison.

I think we both felt it an odd sort of introduction, for neither of us found our powers of speech until we came within sight of my uncle's house; when he inquired if we were not recent arrivals in Southport.

"Yes," I replied; "but perhaps you will come and make the acquaintance of my aunt and uncle. I am sure they will wish to thank you for your prompt assistance."

Dolly, who was at the window as we drove up, told me afterwards she thought I had captured the much-looked-for Colonel Domville, that we were all expecting, and whom I used to laugh at, as the "grandfather" of Dolly's hopes, when I remembered how she had declared she would marry her grandfather even, in order to escape the perpetual martyrdom of Uncle Worthington.

My aunt became alarmed on seeing me thus accompanied, and conjectured rightly that some accident had happened. Accepting my invitation to enter and be introduced, Mr. Addison followed me into the dining-room. I felt very nervous and awkward, but managed to tell my tale, which provoked an impatient exclamation from my aunt against my uncle.

"I am so unhappy to think he should have sent you into such dangers. You shall never go again. He has no idea of what is right when he has his hobby in hand."

She then turned to Mr. Addison, and was profuse in her thanks. "So very fortunate for my niece that you were in the neighbourhood! though I am sorry—so very sorry!—she has been exposed in such a place, and under such circumstances, to this accident."

"I think it is nothing that need alarm you," he replied; "she will soon be well."

Dolly, at this point, sailed into the room. She was always on a magnificent scale was Dolly, and I felt very proud to introduce my handsome sister to Mr. Addison. I could see she was full of curiosity to learn who he was, and what had brought him; so I went through the whole again for her. In the midst of my recital my uncle walked in, asking the success of my undertaking.

"Don't inquire," I replied; "you are in such disgrace, and have nearly been the death of me!"

"Allow me to introduce to you the gentleman whose kindness has been of so much service," said my aunt, stiffly.

Poor Uncle Worthington was profound in his sorrow for having brought me into trouble, and nearly embraced the doctor for coming to the rescue.

"Well, my dear, I hope it will be a lesson to you, not to be so eager after antiquities!" said my aunt with a laugh, as she used the polished long word to conceal his mania for second-hand goods.

"My dear lady, every man has a perfect right to buy in the cheapest market he can," replied my uncle, stoutly, who was not to be won over by any fine phrases or polite figures of speech, and who would have been quite ready to lay bare his small economies, had not my aunt wisely changed the conversation.

My uncle was most friendly to our new acquaintance, and insisted on taking him upstairs to the cabin a small smoking-room in which he kept his collection of Indian curiosities.

"I declare," said Dolly, when they had left the room, "you have had a most romantic adventure. I begin to think I had better volunteer to go in quest of varnish for Uncle Worthington for the future, in the hope that I may become the heroine of an accident equally romantic."

"Barring the broken crockery and sprained wrist," I exclaimed, "which is anything but romantic."

"But who is your hero?" she inquired.

"A very good young man, I am sure," said my aunt, "and skilful, no doubt."

I then narrated Mrs. O'Brien's tale.

"Quite a hero, all but his general appearance!" said Dolly, with a shrug. She had an instinctive repugnance to adversity in any form; and I knew how hopeless it was to try and convert her on this point. It was a painful weakness with her to gauge people by the prosperity of their circumstances: she could only assimilate with the rich and well-to-do.

On their return to the dining-room, Mr. Addison expressed his admiration of my uncle's collection; the various West-Indian petrefactions had especially pleased him.

"I haven't unpacked everything yet, but when I have, and the cabin is in order, I shall be very happy to see you, sir, to a friendly pipe," said my uncle, delighted; "and the ladies here, I am sure, will be pleased to see you also. Jane, my dear, don't forget an extra knife and fork for Mr. Addison, whenever he likes to come. Our dinner hour is two o'clock; any time you are passing we shall be pleased to see you. I make the invitation as I want it accepted. We are plain people, sir, living in a plain way, late dinners don't agree with us; but we shall be always glad to see you sit to our early one when you like to come."

Another pin-prick for Dolly, who disliked our quiet mode of life, and was mortified at having the nakedness of the land exposed to a stranger.

My aunt, however, seconded the invitation, adding timidly—

"We have not as yet required the professional attendance of anyone. It will oblige us very much if you will continue the treatment you have commenced."

The subject of all these attentions was beginning to feel overwhelmed. He did not say very much; but simply thanking my aunt and uncle for their kind and cordial invitation, he left, promising to call again, professionally, in a few days.

Dolly made a grimace as soon as he had gone, expressive of her relief, and then helped me to take off my bonnet, while my aunt poured out a glass of wine, which she felt sure I must need after all I had gone through.

Thus engaged we did not hear the sound of wheels, nor did we see the carriage and pair which drove up; we were only made aware of the fact by our flurried, inexperienced housemaid, who was knocked off her balance by the unlooked-for grandeur, and ran breathless into the dining-room to know what she was to do with the gentleman in question, handing me his card.

"Oh, Dolly!" I exclaimed, "the long-looked-for has come at last. It is Colonel Domville, my dear!"

"You don't say so!" cried my aunt and sister in one breath. "Show him up to the drawing-room."

We had talked so much about him, and had moreover grown to connect him so continually in our minds with our mysterious annuity, that his advent possessed no small interest for us, especially for Dolly, who, I fancy, hoped to find in him the possible Perseus who would free her from her rock-bound sphere of fashion, to one of greater scope, adorned with wealth and power.

"Is my cap straight?" said Aunt Jane, giving it a becoming little pat, and putting herself into position.

"You are beautiful!" said Dolly. "Don't delay, dear Aunt Jane; it is so rude to keep him waiting! You won't come, will you, Mim?"

"No, thank you, dear. I have had adventures enough for one day. I might faint again, or do something equally absurd—it is your turn now," I said, depositing myself comfortably on the sofa.

My aunt had gone, but Dolly remained just for a moment to say—

"Oh, Mim, dear; I wonder what he is like!"

Poor Dolly! she was evidently thinking of him in the light of a "grandfather."

CHAPTER VIII.

"AMANDA.—'Does not your Lordship love reading, then?'

"LORD FOR.—'Oh, passionately, Madam!'

A Trip to Scarborough.—SHERIDAN.

HE remained fully half-an-hour, and then, warned by his heavy tread, I placed myself in a convenient position to observe his departure.

A tall, thin figure, spectacles, straggling whiskers inclining to grey, moustaches of the same, were all that the passing glance I caught allowed me to take in, as he crossed the gravel walk and reached the shrubbery which hid him from sight.

Dolly at that moment came blushing into the room, followed by my aunt.

"Oh, Mim," she exclaimed; "I wish you had been with us. I never saw such distinguished manners in my life! Hadn't he, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, my love, a perfect gentleman," replied my aunt, in a subdued voice and look, as if still under the influence of his excessive superiority.

"And so clever!" continued Dolly, with enthusiasm; "his manner of speech so refined and elegant, full of quotations."

"Yes," echoed my aunt, whose conversation, I suspect, never

exceeded that monosyllable in the presence of so much knowledge; for she was a sweet, simple soul, whose reverence for learning was far in advance of her possession of the same.

"I declare," said Dolly, "that if he talks always as he did to-day, I must begin to read up and improve my mind. I never saw such a place as this; one never seems to see a review of any kind. I have not read the *Sapient* since I left Miss Johnstone's."

"You don't mean to say he talked like the *Sapient*? How you must have enjoyed his conversation," I remarked with a laugh.

"Don't be a quiz, Miss Mim," said Dolly, who was thereby reminded of the trouble Miss Johnstone used to have to induce her to assist in the cultivation of her said mind. "We must show him some attention, must we not?" she inquired of my aunt, looking doubtful as to how it was to be done.

"Of course, my love," said my aunt, with equal hesitation, for we all felt that Uncle Worthington, with his plain manners and boasted plain living, would be such an utter incongruity by the side of this exquisite that to amalgamate them, without an explosion, would require no ordinary tact.

"Does he remain long in Southport?"

"Six weeks or more, I think he said—did he not, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, my dear," said my aunt, leaving the room.

"And where is he staying?"

"At the 'Grand Hotel;' he has taken a suite of rooms, and lives there *en prince* with a black servant as his valet. I wish you had seen him."

"Of course, I saw him, I should not have been a true daughter of our beloved mother Eve if I had not watched to see him pass. He was exquisite; but what did he think of you is more to the point."

"I think he was delighted," said Aunt Jane, on her return, having heard my remark. "I am sure I thought he would have sat on for ever, he seemed so pleased; and, indeed, I don't wonder, for your sister has such charming manners, and entertained him as if she had been accustomed to sit in state and hold drawing-rooms all her life; but then I am not surprised at her being inspired on this occasion. Colonel Donville's conversation was so improving. He gave us a description of his journey in such beautiful language. It was like reading a book, wasn't it, dear?—tell Mary all about it, for I must go."

"Well, Dolly, begin."

"To tell you the truth, Mim dear, I don't remember much of what he said, although I was so delightful, as Aunt Jane says; for I was thinking all the while what a horrible *contretemps* it would be if Uncle Worthington were to walk in, as he did this morning, and

embrace the Colonel with the gusto he observed towards your medical man! I don't think I could have survived it."

"I declare poor Uncle Worthington is a regular sword of Damocles over your fashionable head, Dolly."

"I should think so! I don't know what we are to do with him while Colonel Domville is here. I wish to goodness he would take to papering the attics—he talks of doing so; that would keep him upstairs, and out of our sight, for some time."

"Except if he happened to want fresh paper and paste, and then he would call us all to help him to get it. How I should enjoy it, some day, when Colonel Domville was calling and talking beautifully like the *Sapient*, to see Uncle Worthington put his head into the drawing-room and say, 'Here, Dolly, my dear, just ask them to make me a little more paste.' Can't I picture your anguish and the well-bred stare of your fashionable Colonel?"

"I think you are horribly cruel to make so light of my sufferings," she cried.

"And I think you equally mean to be ashamed of your uncle," I answered warmly.

"Now, Mim, don't talk nonsense, and don't begin to moralise. All that sort of stuff sounds admirable in a book, but I defy you not to feel the awkwardness of it in real life; for social miseries cannot be lightly ignored—they are as acute to bear as any others, especially for us, come as strangers to a fresh place and wanting the best society. A man like Uncle Worthington stamps us at once as second-rate people. Only princes and millionaires can afford to indulge in such eccentricities, and hear them called by that name," she said, shrugging her shoulders with all a Frenchwoman's animation.

"But what do you mean by second-rate people? Is not every one in the world second-rate to the person above them in the social scale?"

"Do be quiet, and don't weary me with reflections. Society is society; all I want is to get it, and not to define it. At present I am browsing on a mountain of dulness. We have been here I don't know how many weeks and never been asked to a party yet, and never shall, as long as Uncle Worthington continues to make such a sign-board of himself. No wonder people are frightened."

"There you are wrong; for Mrs. Baines has asked us to her *At Home* on the twentieth of June. Now that will be a capital introduction!"

"You don't say so! Why, when did it come?" said Dolly, brightening up considerably. "Only a fortnight from this! Why, Aunt Jane," she said, addressing my aunt, who had returned again to the room, "you never told me of Mrs. Baines's invitation!"

"I forgot to do so, in the hurry of the morning and all that we have gone through; but I left it open on the writing-table for any one to see. Did you think of answering it for me, Mary?"

"No; I did not know if it would be accepted."

"Accepted! Of course!" exclaimed Dolly. "I hear she gives the best parties in Southport. You only meet the very nicest people at her house. Quite the best introduction we could have. We must think about our dresses, Mim; let them be different. I hate sisters who go about labelled such, in livery. I wish I had a pair of handsome bracelets;" she said thoughtfully, looking down at the soft, round, well-formed arms that needed no embellishing. "Have we any money, Mim? you are the cashier—enough to buy us each a pair of bracelets?"

"You need not go to any expense for jewels," said my aunt. "I have all your poor mother's in my charge, to divide between you. She left them with me; so beautifully arranged, each article marked with your respective names. I did not like to take the responsibility of the jewel-case while travelling about, so left it with our banker during my absence abroad."

"Do send for it," interrupted Dolly.

"I brought it with me when we came from London, and have it now upstairs. I was waiting for some such opportunity as the present, before opening it, as there is something so inexpressibly painful to me in displacing the articles a loving hand, long dead, was the last to touch. You are young, my dears, and I do not expect you to feel as I do about this; but you will find that as you grow older, past memories, instead of being forgotten, become sacred. Come with me now, and I will give them to you."

We went to her bedroom, where, unlocking her wardrobe, she brought out a large jewel-case with leather case and strap. Seating herself on a sofa she placed it on the table before her, while we stood on either side watching her. As she put the key in the lock, I can distinctly recollect feeling a peculiar shiver pass all through my frame which made me turn faint and sick.

"What is it, dear?" said Dolly, who caught sight of my face. "Wait a little, Aunt Jane. I don't think Mim feels very well," before I had time to reply she had dashed from the room to fetch some wine.

"Oh, Aunt Jane," I cried; "do you remember when poor mamma died how cold she was, and how I clung to her? She came just now and touched me, I think, for I felt the same cold feeling I had then. It was as if she had put two icy hands across my eyes to keep me from seeing for ever."

"You poor thing, it is only fancy," said my aunt, kindly.

"Your accident this morning has unnerved you; you were on the point of fainting again very likely."

I made no reply, but I knew that I had not fainted; and that my present sensations were by no means a repetition of the morning's experience.

I took a sip of the wine which Dolly now brought, and then my aunt opened the case.

It was, as she had said, a mournful sight; everything was so neatly arranged, and marked with our different names, that we paused for a long while not daring to displace them; it seemed such a sacrilege to do so, as we recalled who it was that had laid each article, which thus had rested through the long years past in its silent grave.

We stood so long waiting and looking that my aunt said, "Well, dears, what do you wish?"

"I think we would rather you took them out and divided them," said Dolly.

Giving a little sigh, she did as requested. "I think you had better have new cases made, for this has a destiny to fulfil which I will not speak of now, except to tell you that it was your mother's wish you should not have it after the jewels had been removed."

"What is this?" I inquired, as I touched a silver button at the back, near the hinges.

"The spring, my dear. It unlocks a secret drawer—no need to open it—it contains no jewels." Putting my hand aside, and quickly closing the lid, she restored the box to its case, while we sat staring at the two small heaps which lay before us.

Dolly had her bracelets, so had I. We should never want for jewels again, it seemed to me, for the rest of our lives.

"What a beautiful ring!" exclaimed Dolly, as she selected from my heap a glittering diamond hoop. "It was the one our poor mother wore—don't you remember?"

"Yes, my dear, she wore it up to the day of her death," said Aunt Jane. "I removed it after she was dead; but she told me where it was to be put, and who it was for; so I had no difficulty in finding the vacant spot which was left with Mary's name upon it."

"It is too beautiful for me ever to wear," I said with a shiver.

"It would be out of place now," said my aunt, who was a preacher of simplicity to girls; "but keep it until you are married. Dolly, I see, has her emerald; it was given to your poor mother by an old friend of our family as a wedding gift."

"And who gave her this?" I said, holding up the diamond.

"It must have been given to her after her marriage, as I don't remember it among her wedding gifts. Your father, of course—who else should give it?"

CHAPTER IX.

"MRS. HARDCASTLE.—'I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman ; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in a crowd.' "

She Stoops to Conquer.

A FEW mornings later, while my aunt and Dolly were on a shopping expedition, Mr. Addison paid his professional visit.

I felt awkward at having to receive him alone. So unused was I to the society of gentlemen, that I experienced an amount of nervousness in the presence of a stranger, that would have been laughable had it not been such a painful matter to me. Fortunately Mr. Addison was about the best person I could have met to make me forget my shyness.

I was reading when he entered, and as my back was towards the door I attributed the heavy footstep to my uncle, and paid no attention, keeping my eyes upon my book, until I was startled by seeing Mr. Addison before me.

"Your nerves are still out of order, I see, Miss Prior."

"Pray forgive me," I stammered. "It was stupid of the servant not to announce you."

"Don't apologise ; how you are trembling !" and as he spoke he placed his chair at a little distance. He saw that I was in no condition to be professionally cross-examined, so he wisely waited until I was more composed.

"I am sorry my aunt and sister are not at home. Shall I call my uncle ?" I felt as if I didn't quite know what to do.

"Don't trouble your uncle," he said ; "I cannot remain very long."

"And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew : " why would those words keep haunting me as I looked at him ?

"Now, Miss Prior, if you are ready I should like to examine your wrist."

I held it out, and as he began undoing the bandage I said : "Do you think my wrist will be well by the twentieth of June ? I should like it to be, for I want to go to Mrs. Baines's party."

"I must try and make it well for you, in that case. You are the second person this morning who has spoken to me about the twentieth, and hoped they would be well enough to go to Mrs Baines's party."

"Indeed !"

"Yes ; one of the numerous visitors to Southport at this season, made the same remark. He is staying at the Grand Hotel."

"Is his name Colonel Domville?" I inquired, growing interested.

"No, though, strangely enough, he is a Colonel. He gave me his card—by the way, I think I have it in my pocket;" and he drew forth a card, handing it to me, on which I read:

"Colonel Adrian Stanhope, Clynden Hall." My interest fell at once; and I returned the card without remark.

"A very good style of man," he continued. "His sister is with him. Miss Stanhope is an elderly lady, but not old. I like them both very much.

He kept throwing out these remarks as he wound the bandage round my wrist. His mind was evidently running on them.

"Is Colonel Stanhope very ill?"

"No; not very, or rather in a perpetual state of invalidism—a valetudinarian, in fact. They have come here for the summer, and are friends of Mr. and Mrs. Baines. My introduction was purely accidental, as I am not a fashionable doctor—I hope you don't object," he said, with a smile. "I happened to be in the Hotel when they were sending for a doctor in all directions, and Miss Stanhope begged I would prescribe for her brother; this is the history of my acquaintance with them. And now I think your wrist will do until I can liberate it finally."

"Ah!" said my uncle, coming into the room, looking pleased to see him. "How do you do? and how is my poor little victim? I am longing for a cabinet to put all my odds-and-ends of curiosities in, but I have not plucked up courage to visit the scene of Mary's disaster; however, if you are walking I don't mind going under your shelter a part of the way; if you will just wait one moment I will be with you."

"Your uncle manages to amuse himself, I see," said Mr. Addison.

"Yes; he is always busy about something or another."

"A sensible man; there is nothing in the world like good honest hard work—thank God, I have lived to find that out. Here he comes—I must wish you good-bye," he said, rising, and they left together.

"So you have had a visit from your medical man," cried Dolly, with one of her bright laughs, when she returned. "We met him with Uncle Worthington. By the way, Mim, you should have told him to call when your aunt and sister were at home; but of course you forgot to do so. There are no flirts, my dear, so dangerous as quiet ones, remember! They undermine the citadel; now, I prefer a storming party."

"Mr. Addison does not seem to me the sort of man likely to be undermined or stormed," said I; "in either case he is at your disposal."

"I would rather be excused," said Dolly, with a grimace. "But oh, Mim, what do you think? Mrs. Baines has invited Colonel Domville for the twentieth."

"Do you intend storming that fortress, if it be such? From what I have heard I think the outworks have fallen already."

"I hope they have," she answered, naively. "But joking apart, Mim, he is very clever, and has an excellent position."

"And how charming to spend your days talking like the *Sapient Review* for the rest of your life!"

"What idiots we are to be chattering like this!" she exclaimed, with a gay laugh, as she tripped out of the room humming the old song, which she paraphrased thus:

"What care I how fine he be,
If he be not fine for me,"

while I was summoned to the drawing-room to see Mrs. Freeman, our neighbour, who had called to ask how I was, having heard of my accident.

She was a kind, weary-looking little woman, who seemed as if life was a hard text, out of which she was for ever trying to make a good sermon. She interested me so much that we soon became very friendly, and I often went to sit an hour with her."

"We shall meet you at the Baines's party?" I said, after she had been with me some time.

"No; we do not visit, although Mr. Baines is our clergyman. I have found that the kingdom of heaven, at present, on earth is decidedly exclusive. It likes to be sure that you are well-born and well-bred, or else have the equivalent in your purse, before it extends you its hospitality; unless you happen to belong to the very poor, when of course you can share in the tea-and-cake receptions of the schoolrooms, where the people sit, and the pastor stands and all is distinct.

"Are you not severe?" I suggested.

"Possibly, and yet I am but giving you my experience. I trust you may be more fortunate in yours."

Poor Mrs. Freeman, the society of ladies and gentlemen had evidently not been very kind to her, and I soon learnt who was the chief offender, as she remarked presently. "You are sure to encounter a certain Mrs. St. Vincent at Mrs. Baines's party; she is the widow of a general officer, and introduces the parade ground into society. Her vocation in Southport is to take the command of the cliques, and no one is suffered to pass current without the certificate of her approval."

"How absurd!"

"Yes, but instructive and amusing at the same time. She is a

distinct specimen of a woman, and a good illustration of the vast amount of littleness to be met with in small-big people."

"Yes, it is wonderful how tenacious some are about their dignity, which can never suffer but from themselves."

"A platitude, my dear girl, that all are ready to admit, but few to act upon; you must beware of platitudes."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that people have grown so accustomed to the ritual of certain truths that their deep sense is lost in sounds that convey no meaning beyond the acknowledged fact that they have become platitudes to which we all assent, but never heed."

"Shall we have any dancing at Mrs. Baines's? I am longing for a dance!"

"I fear not; the weak brethren have to be considered in a clergyman's house."

"Weak brethren!" I exclaimed, laughing. "What are they like?"

"I can't say—for I never saw one. Individually most people profess themselves proof against all temptation, but abstain from certain harmless amusements on account of the weak brethren. I am rather curious, therefore, to see one; or to know if the brother exists that ever owned to a weakness that would not yield some self-complacency in owning it," she said, smiling as she rose to leave, making me promise to see her as soon as I could after our party was over.

At length the day of the twentieth arrived. To my aunt's vexation, Uncle Worthington announced his intention of staying at home that evening. After much expostulation he only said—

"If you expect me to go to such balderdash as an *At Home*, you are very much mistaken. If any one will come and take me as I am ["Heaven forbid!" muttered Dolly], and have a game of whist, I shall be happy to welcome them; but I'll see them at Old Harry's first before I go and dress up to spend an evening to talk bosh, so understand that at once. As long as the girls want to go they can, and you are free to take them; but I mean to stay at home."

"Come only this once," pleaded my aunt, "as it is our first party; what excuse can I make for you? You are in perfect health."

"Say the truth, my dear, that I prefer a chapter out of Swift, Shakespeare, or Sterne, if I want amusement, and to sit at home with my pipe in my comfortable cabin up aloft, to seeing a lot of men and women, dressed and undressed, making fools of themselves, pretending to be very polite and fond of each other, when they are

ready to cut each other's characters, if not throats, at the smallest notice."

As his obstinacy on this point was not to be overcome we were forced to go without him.

Dolly and I were immensely interested in each other's appearance this evening when the ceremony of dressing took place,—she in pink, I in white.

"Truly you are born to carry all before you—you look splendid!" I exclaimed, with a genuine burst of admiration as I finished assisting her.

"Thank you, dear," she said quietly, taking it as her due. "Now let me help you."

After a few finishing touches, she said, "Yes, you will do; I like your dress extremely; there is a decided air of superiority about it that will carry off the palm. Be prepared to create a sensation, my child."

"Don't talk nonsense! you make me feel miserable; I never could make friends with people at first."

"I didn't talk about your making friends: I simply said you would create a sensation, a pleasing flutter of hope and surprise."

"Don't forget your music," said my aunt to me, at that moment entering the room.

"But my wrist!" I exclaimed, glad to escape the ordeal of a public performance.

"Dolly will accompany you."

"Of course, I will; I wouldn't have you leave your music behind for worlds. But before we go I wish to remind you, my beloved friends, that if you have occasion to address me in public this evening, which no doubt you will, that the name I received at my baptism, when I promised to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—a promise, I am happy to think, no one ever seems, or is expected, to keep, by the way—was Medora, not Dolly, as in tender moments you are wont to call me;" and she finished off with a low bow. After a hearty laugh at her dramatic action and request we started for Mrs. Baines's At Home.



TURKEY :
ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND RESOURCES
BY THE EDITOR
PART V.
MAMMALIA.

It would, perhaps, have appeared less pedantic to have headed this chapter—quadrupeds—more especially as such are what we have really in view ; but as the monkey and bat tribes—the quadrumana and the cheiroptera—cannot precisely be said to be quadrupeds, yet come among the mammals, or mammiferæ, there was no help for it but to adopt the more comprehensive heading.

To begin, then, with the higher organised mammals, the monkey-tribe, one species is twice noticed in the Old Testament (1 Kings x, 22 ; and 2 Chron. ix. 21) under the name of koph, whence the “kupos” of the Septuagint, and “cephus” of the Romans. But as this animal is associated in both cases with thoukiim, rendered ‘peacocks’ in our version, but, from the prehensile meaning of the word, more probably parrots—it is also most probable that in both cases animals are alluded to which were brought from Ophir, in Southern Africa, by the fleet of Tarshish.

There are, however, traditions of the existence of a large ape or baboon in the jungle of the lower Euphrates or Tigris ; and Mr. Rich notices the satyrs of the desert in his “Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon,” p. 30 ; but such an animal was not met with or heard of during the exploration of those two rivers. Supposing it to have been once a tenant of the Mesopotamian wilderness, which is far from unlikely, the untractable and brutal, yet semi-human character of the whole genus would indeed be sufficient to sanction the Arabic name “saadan,” and the Hebrew “sadim,” indicating satyr of the desert. Mr. Rich says his informants called them “Said” or “Sayyid Assad ;” and he adds, they are found in the woods near Semava, on the lower Euphrates. This is very likely to be the case, for the Arabian ape or baboon (*Macacus Arabicus*), a species nearly allied to *Cynocephalus hamadryas*, on the one hand, and to *Macacus Silenus* on the other—all three, powerful, fierce, and libidinous animals, is said to be met with from the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, through Southern Arabia to the Euphrates and Tigris. It is remarkable that this species is all the less solicitous about the vicinity of trees, as it is armed with powerful canines ;

exceeded that monosyllable in the presence of so much knowledge; for she was a sweet, simple soul, whose reverence for learning was far in advance of her possession of the same.

"I declare," said Dolly, "that if he talks always as he did to-day, I must begin to read up and improve my mind. I never saw such a place as this; one never seems to see a review of any kind. I have not read the *Sapient* since I left Miss Johnstone's."

"You don't mean to say he talked like the *Sapient*? How you must have enjoyed his conversation," I remarked with a laugh.

"Don't be a quiz, Miss Mim," said Dolly, who was thereby reminded of the trouble Miss Johnstone used to have to induce her to assist in the cultivation of her said mind. "We must show him some attention, must we not?" she inquired of my aunt, looking doubtful as to how it was to be done.

"Of course, my love," said my aunt, with equal hesitation, for we all felt that Uncle Worthington, with his plain manners and boasted plain living, would be such an utter incongruity by the side of this exquisite that to amalgamate them, without an explosion, would require no ordinary tact.

"Does he remain long in Southport?"

"Six weeks or more, I think he said—did he not, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes, my dear," said my aunt, leaving the room.

"And where is he staying?"

"At the 'Grand Hotel;' he has taken a suite of rooms, and lives there *en prince* with a black servant as his valet. I wish you had seen him."

"Of course, I saw him, I should not have been a true daughter of our beloved mother Eve if I had not watched to see him pass. He was exquisite; but what did he think of you is more to the point."

"I think he was delighted," said Aunt Jane, on her return, having heard my remark. "I am sure I thought he would have sat on for ever, he seemed so pleased; and, indeed, I don't wonder, for your sister has such charming manners, and entertained him as if she had been accustomed to sit in state and hold drawing-rooms all her life; but then I am not surprised at her being inspired on this occasion. Colonel Doinville's conversation was so improving. He gave us a description of his journey in such beautiful language. It was like reading a book, wasn't it, dear?—tell Mary all about it, for I must go."

"Well, Dolly, begin."

"To tell you the truth, Mim dear, I don't remember much of what he said, although I was so delightful, as Aunt Jane says; for I was thinking all the while what a horrible *contretemps* it would be if Uncle Worthington were to walk in, as he did this morning, and

embrace the Colonel with the gusto he observed towards your medical man! I don't think I could have survived it."

"I declare poor Uncle Worthington is a regular sword of Damocles over your fashionable head, Dolly."

"I should think so! I don't know what we are to do with him while Colonel Domville is here. I wish to goodness he would take to papering the attics—he talks of doing so; that would keep him upstairs, and out of our sight, for some time."

"Except if he happened to want fresh paper and paste, and then he would call us all to help him to get it. How I should enjoy it, some day, when Colonel Domville was calling and talking beautifully like the *Sapient*, to see Uncle Worthington put his head into the drawing-room and say, 'Here, Dolly, my dear, just ask them to make me a little more paste.' Can't I picture your anguish and the well-bred stare of your fashionable Colonel?"

"I think you are horribly cruel to make so light of my sufferings," she cried.

"And I think you equally mean to be ashamed of your uncle." I answered warmly.

"Now, Mim, don't talk nonsense, and don't begin to moralise. All that sort of stuff sounds admirable in a book, but I defy you not to feel the awkwardness of it in real life; for social miseries cannot be lightly ignored—they are as acute to bear as any others, especially for us, come as strangers to a fresh place and wanting the best society. A man like Uncle Worthington stamps us at once as second-rate people. Only princes and millionaires can afford to indulge in such eccentricities, and hear them called by that name," she said, shrugging her shoulders with all a Frenchwoman's animation.

"But what do you mean by second-rate people? Is not every one in the world second-rate to the person above them in the social scale?"

"Do be quiet, and don't weary me with reflections. Society is society; all I want is to get it, and not to define it. At present I am browsing on a mountain of dulness. We have been here I don't know how many weeks and never been asked to a party yet, and never shall, as long as Uncle Worthington continues to make such a sign-board of himself. No wonder people are frightened."

"There you are wrong; for Mrs. Baines has asked us to her *At Home* on the twentieth of June. Now that will be a capital introduction!"

"You don't say so! Why, when did it come?" said Dolly, brightening up considerably. "Only a fortnight from this! Why, Aunt Jane," she said, addressing my aunt, who had returned again to the room, "you never told me of Mrs. Baines's invitation!"

"I forgot to do so, in the hurry of the morning and all that we have gone through ; but I left it open on the writing-table for any one to see. Did you think of answering it for me, Mary?"

"No ; I did not know if it would be accepted."

"Accepted ! Of course !" exclaimed Dolly. "I hear she gives the best parties in Southport. You only meet the very nicest people at her house. Quite the best introduction we could have. We must think about our dresses, Mim ; let them be different. I hate sisters who go about labelled such, in livery. I wish I had a pair of handsome bracelets ;" she said thoughtfully, looking down at the soft, round, well-formed arms that needed no embellishing. "Have we any money, Mim ? you are the cashier—enough to buy us each a pair of bracelets ?"

"You need not go to any expense for jewels," said my aunt.

"I have all your poor mother's in my charge, to divide between you. She left them with me ; so beautifully arranged, each article marked with your respective names. I did not like to take the responsibility of the jewel-case while travelling about, so left it with our banker during my absence abroad."

"Do send for it," interrupted Dolly.

"I brought it with me when we came from London, and have it now upstairs. I was waiting for some such opportunity as the present, before opening it, as there is something so inexpressibly painful to me in displacing the articles a loving hand, long dead, was the last to touch. You are young, my dears, and I do not expect you to feel as I do about this ; but you will find that as you grow older, past memories, instead of being forgotten, become sacred. Come with me now, and I will give them to you."

We went to her bedroom, where, unlocking her wardrobe, she brought out a large jewel-case with leather case and strap. Seating herself on a sofa she placed it on the table before her, while we stood on either side watching her. As she put the key in the lock, I can distinctly recollect feeling a peculiar shiver pass all through my frame which made me turn faint and sick.

"What is it, dear ?" said Dolly, who caught sight of my face. "Wait a little, Aunt Jane. I don't think Mim feels very well," before I had time to reply she had dashed from the room to fetch some wine.

"Oh, Aunt Jane," I cried ; "do you remember when poor mamma died how cold she was, and how I clung to her ? She came just now and touched me, I think, for I felt the same cold feeling I had then. It was as if she had put two icy hands across my eyes to keep me from seeing for ever."

"You poor thing, it is only fancy," said my aunt, kindly.

"Your accident this morning has unnerved you: you were on the point of fainting again very likely."

I made no reply, but I knew that I had not fainted; and that my present sensations were by no means a repetition of the morning's experience.

I took a sip of the wine which Dolly now brought, and then my aunt opened the case.

It was, as she had said, a mournful sight: everything was so neatly arranged, and marked with our different names, that we paused for a long while not daring to displace them; it seemed such a sacrifice to do so, as we recalled who it was that had laid each article, which thus had rested through the long years past in its silent grave.

We stood so long waiting and looking that my aunt said, "Well, dears, what do you wish?"

"I think we would rather you took them out and divided them," said Dolly.

Giving a little sigh, she did as requested. "I think you had better have new cases made, for this has a destiny to fulfil which I will not speak of now, except to tell you that it was your mother's wish you should not have it after the jewels had been removed."

"What is this?" I inquired, as I touched a silver button at the back, near the hinges.

"The spring, my dear. It unlocks a secret drawer—no need to open it—it contains no jewels." Putting my hand aside, and quickly closing the lid, she restored the box to its case, while we sat staring at the two small heaps which lay before us.

Dolly had her bracelets, so had I. We should never want for jewels again, it seemed to me, for the rest of our lives.

"What a beautiful ring!" exclaimed Dolly, as she selected from my heap a glittering diamond hoop. "It was the one our poor mother wore—don't you remember?"

"Yes, my dear, she wore it up to the day of her death," said Aunt Jane. "I removed it after she was dead; but she told me where it was to be put, and who it was for; so I had no difficulty in finding the vacant spot which was left with Mary's name upon it."

"It is too beautiful for me ever to wear," I said with a shiver.

"It would be out of place now," said my aunt, who was a preacher of simplicity to girls; "but keep it until you are married. Dolly, I see, has her emerald; it was given to your poor mother by an old friend of our family as a wedding gift."

"And who gave her this?" I said, holding up the diamond.

"It must have been given to her after her marriage, as I don't remember it among her wedding gifts. Your father, of course—who else should give it?"

CHAPTER IX.

"MRS. HARDCASTLE.—'I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman ; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in a crowd.'"
She Stoops to Conquer.

A FEW mornings later, while my aunt and Dolly were on a shopping expedition, Mr. Addison paid his professional visit.

I felt awkward at having to receive him alone. So unused was I to the society of gentlemen, that I experienced an amount of nervousness in the presence of a stranger, that would have been laughable had it not been such a painful matter to me. Fortunately Mr. Addison was about the best person I could have met to make me forget my shyness.

I was reading when he entered, and as my back was towards the door I attributed the heavy footstep to my uncle, and paid no attention, keeping my eyes upon my book, until I was startled by seeing Mr. Addison before me.

"Your nerves are still out of order, I see, Miss Prior."

"Pray forgive me," I stammered. "It was stupid of the servant not to announce you."

"Don't apologise ; how you are trembling !" and as he spoke he placed his chair at a little distance. He saw that I was in no condition to be professionally cross-examined, so he wisely waited until I was more composed.

"I am sorry my aunt and sister are not at home. Shall I call my uncle ?" I felt as if I didn't quite know what to do.

"Don't trouble your uncle," he said ; "I cannot remain very long."

"And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew : " why would those words keep haunting me as I looked at him ?

"Now, Miss Prior, if you are ready I should like to examine your wrist."

I held it out, and as he began undoing the bandage I said : "Do you think my wrist will be well by the twentieth of June ? I should like it to be, for I want to go to Mrs. Baines's party."

"I must try and make it well for you, in that case. You are the second person this morning who has spoken to me about the twentieth, and hoped they would be well enough to go to Mrs Baines's party."

"Indeed !"

"Yes ; one of the numerous visitors to Southport at this season, made the same remark. He is staying at the Grand Hotel."

growing in-
He gave me
and he drew

My interest fell
His sister is
with me. I like
them.

He kept on until the bandage
rounding them. He had been
pulling at them.

"Is General Stanhope well?"

"Not a very pleasant state of invalidism—a
valetudinarian, in fact. They have not left for the summer, and
are friends of Mr. and Mrs. Paines. My introduction was purely
accidental, as I am not a fashionable doctor—I hope you don't
object," he said, with a smile. "I happened to be in the Hotel
when they were sending for a doctor in all directions, and Miss
Stanhope begged I would prescribe for her brother; this is the
history of my acquaintance with them. And now I think your
visit will do until I can liberate it finally."

"Ah!" said my uncle, coming into the room, looking pleased
to see him. "How do you do? and how is my poor little victim?
I am longing for a cabinet to put all my odds-and-ends of curiosi-
ties in, but I have not plucked up courage to visit the scene of
Mary's disaster; however, if you are walking I don't mind going
under your shelter a part of the way; if you will just wait one
moment I will be with you."

"Your uncle manages to amuse himself, I see," said Mr. Addison.

"Yes; he is always busy about something or another."

"A sensible man; there is nothing in the world like good
honest hard work—thank God, I have lived to find that out.
Here he comes—I must wish you good-bye," he said, rising, and
they left together.

"So you have had a visit from your medical man," cried Dolly,
with one of her bright laughs, when she returned. "We met him
with Uncle Worthington. By the way, Mim, you should have told him
to call when your aunt and sister were at home; but of course you
forgot to do so. There are no flirts, my dear, so dangerous as quiet
ones, remember! They undermine the citadel; now, I prefer a
storming party."

"Mr. Addison does not seem to me the sort of man likely to
be undermined or stormed," said I; "in either case he is at your
disposal."

"I would rather be excused," said Dolly, with a grimace. "But oh, Mim, what do you think? Mrs. Baines has invited Colonel Domville for the twentieth."

"Do you intend storming that fortress, if it be such? From what I have heard I think the outworks have fallen already."

"I hope they have," she answered, naively. "But joking apart, Mim, he is very clever, and has an excellent position."

"And how charming to spend your days talking like the *Sapient Review* for the rest of your life!"

"What idiots we are to be chattering like this!" she exclaimed, with a gay laugh, as she tripped out of the room humming the old song, which she paraphrased thus:

"What care I how fine he be,
If he be not fine for me,"

while I was summoned to the drawing-room to see Mrs. Freeman, our neighbour, who had called to ask how I was, having heard of my accident.

She was a kind, weary-looking little woman, who seemed as if life was a hard text, out of which she was for ever trying to make a good sermon. She interested me so much that we soon became very friendly, and I often went to sit an hour with her."

"We shall meet you at the Baines's party?" I said, after she had been with me some time.

"No; we do not visit, although Mr. Baines is our clergyman. I have found that the kingdom of heaven, at present, on earth is decidedly exclusive. It likes to be sure that you are well-born and well-bred, or else have the equivalent in your purse, before it extends you its hospitality; unless you happen to belong to the very poor, when of course you can share in the tea-and-cake receptions of the schoolrooms, where the people sit, and the pastor stands and all is distinct.

"Are you not severe?" I suggested.

"Possibly, and yet I am but giving you my experience. I trust you may be more fortunate in yours."

Poor Mrs. Freeman, the society of ladies and gentlemen had evidently not been very kind to her, and I soon learnt who was the chief offender, as she remarked presently. "You are sure to encounter a certain Mrs. St. Vincent at Mrs. Baines's party; she is the widow of a general officer, and introduces the parade ground into society. Her vocation in Southport is to take the command of the cliques, and no one is suffered to pass current without the certificate of her approval."

"How absurd!"

"Yes, but instructive and amusing at the same time. She is a

distinct specimen of a woman, and a good illustration of the vast amount of littleness to be met with in small-big people."

"Yes, it is wonderful how tenacious some are about their dignity, which can never suffer but from themselves."

"A platitude, my dear girl, that all are ready to admit, but few to act upon; you must beware of platitudes."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that people have grown so accustomed to the ritual of certain truths that their deep sense is lost in sounds that convey no meaning beyond the acknowledged fact that they have become platitudes to which we all assent, but never heed."

"Shall we have any dancing at Mrs. Baines's? I am longing for a dance."

"I fear not; the weak brethren have to be considered in a clergyman's house."

"Weak brethren!" I exclaimed, laughing. "What are they like?"

"I can't say—for I never saw one. Individually most people profess themselves proof against all temptation, but abstain from certain harmless amusements on account of the weak brethren. I am rather curious, therefore, to see one; or to know if the brother exists that ever owned to a weakness that would not yield some self-complacency in owning it," she said, smiling as she rose to leave, making me promise to see her as soon as I could after our party was over.

At length the day of the twentieth arrived. To my aunt's vexation, Uncle Worthington announced his intention of staying at home that evening. After much expostulation he only said—

"If you expect me to go to such balderdash as an At Home, you are very much mistaken. If any one will come and take me as I am ["Heaven forbid!" muttered Dolly], and have a game of whist, I shall be happy to welcome them; but I'll see them at Old Harry's first before I go and dress up to spend an evening to talk bosh, so understand that at once. As long as the girls want to go they can, and you are free to take them; but I mean to stay at home."

"Come only this once," pleaded my aunt, "as it is our first party; what excuse can I make for you? You are in perfect health."

"Say the truth, my dear, that I prefer a chapter out of Swift, Shakespeare, or Sterne, if I want amusement, and to sit at home with my pipe in my comfortable cabin up aloft, to seeing a lot of men and women, dressed and undressed, making fools of themselves, pretending to be very polite and fond of each other, when they are

ready to cut each other's characters, if not throats, at the smallest notice."

As his obstinacy on this point was not to be overcome we were forced to go without him.

Dolly and I were immensely interested in each other's appearance this evening when the ceremony of dressing took place, —she in pink, I in white.

"Truly you are born to carry all before you—you look splendid!" I exclaimed, with a genuine burst of admiration as I finished assisting her.

"Thank you, dear," she said quietly, taking it as her due. "Now let me help you."

After a few finishing touches, she said, "Yes, you will do; "I like your dress extremely; there is a decided air of superiority about it that will carry off the palm. Be prepared to create a sensation, my child."

"Don't talk nonsense! you make me feel miserable; I never could make friends with people at first."

"I didn't talk about your making friends: I simply said you would create a sensation, a pleasing flutter of hope and surprise."

"Don't forget your music," said my aunt to me, at that moment entering the room.

"But my wrist!" I exclaimed, glad to escape the ordeal of a public performance.

"Dolly will accompany you."

"Of course, I will; I wouldn't have you leave your music behind for worlds. But before we go I wish to remind you, my beloved friends, that if you have occasion to address me in public this evening, which no doubt you will, that the name I received at my baptism, when I promised to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—a promise, I am happy to think, no one ever seems, or is expected, to keep, by the way—was Medora, not Dolly, as in tender moments you are wont to call me;" and she finished off with a low bow. After a hearty laugh at her dramatic action and request we started for Mrs. Baines's At Home.



T U R K E Y :
ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND RESOURCES
BY THE EDITOR.

PART V.

M A M M A L I A.

It would, perhaps, have appeared less pedantic to have headed this chapter—quadrupeds—more especially as such are what we have really in view; but as the monkey and bat tribes—the quadrumana and the cheiroptera—cannot precisely be said to be quadrupeds, yet come among the mammals, or mammiferæ, there was no help for it but to adopt the more comprehensive heading.

To begin, then, with the higher organised mammals, the monkey-tribe, one species is twice noticed in the Old Testament (1 Kings x, 22; and 2 Chron. ix. 21) under the name of koph, whence the “kupos” of the Septuagint, and “cephus” of the Romans. But as this animal is associated in both cases with thoukiim, rendered ‘peacocks’ in our version, but, from the prehensile meaning of the word, more probably parrots—it is also most probable that in both cases animals are alluded to which were brought from Ophir, in Southern Africa, by the fleet of Tarshish.

There are, however, traditions of the existence of a large ape or baboon in the jungle of the lower Euphrates or Tigris; and Mr. Rich notices the satyrs of the desert in his “Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon,” p. 30; but such an animal was not met with or heard of during the exploration of those two rivers. Supposing it to have been once a tenant of the Mesopotamian wilderness, which is far from unlikely, the untractable and brutal, yet semi-human character of the whole genus would indeed be sufficient to sanction the Arabic name “saadan,” and the Hebrew “sadim,” indicating satyr of the desert. Mr. Rich says his informants called them “Said” or “Sayyid Assad;” and he adds, they are found in the woods near Semava, on the lower Euphrates. This is very likely to be the case, for the Arabian ape or baboon (*Macacus Arabicus*), a species nearly allied to *Cynocephalus hamadryas*, on the one hand, and to *Macacus Silenus* on the other—all three, powerful, fierce, and libidinous animals, is said to be met with from the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, through Southern Arabia to the Euphrates and Tigris. It is remarkable that this species is all the less solicitous about the vicinity of trees, as it is armed with powerful canines;

holds its enemy firmly grasped, and fights not singly, but assisted by the whole troop. Hence it frequents jungle and even scrubby ground near water, and would find plenty of suitable cover near the last-mentioned rivers. Colonel Hamilton Smith, believes that this animal will ultimately prove to be a baboon, and the same as *Simia Cynomolgus* of Haselquist. The so-called *Macacus Arabicus* is described as having a dog-like nose, the skin of the face of a reddish colour with a large tuft of hair on each side, and this would correspond with the description given of the tartarin or dog-faced baboon, *Cynocephalus Hamadryas*, also met with in Arabia.

Looking at the semi-human form of this animal it must be admitted that it was peculiarly adapted to the purposes of idolatry in its grossest and most debasing aspect, as is still met with in India, in the instance of the *Macacus Sinicus*, and when Mr. Rich's informants called it Said or Sayyid, they must have looked upon it as an almost sacred animal. The Hebrew people, already familiar with a similiar worship in Egypt, may have copied the native tribes in the wilderness, and have thus drawn upon themselves the remonstrance in Levit. xvii. 7, where the allusion to these animals is very distinct, as also in Isa. xiii. 21; and again xxxiv. 14; where the image is perfect, when we picture to ourselves the sayrim or "hairy ones," lurking in the tamarisk groves of the river Euphrates. The most ancient form of the Arabian Urolalt was that of a baboon, the name having some reference to red and to the Indian monkey-worship. Four different species of quadrumana, all, however, apparently foreign, are represented on the obelisk of Nimrud. One is conjectured to represent an ape; another the hunuman, venerated by the Indians; a third the bruha, the largest of the Indian monkey tribe, and a fourth, the wanderoo, or maned ape of India.

The Rev. Wm. Houghton, in a paper on the mammalia of the Assyrian sculptures, read before the Society of Biblical Archæology, admits, with Layard, that the monkey with a white face like that of a man, and with a fringe of whiskers neatly trimmed round it, is the *Presbyter entellus*, or hunuman of India, and he also advocates the presence of *Macacus Silenus*. It is remarkable that the Assyrian word for monkey was "u-du-mu," or a-da-ma," the same as the Hebrew and Arabic word "a-dam," a man. This, at all events, attests to the antiquity of an hypothesis erroneously supposed to belong to our own times.

Species of the bat tribe, most plentifully represented in the East, are alluded to in the Old Testament under the name of Atalleph, as unclean animals. They are the "wcdji kushi" of the Turks, "slepi mish" of the Slaves, "litigak" of the Dacians, and "nykteriza" or nykterida" of the Greeks. The common bat is so abundant that in some towns they issue forth at twilight

in myriads, and where there are no windows penetrate into the rooms, where they are of great use in destroying musquitoes. They congregate in especial numbers in caves and ruins. Long-eared bats of a lighter colour, are also seen, but more rarely. An attempt was made to explore a staircase in the deserted castle of Al Mamum, on the river Euphrates, called from that Khalif's devotion to astronomy, Kalah en Nesjm or the "castle of stars," in the search of a tunnel traditionally said to have existed at that place (more probably, however, at Zenobia); but as, after driving away the bats, a work of no small labour, the excavation had to be carried on through their dung—the accumulation of years—it had after a time to be per force given up, from the suffocating odour, the finer particles penetrating everywhere.

Mr. Layard describes a visit made to a cave on the side of Kukab, the "Star" mountain of central Mesopotamia, when an avalanche of loose stones being set in motion, disturbed swarms of bats that hung to the sides and ceiling of the cavern. Flying towards the light, these noisome beasts almost compelled the party to retreat. They clung to their clothes, and their hands could scarcely prevent their settling on their faces. The nestling of their wings he describes, as being like the noise of a great wind, and an abominable stench arose from the recesses of the cave.

The first tribe of these animals, distinguished as being without tails, is not at present known either in Egypt or Arabia; but of the second, having tails, a large species was discovered by Geoffrey St. Hilaire, in the Pyramids, and a very large one is figured on the oldest monuments. Mr. Tristram has since discovered large fox-headed bats (*Xantharpyra Egyptiaca*), in the rocks at Kalat-al-Kurn, above the plain of Acre, in Syria.

Among the insect-eating quadrupeds, most of which are valuable fur-bearing animals, we have the common hedge-hog ("kipri" or "kirpi" of the Turks, "skantzoc-hoiros" of the Greeks, and "kunfred" of the Arabs). The flesh of this animal is esteemed by the Arabs as strengthening. A long-eared species is met with in the south, which seems either to be *Erinaceus auritus* of Pallas, or *E. Egyptus* of St. Hilaire; but Mr. Tristram says a hedge-hog was brought to him which was identical with the European species.

Two species of shrew-mice ("keustebek" of the Turks, "chamoragus" of the Greeks) are met with in the fields, one of which appears to correspond to *Sorex pusillus* of Gmelin. Mr. Tristram met with some peculiar field mice in Palestine. One was a curious little sand mouse of a pale, tawny colour, and its back covered with spines instead of hair (*Acomys dimidiatus*), and another little porcupine-mouse, *Acanthomys Cahirinus*. Both were found in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea.

The common mole is met with, but is very rare in Greece, and, as may be easily imagined, in the stony regions of Syria. The Syrian mole, which has shallower subterranean passages and yet raises higher mounds than the European species, is not a mole, properly so-called, but a mole-rat. The Arabic name is "khuld," the "synonym" of the Hebrew, "choled," translated "weasel" in our version. It is twice the size of our mole, and without any vestige of external eyes. (Res. in Assyria, p. 39.) The "spalax," or "aspalax" of Aristotle ("typhlopontikos" of the Greeks), has been long known as the mole of the ancients. It is the *Georychus typhlus* or *Aspalax typhlus* of systematists. There is a variety with irregular white spots, which is social in its habits. Pallas and Gmelin who called the *aspalax*, "*mus typhlus*," also described a small species called "sukerkan," greyish brown above and whitish below (*mus talpinus*). This is the *Georychus talpinus*, or *Lemnus talpinus* of others.

Bears ("aye" of the Turks, "medved" of the Slaves, "ari" of the Albanians, "ourss" of the Wallachians, "arkouda" of the Greeks, "dub" of the Arabs, "deeb or dob" of the Persians, and "dob" of the Hebrews), is, as is shown by its names, known throughout the mountainous regions of Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia. This appears to be the brown bear, whose skins we have seen suspended in the huts or chalets of Kurdistan. There appear, however, to be three varieties known to the Kurds, one that is black, called "manga mar," and another called "gamesh," besides the common brown bear.

The Syrian bear (*Ursus Syriacus*) is very nearly allied to the brown bear (*Ursus Arctos*), differing only in such points as may have their origin in the different conditions in which it is placed, as in the stature, being proportionably lower and longer, the head and tail more prolonged, and the colour a buff or light bay, often clouded like the Pyrenean bear, with darker brown. On the back there is a ridge of long semi-erect hairs, running from the neck to the tail. The Syrian bear is a very active animal, and during the siege of Antioch, Godefroy de Bouillon, according to Matthew Paris, slew one in defence of a poor woodcutter, and was dangerously wounded in the encounter. David defended his flock from the attack of a Syrian bear (1 Sam. xvii, 34), and the bears destroyed the children who mocked the prophet (2 Kings xi. 24).*

It was for a long time supposed that the badger was not an inhabitant, at all events, of Turkey in Asia; and Colonel Hamilton Smith argued upon that ground that the accepted version of tachash,

* Mr. Tristram saw a brown Syrian bear clumsily, but rapidly, clamber down the rocks of the Wady Laimun, near the Sea of Galilee, and cross the ravine.—*The Land of Israel*, p. 447.

which occurs in numerous places in the Old Testament, in connection with oroth "skins," as denoting the covering of the tabernacle, was incorrect. The badger is, however, by no means uncommon in Turkey. It is the "pursuk" of the Turks, "jasavatz" of the Slavonians, "esura" of the Dacians, "asbus azos" or "metis" of the Greeks. The writer had one in captivity at Mosul for some months. Mr. Tristram also saw one alive, and declares it to be identical with our European species.

The different species of viverridæ and mustellidæ inhabiting western Asia, are supposed to be grouped under the Hebrew designation of "tzigim." Among them is the "thela aelan," supposed to be the same, or nearly allied to *Genetta barbara*, and described by Bochart as having various colours, and being spotted like a pard. In Syria it is called "sephka," in Arabia "zebzeb," and it lives by hunting shaphans (*Hyrax Syriacus*) and birds. There are, besides, in the same regions, the nimse or pole-cat. Russell notices this animal under the name of "eben," or "ibn-aarse," as met with in the villages around Aleppo, and even sometimes in the town itself. The weasel is the "welinqjik" of the Turks, "lasitza" of the Slavonians, and "nyphitza" of the Greeks. The common martin is "zerdeva," T., "kuna," Al., "chin," Dac., and "kunabi" of the Greeks. The pole-cat is the "sansar," T., "tvor," Sl., and "iklis" or "mani-polski" of the Greeks. The weasel of Arabia (*Fert-el-heile*) differs from our species chiefly in its superior size and darker colour. The date-forests of the Euphrates are tenanted by a peculiar palm-martin, or paradoxurus, nearly allied to *P. typus*.

The ichneumon is the "nems" of the Arabians. Mr. Tristram obtained a specimen of the ichneumon of Syria, which he describes as almost as large as a badger, which it resembled in colour. There appear to be other animals belonging to the families here noticed in western Asia, and among these are the "sunjiab" and the "simur" or "al-fanex," of Ibn 'Omar Ab'dul Bahr; the same as the fennec of Bruce. The animal described to Mr. Layard by the Arabs under the name of nees ("Nin. and Babylon," p. 567), as watching its opportunity in a tree to spring even upon a lion's back, must have been a glutton or wolverene, an animal of wide distribution from the Arctic regions to Europe, Asia, and America. The common otter is met with in the fish-abounding rivers of Turkey. It is the "denghiz kunduzu" of the Turks, "vidra" of the Slavonians and Dacians, and the "maskula" or "skylopotamos" (water-dog) of the Greeks.

The dog tribe ("keleb" of the Hebrews, "kelb" of the Arabs, "kiopek" of the Turks, "pseto" of the Slavonians, "kein" of the Albanians, "Cane" of the Dacians, "skylos or koon" of the

Greeks), presents this peculiarity in the east, that while there is one, and perhaps more than one species that never have been the companions of man, and there are races of uncertain origin that may have been formerly domesticated, but which are now wild and as fierce as wolves, there are others, arising from the particular ideas of oriental nations, which are neither wild nor domesticated, but which are met with in most towns and cities, excepting in Servia and Wallachia (whence they have been wisely extirpated, their supposed value as scavengers having been superseded by more civilised processes) without owners, feeding on offal or carrion, yet still possessing the true instinct of protecting property, and guarding the inhabitants of the particular district or quarter where they are located. Some Christians supply them with straw, when they litter, or in cold weather; and even Mussulmans will at times place food or water within their reach, when they will attach themselves to a particular house; yet we have known the greater portion of the bazaar or pariah dogs, as they have been variously termed, destroyed by a severe frost at Angora.

The street dog is often more or less bare, with a mangy skin, and is sometimes offensive. Russell's account of the street dog is not indeed flattering: "What is called the bazaar dog," he says, "is a very ugly animal; its skin being foul and sordid, from living constantly in the dusty streets and feeding on all kinds of offal." It is not surprising, then, that such an animal should at all times have been looked upon as defiling.

It is to animals of this class, which appear to have followed the camp of Israel and hung upon its skirts, that allusion is made in Exod. xxii. 31. Some of the dogs of Cairo and Damascus annually become hajjis, and go and return with the caravan to Mekka and Medina. Persian pilgrims and the convoys of the dead to Kerbellai are similarly attended, nor are they useless in the last-mentioned instance, as the coffin boards, often loosely put together, are sometimes shaken asunder during the passage of the Kurdish mountains, and the result can be better imagined than described. Such were the dogs, also, that devoured Jezebel, and licked up Ahab's blood (1 Kings xxi. 23).

Many towns are greatly disturbed by the howling at night of these street dogs. At Antioch the first evening yelling of the jackals is a signal for a concert of dogs. That they were similarly noxious in ancient times is evidenced from Psalm lix. 6, 14; but dumb or silent dogs, such as Isaiah alludes to (lvi. 10), are still met with.

In Egypt, domestic dogs were venerated, and they continued to be cherished till the Arabian conquest, when they, like the street dogs, fell under the imprecation of Muhammad, who with reluctance, though with good policy, modified the denunciations in

favour of hunting dogs, and even permitted game killed by them to be eaten under certain conditions.

The wild dog is generally a low, sharp-nosed, reddish cur, not unlike a fox, but with less tail. There is, however, a larger wild dog in Turkey in Asia and Persia which resembles a wolf, and, like it, hunts in packs. It is, in fact, difficult to distinguish between the two, but their tails are shorter and unfurnished.

In the time of the sojourning of Israel in Egypt, there were already in existence dogs of the principal races now extant, as shewn by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Birch, and Mr. A. Leith Adams, and they were equally well known to the Hebrews, with whom, notwithstanding the presumed Mosaic prohibition, anterior habits and in some measure the necessity of their condition, must have caused shepherd's dogs to be retained as property (Deut. xxiii. 18); for we find one of their race, a house dog, attending on travellers (Tobit v. 16; xi. 4). It is probable that practically, the street dogs alone were considered as absolutely unclean, though all, as with the Muhammadans, were excluded from familiarity. Among the domestic dogs of Turkey, we have the shepherd's dog (Tschobani-Kiopek), the wolf-dog, the mastiff, the molosso or samsov—the butcher's dog, hounds (tase, T. Ker, Sl.) and greyhounds (Zaghar, T. Lagonicon, Gr.), a few spaniels and terriers (Barbeta-Kiopek) are also met with. The so-called Turkoman greyhound is a very pretty animal, being of a very slight, slender make, not so large as our greyhound, but with longer ears. They are also clad in soft, long hair, especially the ears and tails, which adds much to their beauty. These dogs will sometimes leave their encampment or village to follow an European, who has been kind to them. The shepherd's dog is also a stout, well-looking dog, very different from the bazaar dog, and competent to defend his flock from the attack of wolves, foxes, or jackals.

The jackal ("tochakal" of the Turks, "tzakali" of the Greeks, "tchikal" of the Arabs, and "shigral" of the Persians) is one of the best known and most common of wild animals in Syria. In a still summer's evening, the howling of the jackals is so audible from the terraces of houses in Aleppo and Antioch, that a stranger might be apt to think they were about to break into the houses, but they content themselves with committing depredations in the outskirts of the town. They have been known to destroy infants, and one case of this kind came under our own cognisance. They have carried away a sheep, made fast to the entrance of a tent. They are also peculiar in their habits. Detained one evening upon a cliff, detaching fossils, a noise below called our attention to a crowd of jackals, playing like cats among the fallen rocks. They were easily driven away with a few stones,

with which they were favoured ; but on an attempt being made to withdraw from the neighbourhood, they followed in full cry, like a pack of hounds. Being unarmed, the situation was, for a time, not an agreeable one. Another time, on a forced night-ride through a forest near Killis, the jackals kept pace with the horse's canter ; yelling, howling, and rushing to and fro, like spirits of darkness. It is difficult for a traveller to lay in the open in many parts of Syria to obtain a night's rest without being disturbed by the howling or intrusiveness of these, at once playful, and yet fierce little animals. They are at the same time so agile in their movements, and, from their colour, so difficult to discern, that although close by, it is almost impossible to shoot them in the dark. They have yelled so close to our tents that a party unable to sleep have turned out to maim a few, but without the slightest success.

Wolves ("zeeb" in Hebrew, "deeb" or "zeeb" of the Arabs, "kurd" of the Turks, "vouk" of the Slaves, "loupon" of the Dacians, and "lykos" of the Greeks) have at all times been more or less common in Turkey. The prophets allude to them in explicit language. There are also several kinds of wolf. Russell says that the natives of Aleppo talk of a kind of common wolf, yet distinct from it, whose bite is fatal. It may be a mad, wild dog. The Isatis or Tartarian wolf (*Canis corsac*), which hunts in troops, is met with in Mesopotamia. The wolf of Palestine is described by Hemprich and Ehrenberg, the most explicit of naturalists who have visited that region, under the denomination of *Canis lupaster*, and also, it seems, of *Lupus Syriacus*. They describe it as resembling the common wolf, but smaller, with a white tip to the tail. They also give as its synonym, in other words, believe it to be identical with the wolf of Egypt, the *Thoes anthus* of some nomenclators. This latter species, found in the mummy state at Lycopolis, measures only eighteen inches at the shoulder, and in weight is scarcely more than one-third of that of a true wolf. The same naturalists describe another wolf as met with in Arabia, which corresponds to the *Canis sacer*, and is the piscouch of the Copts.

A species of black wolf is known as the "derbonn" in Arabia and Southern Syria. This animal was seen as far north as the river Sajur, or in the parallel of Aleppo, by the officers of the Euphrates Expedition.* It has been surmised that it may be the same as the black wolf of the Pyrennees, but considering the difference of climate, if so, it must be a variety. The common wolf is most commonly seen on the stony plains of North Mesopotamia, where they may be met with in pairs, groping among the

* Mr. Tristram also notices a wolf of a dark tawny colour as frequenting the Lower Jordan.

stones, when a party riding by at a distance of not more than a hundred paces will scarcely attract their attention. Hyænas take the place of wolves in the south, and they are still more indifferent to the vicinity of man. All the children of a village will, however, turn out to shout at and drive away a wolf when seen approaching at nightfall.

The fox ("tilki" of the Turks, "lisitza" of the Slavonians, "delpere" of the Albanians, "voulpe" of the Dacians, "alopou" of the Greeks, and "taaleb" of the Arabs), though not so common as the jackal, is, as its names attest, well known throughout the country. The so-called Turkish fox (*Cynalopex Turcicus*) is an animal of an osculant group, with the general character of vulpes, but having the pupils of the eyes less contractile. The common Syrian fox, "shual aye," or "ije" of the Hebrews, according to our version, but somewhat arbitrarily interpreted, and the *Vulpes Taaleb* of naturalists, is of the size of an English fox and similarly formed, but the ears are wider and longer, the fur in general ochryrufous above and whitish beneath; there is a faint black ring towards the tip of the tail, and the back of the ears are sooty, with bright fulvous edges. There are few deserted ruins in Syria or Mesopotamia that are not tenanted by these foxes. Several pairs had burrowed their holes close by the main gateway of Rakka, and the little cubs were playing in the sunshine. Ehrenberg also describes two other species of fox, one of which he takes to be the same as St. Hilaire's *Canis Niloticus*, the abu Hussain of the Arabs, and the anubis of ancient Egypt. Mr. Tristram's researches, which establish so close an affinity between the natural history of Palestine and that of Africa, would tend to confirm this identification.

Few animals have given naturalists more trouble than the fennec of Bruce, to determine its real character. It is a small furred quadruped, which burrows in the palm forests, and lives chiefly on dates, but cannot climb after them like the palm martin. The majority of opinions are in favour of its doglike character, and Burckhardt preferred for it the names of *Canis pygmæus*, *saharensis*, or *megalotis*. Desmarest called it *Canis zerdo*, and Lesson, in his "*Mam. de Mammalogie*," *Canis fennecus*. Colonel Hamilton Smith, however, declared it to be a small fox, for which he proposes the name of *Megalotus zerda*, and, from its habits, he is most likely to be right. It is the "al-fanex" or "simur," of the Arabian writers.

The lion appears to have been much more common in Arabia and Syria in olden times than it is at present. It supplied many forcible images to the poetical language of Scripture, and not a few historical incidents in its narrative. This is further shewn by the great number of passages where this—the most powerful, daring,

and impressive of all carnivorous animals, the most magnificent in aspect, and powerful in voice—is alluded to in all the stages of its existence,—as the whelp, the young adult, and the matured lion or lioness. These stages are described under different names, exhibiting that multiplicity of denomination which always results when some great image is constantly present to the popular mind. Thus we have for a lion's whelp, a very young lion (Gen. xlix. 9; Deut. xxxiii. 20, etc.); chephir, a young lion when first leaving the protection of the old pair to hunt independently (Ezek. xix. 2, 3; Ps. xci. 13, etc.); ari, an adult and vigorous lion (Nahum 11, 12; 2 Sam. xvii. 10, etc.); and sachal, a black lion (Job iv. 10, x. 16; Ps. xci. 13; Prov. xxvi. 13, etc.).

Recent researches have shewn that while the lion, which is generally met with in the jungle of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, is without the shaggy mane of the African species, there does occur a variety of this animal, especially on the river Karun, which has a long black mane. Layard tells us that the inhabitants of the country make a distinction between them and the common maneless lion, the former being described as Kaffirs, or infidels, and the others as Mussulmans. By a proper remonstrance, and at the same time pronouncing a profession of faith, a true believer may induce the maneless lion to spare his life, but the black lion is deaf to all such appeals, and is considered as inexorable.

Mention is also made in the Scriptures, of laish, a lion in a state of fury (Job iv. 2; Prov. xxx. 30, &c.), and also labiah, a lioness (Job iv. 11), where lions' whelps are denominated the sons of Labiah, or of the lioness.

The Scriptures, it has been justly remarked, present many striking pictures of lions, touched with wonderful force and fidelity. Even where the animal is represented as a direct instrument of the Almighty, while true to its mission, it still remains true to its nature. Thus nothing can be more graphic than the record of the man of God (1 Kings xiii. 24), disobedient to his charge, struck down from his ass and lying dead, while the lion stands by him without touching the lifeless body, or even attacking the living animal. Samson's adventure also with the young lion, pictured as coming up from the cover, on the banks of the Jordan, attests a perfect knowledge of the animal and its habits. Finally, the lions in the den with Daniel, miraculously leaving him unmolested, still retains in all respects the real characteristics of the animal.

The lion, as an emblem of power, was symbolical of the tribe of Judah (Gen. xlix. 9). The type recurs in the prophetic visions, and the figure of this animal was among the few which the Hebrews admitted in Scripture, or in cast metal, as exemplified in

the throne of Solomon. It exists in the sculptures of all the great nations of antiquity, Egyptian, Chaldæan, Babylonian, Assyrian, and Persian. The heathen assumed the lion as an emblem of the sun, of the God of war, of Ares, Ariel, and Ariothe, in all of which the expletive *ar*, afterwards incorporated in the names of kings and magnates, occurs. It was also the emblem of dominion in general and of valour, and occurs as such in the names and standards of most nations.

The lion was met with by the Euphrates Expedition, as far north as Balis, in the parallel nearly of Aleppo, and it is also, according to Layard, not uncommon on the River Khabur, in Central Mesopotamia. The Bedwins and Jeburs, he tells us, frequently find their cubs in the spring season; and while the explorer was at Arban, a Bedwin came to the encampment, who had been attacked by a lion while resting on the banks of the river, and had only escaped by the sacrifice of his mare.

But it is apparently in Chaldæa that they most abound in the present day, in as far as the Sultan's dominions are concerned. Living as they do to more than fifty years, and having an annual litter of from three to five cubs, their numbers is not surprising; and although having less cover than in the jungle of the Tigris and Karûn, they are probably attracted to the open by the facility of obtaining food; for antelopes or the deer tribe are not common in the woods in the lower portion of the great rivers. Layard, alluding to the marshes and jungle of the rivers of Chaldæa, as being the retreats of many kinds of wild animals, writes, "Lions abound. I have seen them frequently, and during the excavations at Niffar; we found fresh traces of their footsteps almost daily, among the ruins. The Maidan, or so-called Arabs, boast of capturing them in the following manner, and trustworthy persons have assured me that they have seen the feat performed. A man having bound his right arm with strips of tamarisk, and holding in his hands a strong piece of the same wood, about a foot or more in length, hardened in the fire, and sharpened at both ends, will advance boldly into the animal's lair. When the lion springs upon him he forces the wood into the animal's extended jaws, which will then be held open, while he can despatch the astonished beast at his leisure with a pistol, which he holds in his left hand." ("Nin. and Babylon," pp. 566, 567.)

Mr. Loftus also testifies to the frequency of lions in Chaldæa. That able and active explorer describes on one occasion his servant, Murad, a negro, originally a slave from Mozambique, as shooting two cubs at one shot, in the ruins of Sinkara. He was immediately dubbed by the Arabs as Abu Sebaïm, "the father of two lions," and retained the name ever afterwards.

The Arabs did not at all relish the multitude of lions, which had taken up their head-quarters at these ruins. When roused from their slumbers by their deep, sepulchral roar, they would draw closer together, shouting "The lion! the lion!" pile brushwood on the fire, grasp their spears, sing their war chaunt, and exhibit other signs of trepidation and alarm.

Mr. Loftus remarks that the lion appears, from the tablets found at Sinkara, to have been indigenous to the Chaldæan marshes from the earliest times. During his stay at that place, the lioness mother of the cubs destroyed all the dogs, some half-dozen in number, that the Arabs had with them. Her nocturnal wail in search of her cubs is also described as being very affecting, and struck terror into the hearts of the nearly naked Arabs. Mr. Loftus also describes lions as abounding at the ruins of Susa. He, however, expresses himself as disappointed in the quality of the roar of the Chaldæan and Susitanian lion. The sound which it utters, is, he says, at times like the squall of a child in pain, or the first cry of the jackal at sunset, but infinitely louder, clearer, and more prolonged.

The lion has been found represented on the pictorial tablets in clay found in Chaldæa ("Travels and Researches in Chaldaea, &c.," by W. K. Loftus, p. 258), as also on the Assyrian sculptures, in which the triumphs of the king over that noble animal are deemed no less worthy of record than his victories over his enemies. The bones of a lion have also been discovered by Dr. Roth, in gravel, near the Jordan, showing that the lion, as well as *Bos primigenius*, or *Bison priscus*, or some other species of once formidable ox, as also elk, and a large red deer or stag, once dwelt in Syria and Palestine.



EAST INDIAN LIFE.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COPINGER.

There was then an officer at Cawnpoor whose career was more celebrated than that of Conolly, and whose fate was more fortunate than to perish by the cruel fiat of a "barbaric king." It was the heroic Havelock, who was then only a subaltern in a marching regiment, but you could find scarcely any officer in the cantonment there, who was (whether his rank was high or low) not aware of Havelock's abilities. The man who struggles through want and adverse circumstances, and "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," is really in his calamitous circumstances, greater than when, in after-life, he achieves greatness. The lengthened ordeal of suffering, which is nobly borne, makes one reverence the afflictions of a good man. Havelock was equally remarkable as a good Christian and as an oriental scholar, and, when the fierce breath of war blew in his ears he showed himself the man to lead the *Anayandron* who had been ridden over by the contemptible rules which decreed that one in possession of coin should supersede any competitor, however meritorious he should be. And just at this time, also, Charles Kane and his bride returned from the hills to Cawnpoor.

The round of gaiety and the reckless pursuit of pleasure was as much the prevailing character of the cantonment as it was when Charles was a single man; but, happily now he had no temptation to lure him from home. India to a married couple who are truly attached to one another, and wholly undesirous of other pursuits than those which a contented home affords, has its advantages. But how few are the married people who are completely absorbed in home! Rouchefaucauld says "there are few marriages that are even of an average happiness, and none that are completely happy!"

But the French cynic was not cognisant of the influence which a spirit of true Christianity may effect. And, indeed, we may hope that there are many households which under its benign banner are in the enjoyment of true peace. But *there* were certainly numerous instances of those who were inconstant couples, and one couple was there also that made a short visit to Cawnpore on their way from the hills to Calcutta. The lady was that far-famed

fair one whose beauty was of a transcendent order. Not in romance but in sober reality, a king afterwards renounced his crown to obtain possession of her charms and to make her his consort. When she entered a ball-room at Cawnpore such was the sensation she caused that she was immediately surrounded by several officers who, fascinated as it were by her appearance, appeared "dazzled and drunk with the beauty" they were gazing at. To describe such a well-known figure and face I will not attempt, but four officers kept near her every dance, to be ready to claim her hand by turns as the dances ended, and when she went away from the room before the fourth had had his turn for dancing with her, so exasperated was he that he insulted the officer who had been her partner at the time of her leaving the room, and it was with great difficulty that their mutual friends hindered them from fighting a duel. She was (if ever any being was), endowed with the fatal gift of beauty. Soon after this time she became her own mistress (having deserted her husband) and ran through her brilliant but feverish career of celebrity, so well-known that few have not heard of the charms and fame of Lola Montes.

There were also two others whose history is given in a sketch of Cawnpore life, called "The Rival Beauties," which was published in *Bentley's Miscellany* for October and November, 1864.

But I would now speak of acts which were much more characteristic of gentle ladies, and more admirable than any of those which made those fair ones so remarkable. Sophia, in the work of doing good to her fellow-creatures, of visiting the sick and reading to them, in assisting to educate the soldiers' children, and inducing the natives to accept copies of the New Testament in their own language, was, heart and soul, engaged. And by the bedside of soldiers in hospital, also, she often took her place.

Even those who offer the incense of flattery to the conqueror who has waded through slaughter to pre-eminence, and who join the vulgar herd in heaping applause on him who has achieved success, are fain to render their meed of praise to disinterested benevolence, or to gratuitous charity. Who will not acknowledge the excellence of those

"Who copy Shaftesbury's most noble part,
To ease the oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?"

Let his mansions for the helpless poor; or the assemblages of dwellings for workmen, showing Peabody's munificence for the same cause, stand as monuments more endeared to every Briton and every generous man of any other country, and more illustrious than any of the arches or columns which have been erected to

commemorate the blood-stained deeds of the warrior And, in truth, without the colouring of exaggeration, we may say of such men—

“Exegit monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.”

And while but few in the collective mass of the lords of the creation are conspicuous as leading in benevolent movements, let us do justice to the weaker sex, who, almost all, are active in the cause of some acts of kindness, and particularly those who, like Sophia, make the course of their every-day life a series of ministrations to the sick and the suffering. Whether it is devotion to children, or self-denying charity to the helpless and poor, woman is sure to be the “ministering angel.” And the men in power—the generals and colonels, who were holding the brief authority which, so high and so haughty, gives men such an overwhelming superiority over their fellow-men—were rather disposed to sneer at the “*belle sœur de la charité*,” who went about on her errands of mercy. Still they could not but acknowledge that she filled up the complement of well-doing, which was wanting so much to make up the full measure that was due from their hands to those under their command, and they could not directly say aught against it; and, in fact, gallantry, which is the religion of the camp, wholly forbade them to meddle with it. And though it was before the time that a kind and gracious Queen led the van in every demonstration of charity, and religion had not yet ventured “to put on her silver slippers and to walk the earth with applause,” yet there was something so truly amiable in the self-denying acts of Sophia’s life that even the fine and the fashionable fair ones in the cantonment looked on her with surprise and admiration.

It is certainly true that it is amongst the most youthful and the least versed in the world’s hateful ways that such genuine kindness is found; the total trustfulness, the single-hearted impulse of benevolence, the unconsciousness of the villainy of man, and his self-interested ways, the *inscitia requities vafri juris*, are all the attributes of the youthful. We hear much of the movements which are made in the way of giving women facilities to become medical holders of degrees; but setting aside the critical learning, which we cannot but think is out of their element, as well as the indispensable details which enter into a medical man’s every-day practice, the sphere is wholly out of the range of compatibility with female delicacy. The duties of ministering to the sorrows and the wants of all manner of invalids has been ever, and is now more than formerly, distinctly the function of the fair sex; and Sophia visited and read by the bedsides where lay the sick and suffering. In one of her visits to the wards of the large hospital at Cawnpore

an European attendant asked her to come to the bedside of a young soldier who was in the last extremity of *delirium tremens*, of whom the doctor said that it was not probable that he could recover. She was always prompt to listen to every tale of woe, so she followed the attendant. She saw stretched upon the hospital couch, in the last agony of the fearful spasm which is brought on by that disorder, the form of a youth dressed in the light cotton garments which are the only bearable ones for patients in India. She looked at his face as he gasped and writhed, and she recognised the features of the hapless Frank Maldon. He was unconscious, and, indeed, shortly afterwards he was relieved by death of his agony.

It was even so,—he had proceeded from bad to worse,—he had arrived at that stage when it was impossible for him to exist without the fearful stimulant of alcohol. Had he been in a temperate climate there might possibly have been some help for him; but in India relief was hopeless. And yet I am confident—certain beyond any probability of doubt—that if we were to dive into the secret history of the great, the noble, and the rich, we should find many instances of victims to the same disease, though, perhaps, not under such deplorable circumstances. It scarcely matters, however, whether the couch be a bed of down or the sacking of an hospital ward, the pangs are the same—the fearful causes which lead to them are the same—the horror and the guilt are the same; and, if the weeping and the sighs of bereaved friends fall not upon the ears of the outcast, his phase of the malady is only a worse one, owing to an adverse current of circumstances. I could fill pages of paper with the names alone of those who had “fallen into evil days” through the effects of drinking. If I were to enter upon the story of the sad career of each, I could, by merely conjuring up details which memory could revert to, fill up reams of paper.

Some years ago, in Ireland, there was a man amongst the Roman Catholic priests called Mathew; though we are forbidden to call any man our father, he was universally styled Father Mathew. Though inimical to his creed, I reverence the acts of such a man and would be proud to call him a friend.

There is another apostle of temperance—a layman here in England, and in Parliament—where, like the Trojan prophetess he opens out a volley of invective, which the modern Teucris refuse to believe. He, Sir Wilfrid, might be called the very Quixote of the temperance movement, whose auditors think he indulges only in utopian statements. But could he grasp the power he wishes to wield, I am convinced he would, like the Irish priest, also do good.

Mr. Bright, in his plain Saxon bluntness, the indisputable

eloquence of a genuine true-hearted Englishman, is beyond question right when he says "that the cause of temperance is damaged every day by the richest and most respectable in the land, and that until they learn to refrain it will be in vain to speak to the rabble;" and it is painful to think that, whether we consider the vice in the gross as affecting the national characters of peoples, or its influence in sinking individuals to disgrace and ruin, it is by no means the meanest, the most base, or the cruellest of men that fall under its power.

The armies of England, during the times of their warfare formerly, both in the Peninsula and elsewhere, were composed of soldiers who invariably gave way to drunkenness; whereas the foreign armies of that period, though manned by some of the basest and most cruel ruffians in Europe, had few drunkards amongst them. And with regard to private instances occurring amongst our higher orders, it is not the underhand, Jesuitical, double-dealer, or the poor-spirited, malicious, ill-bred, repulsive mannered clown, that becomes a victim to this pernicious indulgence, but generally a man of genial temperament, generous impulses, and kindly disposition—in short "a good fellow," which last two words have perhaps done as much harm as any two in the language,

And thus it happened with Frank Maldon, whose friends, comrades, and associates, all called him "a good fellow." It is, I know, painful to recapitulate the sorrowful details and the harrowing incidents that led on to his catastrophe; so I have not entered into a description of these, or even given a faint sketch of any of the scenes by which they were marked. And if I stop from entering further upon the history of the happy pair, who were formerly fellow-voyagers with him, it is that I suppose the married life of any couple, however blessed they may be, scarcely affords interest enough to engage the attention of a reader. The epochs in history, however long, which are unmarked by any startling events are, it is almost needless to say, the happiest; and so it is also with private individuals, and especially with married couples. And when the even tenor of their way was unbroken by any disturbance, however happy they as individuals were, they presented no phase of interest worthy of record. In life what is sensational is alone that which engages the attention. The landscape, which shows the peaceful smiling aspect of an abundant harvest or the artificially-enclosed promising meadows or fields of pasturage, however pleasing to the sight, is not viewed with the glowing interest that one feels in gazing on the romantic glories of the mountain, the cataract, and the straggling wood. The pathless forest or the interminable solitude of the ocean charm the eye, while the repose of rural quietude is all too insipid to give it enjoyment.

BULLFORD HALL.

PART II.

How long I remained insensible it is a matter of impossibility to say, but when consciousness once more returned, it slowly became apparent to me that I was lying, stretched upon my back, in some dreary region of utter darkness, with nothing beneath me for a couch but the cold, damp earth, my whole frame shivering and pervaded by a sensation of great stiffness. Yet, disturbed as my faculties still were, there gradually dawned upon me the conviction that I had no bones broken. Anxious to test this view of my position—a verification of which would be reassuring even amidst the otherwise sorry plight I found myself involved in—I made an effort to rise, but my weakness, I discovered, was too great to enable me to accomplish the feat without assistance. Groping about, therefore for help from whatever might, perchance, come in my way I laid hold of an apparently projecting piece of wood-work, which, however, instantly gave way with a loud crash that stunned me for a while, by the long, hollow reverberations it brought forth in its fall. From the noise I was convinced that I had dislodged a shelf heavily loaded with some fragile ware, such as glass or crockery. But what signified to me at that moment either the damage or the uproar produced by my struggle to effect a footing? Success had crowned the attempt—despite the *contretemps* attending it—and I once more stood erect; my limbs, thank God, whole and serviceable. Hope revived within me and whispered comfort. The desire to escape from the infernal den that had entrapped me in its meshes gave me strength; and I trusted that—disheartening as the prospect might appear—the means would yet be vouchsafed to me of finding an exit from these uncomfortable quarters. While thus I jumped at the idea of a deliverance which seemed to be, however, further from accomplishment than ever, a strange, harsh voice—evidently at no great distance—startled me with the abrupt query:—"What want ye here with all that din? Canst not find thy way out of Bullford Hall, man alive?" And then, ere I could recover my astonishment, came, in a far more subdued tone:—"Ah, well! 'tis a pleasant place to tear oneself away from—is it not?—Yea, so thought Dr. Syntax when he came a courting Molly Bawn—all for her cherry lips and her own dear self!—Ah—ah!—Ah—ah!"—Then breaking out into song, came, in a quivering tone, the words of a once extremely popular ditty—

"Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, cherry ripe!" I cry
Full and fair ones, come and buy."

A pause—a moan—the clank of fetters—and then, dropping again to prose, followed in a low, dreamy sort of utterance—“Ah, well! And all the time cold, cruel Lucifer was after nothing but the filthy lucre; walking off at last with the white pussy-cat and the dirty pelf; noting little how it fared with poor Molly Bawn!” Several heart-piercing shrieks closed the wild dialogue, at the termination of which ensued a silence unbroken, save by the agitated palpitations of my own heart. It was sufficiently clear that I was in the immediate vicinity of a raving maniac; and of, perhaps, a dangerous one too. A delightful disclosure this, forsooth, where—for aught I knew to the contrary—any moment might throw me into the clutches of this demented individual; unanswerable for his actions, however savage a form they might take. A second’s reflection; and the somewhat consolatory thought suggested itself that the rattling fetters so much heard gave assurance of the unhappy wretch being in some sort of durance, and consequently unable to roam about at will. But then, again, how near the lair of this unfortunate prisoner I might be complete darkness utterly precluded my ascertaining. One false step—and I shuddered at the possible result. To remain, however, motionless for any length of time where I stood was of course out of the question; so slowly and cautiously I advanced at a snail’s creep, endeavouring by the feel to make sure of a clear coast; for what hidden dangers, what stray pitfalls, lay in my way it was impossible to surmise. Risking, perhaps, even in this slow method of progression, a thousand snares, none the less hazardous because impalpable, I steered my course as fate would have it, but whither there was no means of even conjecturing. At last, each moment seeming an hour, there glimmered, as from a far-off distance, the faintest possible ray of light, a gleam so feeble that none but faculties strained to the utmost would ever have caught its lure. Cheered by this discovery, I somewhat hastened my steps, hope taking wings even at so weak and uncertain a promise as the one just descried. Clearer, and clearer, as I now more boldly strode forward, became the gladdening light, when suddenly rounding a corner I espied high up in the wall before me, a small barred aperture admitting both the light and air of heaven. Though but the chilling blast of a wintry wind, and the dying beams of a fast waning day, there was something soothing in their presence, to one situated as I was. The illumination, though poor, and every moment waxing poorer, was still sufficient to enable me to discern the nature of the locality around me. I found it to be, as I had already anticipated, a vast cellar. A vaulted roof was supported by Gothic arches resting on stout blocks or buttresses of solid masonry. On one side stretched away a dark, cavernous expanse; while on the other, just under the opening alluded to as my

guiding star through the impenetrable darkness I had emerged from, a small space had been rudely partitioned of, by means of rough timber, into a kind of cell, at the open entrance to which I now found myself. In the further corner of this dreary-looking lodgment, half sitting, half crouching on a layer of straw spread over a species of bedstead, or rather a broad wooden settle, I perceived a human form clad in a loose garment of coarse sacking. Chains, of seemingly great weight, connected ankles and wrists, and were also attached to a still more massive-looking one secured to a staple fixed in the stone flooring, thereby leaving the miserable victim they enthralled but slight scope for locomotion. Cool as the breeze which had first fallen on my throbbing temples, a foetid effluvia seemed now to have usurped its place, and overcame me with the nausea it produced. Mastering, however, my feelings by a strong effort I determined to investigate the position and see what it would lead to. Whether the figure before me represented that of a man or of a woman it was difficult to at once decide, the dark, grizzly hair of the uncovered head being cut about as short as it well could be. The harsh, strongly-marked features, too, that had sharply and eagerly turned themselves upon me the instant I arrived within their ken, stealthy as had been my approach, might well have belonged to either sex. A low brow, overhanging deeply set eyes, whose fierce, yet sadly vacillating gaze, told but too plainly their tale of a wandering intellect, covered with a massive jowl and a repulsive expression of the mouth, gave a ferocious mien to the degraded wretch that called forth a combined feeling of pity and abhorrence. Hardly, however, had I time to note all the harrowing details of the scene, ere the loathsome object before me, with a savage scowl, thus proceeded to address me in an unpleasant, grating voice, wherein mingled both plaintiveness and vituperation:—"So, there thou art at last, arch-fiend! Ah, woe is me!" Here a deep-drawn sigh and a half howl momentarily interrupted the discourse; then resuming: "The white pussy-cat is dead? Deny it not, Syntax; she is gone, gone, gone, or thou would'st not come back, thou truculent deceiver, to behold thy handiwork. Look, foul fiend, false perjured man, look at me; and laugh, and triumph if thou canst. Where, hell-bound, is the young fond heart I once confided to thy keeping, to cherish and enshrine in thy bosom along with thine own? Where, I say, is it? Why crushed, pounded to atoms beneath thy ruthless heel. Traitor, I will have vengeance on thee." With menacing gesture the excited maniac here rose; and would, but for being so shortly and strongly tethered, have instantaneously administered a severe, perhaps fatal, chastisement on my unoffending person, when, lo! to my great relief, suddenly assuming an air of calmness and intelligence, as though reason once more reasserted its sway,

the poor creature shrank from me, and implored forgiveness; adding: "Who are you? What do you want? I know you not." Frightfully shocked at the awful picture I beheld, I stood for a little while uncertain as to what course to pursue. Then bethinking me that conciliation would be the best policy, I hastened to assure my now prostrate companion, that far from being bent on harm, I, myself, was an accidental and unwilling captive in this foul and gloomy haunt of misery. An assurance that evidently gave great satisfaction to the frightened and cowering form that now, again reclined on the hard and filthy pallet I had first seen it on. "Who are you, and why are you thus confined?" I said in as calm and gentle a tone as I could well command.

"Ah! who am I? A question you had need to ask, I'm sure." A response that somewhat took me aback from the sudden haughtiness with which it was pronounced, and the proud elevation of the head and figure that accompanied it. Notwithstanding all the painful surroundings, the growing darkness and the too often pitifully demented air and demeanour of the individual with whom I held converse, a conviction had gradually stolen over me that I was addressing a lady, and one who, however fallen now, must once, ere overshadowed by an eclipse of intellect, have been possessed of refined feelings and of a highly cultivated mind. There was something in the stately bearing occasionally assumed—natural and unaffected, though abruptly put on—in the suave tones to which she could modulate her otherwise hard, repellant voice, that left no doubt on my mind as to the sex and gentle nurture of the unhappy woman for whose fate my heart bled even despite my own apparently equally deplorable position. Silent and motionless, entranced, I suppose, by the *evil-eye*, as birds are said to be by the wily stare of the serpent, I stood listening to the voluble harangue with which my ears were assailed. With a calm confidence that surprised me, she gave me in rapid accents the following narrative tolerably coherent in its details, and but little interrupted by frenzied outbursts:—"Stranger, you doubtless think I am mad, but I am not. Enough I have gone through, all the same, to make a thousand women mad. Hard have they striven to reduce me to that state. Sit you down, man, and listen to my tale. 'Tis but a sorry tale to tell, I know; but it will do me good to disburden myself of it, and it is not so often that I get the chance of doing so that I should let it slip now I have. Don't stop me—I'm not going to be stopped, I can assure you. Look at me—examine me well—you think me old and ugly—don't you, now? Well years, and years, and years ago—never mind how long—I was young and handsome, and fair to look at—I see you smile, but it was so, incredulous as you may be on the subject. I had long flowing tresses then of

dark, wavy hair, silky and soft; not the short, stiff crop of bristles you see now. No, *they* have done that for me—Ah! Ah! Ah! My father, Sir Mildmy Gudeman, lived in this house—not down here, of course. Well, he had three children, all born under this roof. I was the second of them. The eldest was my sister, Juliana, a white-haired, pert minx, who couldn't live in the country, it wasn't good enough for her—oh! no!" Here the narrator became slightly excited, but quickly calming herself down resumed her story thus:—"The youngest of us three was my brother John, whose birth took from us our beloved mother—But, I see you are impatient. Ah! so was I once. *Ma l'impazienza, non ostante, non dava velocità all'asino.* However, I will proceed as fast as I can, not to weary you. In thus speaking of myself I have an object in view which you don't as yet understand. How should you?" A fearful expression, as she uttered these last words, crossed her features; an expression that made me shudder from head to foot, and caused an inexpressible sensation of dread to run through my frame. As if aware of the effect she had produced, she immediately controlled herself, and in a most mellifluous mood continued: "After my mother's death Juliana and I were sent to school in London, and on the completion, at a first-rate seminary, of our education returned here. The country, however, had no charms for my sister; dress and society engrossed her every thought, and the dull life of Bullford Hall drove her distracted. Sir Mildmy cared but little, on the contrary, for town enjoyments, preferring rural sports to all the balls and parties in the world. Being also of very retiring and penurious habits, he led a most unsociable sort of life, with few acquaintances and certainly no friends. It was therefore soon arranged, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, that my sister should return to town and take up her residence there with an aunt who lived in the very vortex of fashionable dissipation. At this period, I being about nineteen and my brother fourteen, there came into this dwelling from Oxford, to prepare my brother for a public school and university career, one Syntax—that wasn't his right name, but one by which I christened him, first in joke and subsequently in endearment. This fellow, Syntax, young, handsome, gentlemanly, and accomplished, was just the man calculated by his manners and address to win the heart of an unsophisticated country girl, constantly associated with him in a lone house, wanting a mother's care, and that other shield female companionship. No company visited us, as my father's eccentric habits and excessive pride had long before then driven them from his door. The natural consequences of such a state of things you may easily imagine. So I gave my young and innocent heart, nothing loath, up to his keeping, little dreaming that one such as he could ever prove false. Ah!

wee is me ! His smiles, and his wiles-beguiled me to that degree that I reposed in him the confidence that a child might on its parent, and he took advantage of my simplicity, the base wretch ! to betray me cruelly and shamefully. Fondly would I linger in his presence whenever the opportunity occurred, and often enough — too often, alas !—did these opportunities pre-ent themselves, no one heeding much what we did. My father, blinded by his absorbing pursuits, trusted entirely to my rectitude of purpose and also probably to my years, which, perhaps, still placed me in his mind too much within the category of childhood. Pressing my cherry lips—as he was ever wont to call them—with his own, Syntax would vow that nothing should ever part us through life and death and eternity. What if my father never consented to our union ? He would say, were we not both young and able to wait till a good time came for us ? Meanwhile he would work with a will and make for himself both honour and riches to be cast, as soon as acquired, with his own person, at my feet ; to be accepted or spurned by me as I listed. Well he knew his “Molly Bawn,”—the epithet by which he always addressed me—would have welcomed him to her arms had penury and dishonour even been his lot. Well he knew I lived but in his presence, basking in the sunshine of his favours, cheered by his smiles, chilled by his frowns. In short, I revelled in a fool’s paradise, out of which I little imagined then how soon and how sadly I was to be thrust into gloom and misery everlasting. One fine day there fell, totally unexpected, a thunder-bolt upon us. A pretty hubbub in the hall, its young master’s body brought suddenly back into it stone dead. My brother had been seized with cramp and drowned whilst bathing in a neighbouring pond. The bright sunshine and cheering aspect of a hot and lovely summer’s day was in an instant changed to the dreary sombreness and piercing cold of mid-winter in the hearts of all then and there assembled in the house of my ancestors. Juliana, now heiress of the broad lands of Cullford, was hastily summoned home ; she came. Assuming over me the stern rights of guardianship, my sister from that moment threw over my youthful spirits a dark shadow which the loss of my brother had already deeply affected. Sir Mildmy, sorely stricken by the blow that had befallen him, retired into a greater privacy of existence than ever, and resigned the management of all his affairs *in toto* to my sister. Syntax, who ought, through the failure of his occupation, to have left us was, on the contrary, retained as companion to my aged father over whom he soon contrived to exercise an unbounded influence. Rare now became the interviews between my lover and myself. He evidently avoided any further intercourse than was absolutely necessary. His manners, when we did meet, gradually became more reserved and less im-

passioned towards me. A cold and studied politeness superseded the cordiality of our earlier intimacy. From "Sweet Molly Bawn," I was let down to the more formal and polite appellation of "Miss Mary," pronounced in courteous but frigid accents. I slowly but unmistakably awoke to one fact, that while my sister, who had surprisingly and warmly espoused the felicity of rural life, was making havoc of all her past contempt for things pastoral, my whilom ardent admirer was fast leaving me out in the cold shade of bitter disappointment and despair, for the mincing, saucy ways of the now reigning deity. I soon learned that the fashionable airs and graces, the stealthy, insidious practices and golden prospects of my white-haired, waxen-hued, dolly-faced sister had won from me the love of the inconstant Syntax. Infuriated at the discovery—longing to avenge the treachery—I waited my opportunity, and burst upon the pair one fine morning as they toyed and dallied with each other, little dreaming of or coveting my appearance. What I said or did—what violence I resorted to in the frenzy of rage and jealousy that overmastered me I cannot say. What followed I have been unable to remember. But from that day to this I have lived in a loathsome bondage shackled and despised. At first I was removed to a strange and distant abode, and a report, I believe, was finally circulated of my death. However that may be, when my father succumbed shortly afterwards to some fatal and mysterious malady, the wicked Syntax and his shameless partner—now man and wife—having removed to a far-distant home divided off the old home into two portions, letting the one to a farmer and the other to a reprobate doctor. It was under the care of this latter that I was brought back here, and treated shamefully by him till it pleased God to remove the scoundrel. Falling, on this occurrence, into the hands of the tenant of "Little Bullford" as they call the wing partitioned off into a farm homestead, I have met with milder and better treatment. The old man and his wife, though taking every precaution to prevent my escape, do not treat me unkindly. I get good food and plenty of it. I am allowed at times, when one of them watches me, to roam about at large within the indoor premises. In fact, it is only when necessity requires it that I am banished to these regions and kept chained as you now see me." The iron fetters were here violently shaken as though in corroboration of the poor woman's assertion about being chained. In the same sorrowful, but really rational tone in which the greater part of the sad narrative had been carried on—I have purposely omitted several paroxysms of grief and contumely interluding the discourse here and there—she resumed, "I have grown used to my position, the world being to me as nought now that the star I once worshipped has for ever set. My tale is told, all I want from you, in reply to

my confidence, is a promise that you will not, if I liberate you from your present unpleasant predicament—which I have the power of doing, incredible as it may seem—utter one word of what you have this day seen and heard until you have consulted a particular friend of mine, whose address I will give you, who believes me to be long since dead.” After stopping and intently studying my features, to read therein an acquiescence to her proposal, she, fancying I suppose, that there was hesitation in them, continued —“ Without help it is simply impossible that you can ever get away from here, believe me. Should those who from time to time pay me visits find you with me your fate would be sealed ! for it is to their interest to keep my existence a secret. Think you they would hesitate as to the means they employed for securing your silence ? No, man, take my word for it they have too much at stake ever to let you quit this place alive ; nor would you be the first whose bones have afforded dainty pickings for the rats who infest these subterranean halls.” I started, and felt a nervous thrill run through me. What if her words proved true ? And how rationally she had put the case before me I could not deny. Evidently construing my meditations as favourable to her views, she again eagerly urged me to comply with her wishes.—“ Up against the wall close beside you hangs from a hook—within your reach but out of mine—a small bunch of keys. Hand them to me, and I will select one that with the instructions I will give you shall, ere many minutes are past, set you once more free to wander in whatever direction you please homeward, if a home you have. If you value your life—if you value your liberty—if you would once more behold all that you may hold dear in this world—hesitate not a moment. Reject not my counsel, because it is that of a——” Sounds, as if of distant but rapidly approaching footsteps, here interrupted further parley ; the glimmer of light which had hitherto enabled us to see each other was fast dying out and an impenetrable gloom was gathering around us conveying a chill to my heart and filling it with a host of ill forebodings. A night in such a scene and in such company presented interminable horrors to the imagination ; nor did the thought of discovery by any means tend to alleviate those anticipations ; so stretching forth my hand, I eagerly felt about the spot indicated and sure enough there found the keys I had been directed to by my witless friend. The noise that had so abruptly disturbed our talk now ceased as suddenly as it had commenced.—“ ’Tis but a troop of hoary-headed rats,” said my companion, “ fighting over some fresh-discovered prey. The next visitors, however, may be more dangerous a great deal for both of us, so quick with the keys, man alive, ere it be too late.” Needing no further persuasion I unhesitatingly handed the “ open sesame,” as I trusted to find these

articles would be, to my would-be liberator. She grasped them, or rather snatched them, from me with an eagerness that somehow I did not quite like. I could distinctly hear a considerable rustling of chains, a sharp snap as of a lock suddenly and quickly unhasped, then a thin, bony hand, burning with a fiery heat, seized one of mine in an iron grip, and dragged me, ere I could find time either to expostulate or offer opposition, along with a speed as rapid as it was irresistible. Ever and anon I was bid to raise my feet or lower my head as we mysteriously twined and twisted about in what seemed to me a very devils' dance, so puzzling and so rapid were the motions of my strange and impetuous guide, who threaded the mazes so swiftly and as surely as though the broad glare of a noon-day's sun illumined her steps. Sick, giddy, and confused, I felt myself helplessly drawn along, but whither I could by no possibility conjecture.

At last, just as hopelessness, fatigue and anxiety were causing my steps to totter, my reckless leader pulled up short and thus addressed me :—

“ Before you lies a flight of steps—about a dozen in number—at their top is a trap-door, insert into its lock the key I shall give you, and behold you will once more be a free man! But before I pass you that key, swear by all that is holy—by all that you hold dearest—to help me avenge the wrongs I have suffered. Ere daylight dawns on Bullford Hall again not one stone of it shall stand on another—that I am determined on; but I must have your help. Think you, fool, that I brought you hither to offer you liberty and happiness, while I remained behind a grovelling, miserable captive? No—no—no! Across the yard, to which yon trap-door gives access, in an out-house on the other side of it they keep a small barrel of gunpower for shooting purposes. Help me bring it over and lower it down these steps. Once here, I know how to set it going, trust me. When little they minded it I got possession of a box of lucifer matches. For this very object I secreted them; and now—ha! ha! ha! ha! False Syntax and his white Pussy-cat shall know that I have been avenged! Swear, man, swear! Quick, quick!” And the infuriated demon—for a frantic fiend she had suddenly become—seized me round the body in a vice-like embrace. “Swear, man, at once, or I hurl you down the bottomless well that yawns close by us. Yes, by Heavens, I will, for that well keeps every secret confided to its bosom inviolably. You hesitate, I know; you refuse? Then meet thy fate, false friend!” And with a demoniacal force she endeavoured to throw me to the ground.

Mustering all my strength with that desperate energy which the love of life implants in every man, I struggled with my

frenzied foe. Superhuman seemed the power of my assailant: she was fast overpowering me. I reeled—one second more and all must be over—when I resolved, if I perished in the effort, to put forth one final throe for dear life and liberty. I gathered up all the force and vitality that remained in me, and, good Lord! succeeded in freeing myself from her grasp, and hurling her from me as far as my power would admit. There followed a wild, frantic shriek, a discordant clank of chains, a dull thud—thud—thud—a splash as of waters parting—a loud bubble or two, and then a still, unearthly silence.

With the lightning's speed I rushed up the steps—with a giant's force I put my shoulders to the door above me; it yielded to the pressure, and I stood trembling and exhausted in the cold night air—but not free; for there stood the stone statue of the grim lady of the garden commanding with dumb motions two tall, sable-clad attendants, in three-cornered hats and snow-white wigs, to hand me into the antiquated chariot I had been so struck with in the morning, and to which four long-tailed, coal-black steeds were now harnessel. In I was thrust, without ceremony, up with a violent bang went the ponderous steps, slam went to the heavy, creaking door, and off jolted the clumsy, comfortless carriage, at an almost incredible speed, bumping and jumping me about in it like a ball of cotton in an open-mouthed basket submitted to the playful paws of a young gambolsome kitten. Through walls and hedges, over ruts and across ditches, out into the open country we sped at a fearful pace, till, reaching the furrows of a newly-ploughed field, the rotten, lumbering old conveyance, wildly swaying to and fro, and groaning and labouring like a ship in a heavy sea, suddenly toppled over and broke up into a thousand fragments, amidst which I was deposited with a shock that caused me to faint away.

PART III.

WHEN I recovered from the heavy swoon into which I had fallen, I found myself in a warm, snug bed, in a comfortable, well-furnished, cheery-looking room, with a bright sun endeavouring to stream in through the crevices of the closely-curtained window, and imparting thereby the geniality of light and heat to the scene around me. Yet, cozy as was the appearance of the apartment, it bore to me an air totally unfamiliar; for not a thing my eyes lit on had I ever, to the best of my recollection, seen before. The pleasant paper on the walls, the handsomely framed prints adorning it, the pretty brocaded hangings of the bed furniture, and the well-appointed

toilet and chamber services, were all alike equally strange to me; gladdening me not—comely and cheerful as they were—with reminiscences of home or friends. A long, deep sleep on a soft, luxurious couch had done much towards refreshing me both mentally and corporeally. Still, as I tossed about, impatient to discover, if possible, whose kindly domicile it might be that now sheltered me, the acute evidence of aching limbs, together with sundry sores and bruises, painfully recalled to my memory the harrowing and awfully surprising incidents of the previous day. How much had been real—how much imaginary in those distressing scenes I found it difficult to decide. Ever-busy thought—evoking afresh all the horrors I had so recently gone through, and leading me into a labyrinth of sad doubts and harrassing conjectures—was beginning to plunge me into a wearying perplexity, when a gentle tap at the door, followed by the entrance of two strangers, quickly scattered these agonising fantasies by recalling me to a sense of the present.

My visitors, at first slow and cautious in their proceedings, promptly altered their manner of accosting me, and simultaneously advanced with a hearty greeting and a merry laugh, as, starting up to a sitting posture in the bed, I hurriedly and eagerly propounded to them a multiplicity of queries in regard to my whereabouts, how I came into it, and who they themselves might happen to be.

I soon learnt that the intruders were—the one a clergyman and mine host, the other his neighbour and a medical man, in which latter capacity he was now paying me a visit, as he had already done on the preceding evening, when I was brought into the parsonage senseless and apparently much injured. In fact, to curtail as much as possible an otherwise somewhat long story it may be as well to sum up tersely what I subsequently learned, viz. :—That some villagers returning rather late from Baconton Market, by a short cut across the fields, found me lying—in a deep state of intoxication, as they thought—on a newly ploughed piece of ground just at the back of the parsonage, into which house the kindly rector of Slushington-cum-Muddyford had me conveyed the instant the occurrence reached his ears. A doctor, living in the adjacent hamlet, was at once sent for, and being fortunately at home at the moment, was soon in attendance. By him I was declared—after a long and careful examination—to be perfectly sober, but suffering from great exhaustion—caused, to all appearance, by a severe fall; there being, however, no bones broken, nor, as far as he could ascertain, any sign of internal injury, he came to the conclusion that rest and attention could soon bring me round, an opinion confirmed most fully when he again visited me.

My worthy host—though not personally acquainted with me—

had, it would seem, recognised me as one he well knew all about. Consequently, immediately on the receipt of the medical verdict, he, considerably desirous of allaying any anxiety on the part of my friends, had despatched a messenger to them with a note signifying that having fallen in with me he had insisted on my accepting his hospitality, and promising to send me home some time the next day in his own carriage. In short, the kindness and the tender care I received from this good Samaritan knew no bounds.

It appeared that my turning up at Slushington had been accounted for to him by a labourer, who, whilst breaking stones by the roadside, had seen me enter Bullford Hall, which, to this fellow's simple mind, was quite sufficient to account for the state in which I had been found.

"There, now, zur," said he, as he eagerly communicated his intelligence to the worthy rector, "when I zeen the gentleman all alone wi' hiself, go into that nasty, hanted place, sez I to myself, he warn't come to no good. I knowed as he wouldn't, and bided, till maist too late for zupper, just to zee un come out. But, there weren't no call, you zee, for I to go and make a caddle about it, because he didn't. It's best for folk to mind their own bisniss I do tell my old 'ooman!"

The deserted manor-house had amongst the neighbouring peasantry for miles round the general reputation of being haunted. A legend, it would seem, existed, to the effect that the strange figure in the garden left it every evening at sunset to perambulate, throughout the live-long night, the interior of the mansion, wandering—a lighted candle in her hand—from room to room, and occasionally stopping to gaze out of window; whence, it was averred, by the few who had chanced to pass that way at lone hours, she had been seen curiously peering out into the darkness as though in quest of an expected visitor; a report which, of course, caused the road in front of the house much to be avoided after nightfall.

The remainder of my story will, I think, be best summed up by giving the details I received—ere we parted—from my truly hospitable entertainer in reply to my account of the curious adventures that had befallen me. And thus it was as, reinvigorated both physically and otherwise, I sat sipping a choice vintage of rare aroma, over a glowing fire in the very snuggest of dining-rooms, previous to taking my departure for home, that my host delivered himself:

"I can fully believe every word you have told me up to the time of your falling into the cellar; but you must excuse me if I totally mistrust the remainder of your narrative. Stunned by the shock, your mind weakened by fatigue and exhaustion, your recovering intellect played treacherously with you; and while in a

state of semi-unconsciousness, evoked phantasms, based on no surer foundation than the wanderings of a fevered imagination; as the sudden apparition of the stone lady and the old chariot in which you were whisked away must now convince you. The incidents in the cellar you may rest assured never had any reality. As soon as reason partially dawned on you, you managed, somehow, to get up, scramble out of the hole you had tumbled into, and to fly from the spot; but with a brain still overclouded by the concussion it had endured, and the seemingly strange and startling events vividly impressed on its sensorium. Poor old Beanstraw, the occupier of Little Bullford, my churchwarden, and as good, simple-hearted an old soul as ever breathed, is about the last man in the world to have been entrusted by any one with the charge of a mysterious and dangerous lunatic. The bare idea of such a thing is simply preposterous. Dismiss the thought from your mind, I beseech you. In fact, if I were you, I would never mention the subject to any living person—not even to the members of your family. The story would only bring ridicule on yourself and tend to cast painful doubts on your own sanity—an odium, I am sure, you would not like to incur. Besides, even were you correct in your statements, only look on the unpleasant position you place yourself in by asserting them. Only reflect for a moment. Could you, if called upon to do so, prove all you affirm? And, mind you, unless you did prove it you would be bringing unnecessarily a painful, cruel slur upon a highly respectable family, and damning at the same time the reputation of an honest, industrious yeoman, implicating yourself likewise in what might very probably lay you open to the charge of manslaughter, and involve you in very serious consequences. Take my advice,—in retailing the circumstances of your visit to Bullford say nothing about the imaginary tenant of its lower regions. All the other things you have spoken of I can satisfactorily enough explain to you, and laugh at the surprise they must have caused one coming across them as you did. To begin with, the stone statue, which seems to have impressed you so strongly, and concerning which there is a vast amount of superstition current amongst the country people, I must tell you it is supposed to represent some former mistress of the Hall, noted for her musical genius, by a display of which before the sovereign of the day some fine, or impost, levied on the estate was remitted, in commemoration of which tradition the statue was erected. The pedestal on the lawn in front of the house, whereon once stood this figure, coming to grief the uncouth piece of sculpture was banished to the garden there to await a restoration that never came. With regard to the old chariot, its history I should have thought would have been known to everyone in the country, as hundreds (many of

the poor creature shrank from me, and implored forgiveness; adding: "Who are you? What do you want? I know you not." Frightfully shocked at the awful picture I beheld, I stood for a little while uncertain as to what course to pursue. Then bethinking me that conciliation would be the best policy, I hastened to assure my now prostrate companion, that far from being bent on harm, I, myself, was an accidental and unwilling captive in this foul and gloomy haunt of misery. An assurance that evidently gave great satisfaction to the frightened and cowering form that now, again reclined on the hard and filthy pallet I had first seen it on. "Who are you, and why are you thus confined?" I said in as calm and gentle a tone as I could well command.

"Ah! who am I? A question you had need to ask, I'm sure."

A response that somewhat took me aback from the sudden haughtiness with which it was pronounced, and the proud elevation of the head and figure that accompanied it. Notwithstanding all the painful surroundings, the growing darkness and the too often pitifully demented air and demeanour of the individual with whom I held converse, a conviction had gradually stolen over me that I was addressing a lady, and one who, however fallen now, must once, ere overshadowed by an eclipse of intellect, have been possessed of refined feelings and of a highly cultivated mind. There was something in the stately bearing occasionally assumed—natural and unaffected, though abruptly put on—in the suave tones to which she could modulate her otherwise hard, repellant voice, that left no doubt on my mind as to the sex and gentle nurture of the unhappy woman for whose fate my heart bled even despite my own apparently equally deplorable position. Silent and motionless, entranced, I suppose, by the *evil-eye*, as birds are said to be by the wily stare of the serpent, I stood listening to the voluble harangue with which my ears were assailed. With a calm confidence that surprised me, she gave me in rapid accents the following narrative tolerably coherent in its details, and but little interrupted by frenzied outbursts:—"Stranger, you doubtless think I am mad, but I am not. Enough I have gone through, all the same, to make a thousand women mad. Hard have they striven to reduce me to that state. Sit you down, man, and listen to my tale. 'Tis but a sorry tale to tell, I know; but it will do me good to disburden myself of it, and it is not so often that I get the chance of doing so that I should let it slip now I have. Don't stop me—I'm not going to be stopped, I can assure you. Look at me—examine me well—you think me old and ugly—don't you, now? Well years, and years, and years ago—never mind how long—I was young and handsome, and fair to look at—I see you smile, but it was so, incredulous as you may be on the subject. I had long flowing tresses then of

dark, wavy hair, silky and soft ; not the short, stiff crop of bristles you see now. No, *they* have done that for me—Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! My father, Sir Mildmy Gudeman, lived in this house—not down here, of course. Well, he had three children, all born under this roof. I was the second of them. The eldest was my sister, Juliana, a white-haired, pert minx, who couldn't live in the country, it wasn't good enough for her—oh ! no !” Here the narrator became slightly excited, but quickly calming herself down resumed her story thus :—

“ The youngest of us three was my brother John, whose birth took from us our beloved mother—But, I see you are impatient. Ah ! so was I once. *Ma l'impazienza, non ostante, non dava velocità all' asino.* However, I will proceed as fast as I can, not to weary you. In thus speaking of myself I have an object in view which you don't as yet understand. How should you ?” A fearful expression, as she uttered these last words, crossed her features ; an expression that made me shudder from head to foot, and caused an inexpressible sensation of dread to run through my frame. As if aware of the effect she had produced, she immediately controlled herself, and in a most mellifluous mood continued : “ After my mother's death Juliana and I were sent to school in London, and on the completion, at a first-rate seminary, of our education returned here. The country, however, had no charms for my sister ; dress and society engrossed her every thought, and the dull life of Bullford Hall drove her distracted. Sir Mildmy cared but little, on the contrary, for town enjoyments, preferring rural sports to all the balls and parties in the world. Being also of very retiring and penurious habits, he led a most unsocial sort of life, with few acquaintances and certainly no friends. It was therefore soon arranged, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, that my sister should return to town and take up her residence there with an aunt who lived in the very vortex of fashionable dissipation. At this period, I being about nineteen and my brother fourteen, there came into this dwelling from Oxford, to prepare my brother for a public school and university career, one Syntax—that wasn't his right name, but one by which I christened him, first in joke and subsequently in endearment. This fellow, Syntax, young, handsome, gentlemanly, and accomplished, was just the man calculated by his manners and address to win the heart of an unsophisticated country girl, constantly associated with him in a lone house, wanting a mother's care, and that other shield female companionship. No company visited us, as my father's eccentric habits and excessive pride had long before then driven them from his door. The natural consequences of such a state of things you may easily imagine. So I gave my young and innocent heart, nothing loath, up to his keeping, little dreaming that one such as he could ever prove false. Ah !

foundations. Rabbits burrow in every direction in the garden, and birds build their nests in every possible nook and cranny. You now know all I have to tell you about this unattractive residence, which has given you so much suffering and trouble. That there exists somewhere about the premises a deep and dangerous well, I have heard, but this is the first time I was ever told of the vaulted cellar beneath the building being its *locale*."

And so closed my reverend friend's explanatory version of my adventures while house-hunting. Once more by my own fireside I often meditate on those strange and melancholy incidents which accompanied my visit to Bullford Hall, and shudder at the recollections they recalled to my mind. Were the scenes in those vaults really all imaginary, I say to myself? There are times when I cannot think so, and I shiver from head to foot when I think of that desperate struggle that ended in those horrid dull thuds, that wild, wild shriek of despair, that clank of fetters, and final splash followed by a few bubbles, and the utter stillness of death. But the subsequent drive in that antediluvian crumbling shatterdan was illusionary I can readily admit, but — Is it right to pursue this harrowing doubt any further? What think you, dear reader? Am I walking about with the brand of manslaughter upon me? Have pity on me if you think so, and that is all I ask of you.



LIVINGSTONE AND CAMERON.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

AFRICA is emphatically the land of mystery, and its vast, unexplored regions have long possessed a weird interest. The countries through which the Nile flows as it approaches the sea are rich in ruined cities, the origin of which is lost in the mist of ages. The mighty Pyramids, rearing their colossal heads far above the plain, have long afforded inexhaustible material for conjecture and inquiry. Who built them? when were they erected? why were they put together? To be the resting-place of monarchs, some have thought; to put a limit to the drifting sands of the desert, others have supposed; to mark great victories or memorable events, has been another guess; and one bold inquirer has actually fancied that the largest of these mountains of brick and stone was laboriously piled up, layer on layer, yard by yard, to preserve for future ages an unit of measurement of about the same value as the English yard. All speculations are in vain. Egypt remains a mystery, a mine of wealth to the historian and the antiquary, a bone of contention to the theologian.

Then, again, what of the source of the Nile? That surely was a problem which the enterprise of the nineteenth century could easily solve. What easier than to follow the windings of the great river far into the interior of the Continent, and to reach the distant spot where, issuing from rocks or from a lake, was found the rivulet which thousands of miles below expanded into the magnificent Nile? Explorers tried again and again with a heroism unsurpassed on the field of battle; they persevered till they sank down and died, and one name after another was added to the long list of travellers who had plunged into the mighty interior and never been heard of more. No wonder it was whispered that the interior of Africa was a vast desert, without rivers, means of subsistence, or foliage, with scarcely a living creature to break the awfulness of its solitudes, while the lands bordering on the ocean were known to be covered with rank, luxuriant vegetation, the haunt of savage beasts and the stronghold of fever and death.

Surely there is nothing sadder than to go through the long list of travellers whose hopes were blasted and lives sacrificed in the swamps and deserts of Africa. It is almost a relief to find that James Bruce, after unexampled discouragements, lived to die

miserably in his own house in Scotland. But far other was the fate of Captain Hugh Clapperton, who fell a victim to the African climate at Chungary, aged only thirty-nine; far other that of Mungo Park, over whose end a thick veil has descended, but who probably died, at Boussa, in his thirty-fourth year. Then the fate of Richard and John Lander, who perished, the one aged twenty-nine, the other twenty-seven, is as much a mystery as that of many of their predecessors. The explorers of our day have been more fortunate. Burton and Speke returned to tell of the wonders they had seen, although Speke's triumph was short; and his sad death at Bath threw a deep gloom over the British Association Meeting of 1864; Sir Samuel Baker still lives, honoured and admired; Lieutenant Cameron, in whose achievements all Britain has been rejoicing, is just returned home, well and strong, and capable of undergoing many fresh perils; while David Livingstone, the greatest and best of missionary explorers, lived till the evening of life was at hand, and his name was become a household word.

And now let us see what recent discoveries have taught us. We know that the interior of Africa is not a desert, but a rich, well-watered land, not perhaps at present exactly flowing with milk and honey, but capable of maintaining in comfort and plenty a dozen great nations. We know that mighty rivers and vast lakes have long been concealed in its mysterious solitudes from the ken of mankind—nay, more, one of those rivers is, perhaps, the largest in the whole world, and exceeds in volume and length the Father of Waters, or the stupendous Amazon. And we also know that the vast plains and river basins of Africa are peopled by brutal and savage races, scarcely capable of improvement, that vice, misery, and poverty abound among them, that might is right, and that the most hideous forms of slavery, the most diabolical atrocities, are openly defended and hourly practised. The world scarcely presents anywhere else sights so dreadful. It will be long before missionary enterprise will have exhausted the fields opening to it, long before civilisation and refinement have elevated and purified the savage hordes of Africa. But commercial enterprise and scientific inquiry are already at work. The proposal to cut a broad canal to let in the waters of the sea upon the plains of the Sahara, and to convert that great desert into a magnificent inland sea, although perhaps not well considered, and perchance impracticable, is a sufficient proof of the interest excited in the improvement of Africa and of the stupendous projects that before long are likely to attract public attention. The veil that has long concealed Africa from the remainder of the world is being lifted, and it will never descend again.

Too little is yet known to make it prudent to speak with

confidence, and future researches will probably correct much that is now accepted as settled ; indeed, it is not too much to say that a century or more may be needed to place the geography of the continent on anything like a sure foundation. The unexplored districts are still enormous, probably far larger than is generally suspected. Tracts as vast as the German empire have never been penetrated by civilised man : broad rivers still wander through countries not certainly known to possess a rivulet : great lakes may be concealed in valleys far from the path followed by Cameron and Livingstone, and savage nations are still happy in their ignorance of the white races. The ablest living geographers are sorely puzzled to tell what is and what is not known, and many of them will be gathered to their fathers before anything like certainty on many debated points has been attained. Indeed, early in the present year, I attended a crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society at Burlington House, at which a number of remarkable letters from Lieutenant Cameron were read, and it was almost astonishing to notice how much diversity of opinion obtained among the learned men who were asked to speak as to what had been made out and what required re-examination. At any rate, this young officer has undoubtedly added to our knowledge and cleared up some dark points, and the high appreciation in which his services to geography are held by those most competent to judge, is proved by the great honour he has just received from the Royal Geographical Society,—he has, although only thirty-two years old, had the gold medal of that body conferred upon him, and been favoured with the much-coveted Companionship of the Bath at the hands of his Sovereign. According to present appearances a long and useful life awaits him, one full of honour, and he will doubtless build up a great reputation and add much to our still scanty knowledge of Africa ; but let us not forget the labours of his predecessors, who died early and forgotten far from home and friends, and one of whom struggled on, not three years only but thirty years, and whose last breath was drawn in savage and impassable wildernesses, where their bones have been beaten upon by wind and rain, or been the playthings of animals of prey. Fame is short lived, and this may, generally speaking, be unavoidable ; but one at least of the explorers of Africa must never be forgotten, and may be remembered when most of the heroes and worthies of our day have ceased to be spoken of. Of course I mean David Livingstone.

It is no exaggeration to say that few men have contrived by their almost unaided exertions to attain such a brilliant position as that which the great missionary made for himself ; and what is even more surprising, few of those who have ranked as high in the

estimation of their countrymen for commanding ability, ripe scholarship, or dauntless heroism, have been as conspicuous for modesty and humility. From the common failings of men who have raised themselves from poverty and ignorance into a position of honour and influence, David Livingstone was absolutely free. He had the good breeding of the gentleman, the simple habits of the working man, and the charity and piety of the Christian,—truly a rare combination of virtues.

As is well known, the difficulties that in childhood surrounded the young Scotchman were apparently overwhelming, and might have daunted a man of ordinary resolution. But it has always been a characteristic of the national temperament that difficulties, instead of daunting, only spur on the Scotch to redoubled exertion. There is a quiet perseverance among them which, without apparently promising great things, leads to honour and wealth in later life whatever the impediments in youth. Hence it is that in all parts of the world the number of thriving Scotchmen is incredibly great; so large, indeed, is this proportion of prosperous, successful men to the population of the mother country that nothing resembling it obtains elsewhere. A Scotchman will overtake men who seem to have everything before them, and he will save and thrive where less thrifty people starve. Thus was it with Livingstone: born in a poor home, and cut off from many of the advantages now within the reach of the working classes, there seemed every prospect that he would live and die an unknown artisan. But the young lad possessed perseverance and energy far in excess of what even his countrymen can usually claim. In his simple and unassuming style he has related, for the encouragement of the poor and neglected, how he educated and fitted himself for a higher social sphere. From his small earnings he purchased books and paid for his education, and by the time he was twenty-three had attended many courses of medical and theological lectures in the University of Glasgow. In 1840 Livingstone was admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of that city. This body did itself the distinguished honour, seventeen years later, of conferring on its most illustrious member the title of Fellow. The young surgeon was desirous of at once turning his education to account, and of proceeding to China as a missionary. But England was at that time engaged in one of those inglorious and costly little wars, of which two or three are sometimes on hand at once, and Livingstone had for the time to give up all thought of going to Asia, and to go to Africa instead, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society.

It is scarcely, by the way, possible for an Englishman to conceive the cheapness of, and the many opportunities for, self-

education for which Scotland is remarkable. In England it is not easy for a chemist of good ability, even when living in a town possessing a medical school, to obtain a medical diploma; but north of the Tweed, although the facilities for acquiring the very highest education are undoubtedly not abundant, those for getting a good, sound training are cheap and open to all. It is the glory of the Scotch system that it places within the reach of the poorest and humblest, provided only that they possess talent and industry, stepping stones by means of which they can rise from the village school to a degree in arts, medicine, or theology. South of the Tweed many a young man of abilities equal to Livingstone's has been unable to acquire that book learning and culture almost indispensable to success in life. Had Livingstone been the son of a Dorset or Devonshire peasant he might possibly have forced his way to wealth in trade, but he could hardly have attained it in a profession. To the Scotch system of education as much as, perhaps more than to his abilities, Great Britain owes the triumphs of David Livingstone.

Livingstone, although, of course unable to foresee his future fame, must have known that he had rare abilities, and could not have been ignorant that, had he given his undivided attention to making a position and heaping up a fortune, he would as certainly have succeeded as many of those resolute, keen-witted Glasgow workmen who have forced themselves up in the world. But for money he never cared. It was his ambition to do the greatest good in his power and to improve the condition of the heathen. He thought himself, and the sequel showed how well he judged, admirably qualified for the life of a missionary.

On landing in Africa, Livingstone remained at the Cape for a time, and whilst there acquired some knowledge of the languages likely to be of the greatest service to him. At first he lived principally among the Bechuanas, for six months separating himself from European society, and then, as ever after, conducting himself with such tact and judgment that, without ceasing to influence them for their higher good, he contrived to get the love and confidence of the natives, and, what was still more difficult, to secure their respect.

In 1849, he commenced those great exploring expeditions for which his name will live in history. The first year he gave his attention to Lake Ngami and the surrounding country. Next year he set out on a second journey, but was impeded by severe illness. In 1851, he travelled through a distant, and at that time unexplored, portion of the vast wilderness which stretched from one ocean to the other. As was to be expected, his sufferings were terrible, and with great difficulty he reached the Portuguese settle-

ment of St. Paul, on the west coast of the Continent. The more he did the more he was tempted to do; and in spite of a dangerous climate, bloody wars, continued ill-health, and terrible fatigue, he traversed and retraversed the interior of Africa until he had, very imperfectly of course, opened up some millions of square miles of country, and brought to the knowledge of his countrymen many nations of whose very existence the civilised world was ignorant. Never did anyone face greater perils, or more heroically and calmly pass through them. One of his most memorable journeys was that in which he explored the southern parts of the Continent, and which he ended on the east coast at Quillimane, in 1856, near the mouth of the Zambesi. Soon after this he returned to England and received some honourable distinctions, never better earned, from the learned societies of London and Paris. In 1857 he published a work that was read with pleasure by nearly every Englishman of education; and then for the first time his many admirers understood what difficulties had retarded the progress of the author of "*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.*"

Livingstone had none of the bigotry and dread of the world and its pursuits for which missionaries are occasionally conspicuous. In practice he was a broad, liberal churchman, full of love to all classes and sects, and uniting the wisdom of the serpent to the gentleness of the dove. This he remarkably exemplified in his method of exploring and opening up Africa. He believed commerce to be the handmaiden of Christianity, and contended that the missionary should also be a trader, a fact well known to and acted upon by the zealous Jesuits, as well as by the Dutch clergy, but ignored by English missionaries. This point Livingstone attempted to prove in his admirable work, and there is no doubt that the larger and broader views now generally entertained on the subject are mainly due to his exertions and writings.

Livingstone might now have settled at home, and filled his days in honour and wealth; but he was not the man to rest on his oars, wasting the precious years of life. In 1858 he was again at his post, and never spared himself a moment. For six years he now gave his attention to exploring the country through which the Zambesi flows, and among other places, visited Lake Nyassa. In 1864 he came to England again for a short time, but the following year returned to Africa, and recommenced with unabated ardour his untiring travels. But for his admirable skill as a surveyor, Livingstone could have done little as a scientific geographer. Other men, assisted by the most perfect modern instruments, might have penetrated into the same districts, yet have discovered next to nothing. But this wonderful man had a rare talent for perceiving

at a glance the peculiarities of the regions through which he passed. Of course he did little more than mark down the principal objects of importance, but few men could, under similar adverse circumstances, have done as much. It is not an easy thing, let me assure the reader, to take in the peculiarities of broad tracts of country : let anyone who questions this try to write a description of any portion of his native land which he has passed through a hundred times, and ought to know thoroughly. Wherever he wandered Livingstone made valuable discoveries. While placing strange races in communication with Europe he imparted to them some of the advantages of civilised life and manners, and he set, wherever he went, an example of integrity and piety, worth more than anything else. We cannot yet fully understand all that he did and found out, although it is certain that his researches and discoveries have been productive of even more important results than was a few years ago suspected. For years to come the respect and admiration with which his labours are regarded by thoughtful men will increase, and the world will be better able to appreciate their vast importance.

As is generally known, Livingstone's wife was the daughter of the distinguished African missionary, Robert Moffat, and a more devoted and faithful woman never lived. Her death, which occurred in April 1862, was extremely sad. For ten long years of suspense and sorrow she had seen little of her husband, but on the first of February, 1862, she had the pleasure of being reunited to him. She went out to Africa for the purpose, and was rejoined by the great missionary near the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, and at Shupanga, a hundred miles up the river, Livingstone was parted from his wife for ever. She appeared in good health, and on one of the last evenings in April went a walk up the river with her husband and the Rev. James Stewart. A week from that day she was dead. In the course of the week her health failed, and it was evident she was suffering from the fever for which the country is deservedly dreaded. On the Saturday she was seen to be in danger, and was taken to Shupanga House. Gradually she became worse, and her medical attendant, Dr. Kirk, the distinguished English political agent at Zanzibar, though he exerted himself to the utmost, was unable to stop the progress of the fatal disease—who, indeed, ever knew the ablest physician successful in grappling with serious illness? Science may prevent, but rarely indeed can she cure sickness.

On the last Sunday in April, at six in the evening, the end approached fast, and the heart-broken Livingstone sent for his friend, the Rev. James Stewart. When the latter entered the room the great missionary calmly said, "The end is evidently

approaching, and I thought I would send for you." Mrs. Livingstone never rallied. In a few moments a change came over the expression of her countenance, which showed that the end was indeed come, and, as the African sun set, she died. The day had been singularly bright and beautiful, and was in perfect harmony with the departure of a faithful and gentle spirit from the trials and vicissitudes of earth, to stand forever in the presence of that God who had enabled her to suffer patiently, and who sustained her husband in an hour of affliction which almost overwhelmed him. From the account Mr. Stewart has given of her death, it is probable that for some time before the last she was unconscious. Next morning preparations were made for the funeral, and at noon she was buried under a monstrous baobab tree. The spot where her body rests is marked by a pile of sun-dried bricks and a large white cross, in addition to which the immense forest monarch is a still more enduring monument. Such a woman was worthy of such a husband.

It is the greatest glory of Livingstone that he had no selfish motives—in fact, he was above the littleneesses of ordinary human nature. He would have worked just as well had the world remained ignorant of his sufferings and discoveries. Livingstone never coveted popularity, never tried to bask in the rays of Court favour. Had his object been less exalted, his heroism inferior, he would probably not have succeeded as he did, and his name might now be already sinking into oblivion. But for what he achieved, the interior of the great African wilderness would still be an unknown land to us, and Lieutenant Cameron would not have gone on his travels; while had others explored as he did, Livingstone would probably not have reaped such honours in the field of missionary enterprise. But he was no common man; his mind was of splendid proportions; and, judging by what he did, not one man in a million is similarly gifted. The iron resolution and intelligent perseverance of the Glasgow factory hand were wonderful. Men of inferior intellectual calibre heap up riches in abundance. Men less intrepid and generous rise from the forge to a seat in the House of Commons. Had an unpropitious fate condemned Livingstone to a life passed in less noble pursuits than those which were his delight, he must even then have made an indelible mark in the history of his country. Perhaps, though we should not now remember him as the magnanimous missionary and explorer, we should be proud of him as the illustrious scientific discoverer or the merchant prince and philanthropist. Well for him, well for the world, that he never swerved from the course he so early chose.

It has been said that Livingstone was not fitted by education or temperament to conduct a great expedition of civilised men,

that he would have failed had he been put at the head of a well-appointed and numerous party, for whose many wants he would have had to provide, and who would in every emergency have had to consult him.

All this may be perfectly true, but what does it amount to? Merely to this, that he might not have succeeded so well had he been differently circumstanced. One might as well complain that Gladstone would not make a good general, or that Bright could not rival Macaulay. But as a set-off let us remember that Livingstone was placed in such conditions that it was most important he should be independent of advantages that would be indispensable to the success of inferior men. Had he been unable to stir until everything was in order, Africa would still to a *terra incognita*. It is ungenerous to complain that a man, who triumphs in the midst of overwhelming difficulties, might not have been as successful had he had to conduct similar researches under what might be deemed more favourable surroundings. Less would have been attempted, much less accomplished, had he been at the head of a hundred and fifty Europeans. As it was, Livingstone was fortunately free to do as he liked, and was only at times hindered by the want of money and scientific instruments. From his earnings as a writer he ungrudgingly expended large sums on the instruments and materials needed for his long and perilous expeditions.

At the beginning of May, 1873, the career of the generous and high principled missionary came to an end. Far from friends, country, and home, the pure spirit of David Livingstone took its flight to that world where disappointments and fatigue are unknown. There was something inexpressibly touching in the request he made his attendants, when, broken down by fatigue, disease, and climate, he felt that the end was come; "Build me a hut to die in!" the lonely traveller is said to have exclaimed; and there in an obscure corner of the African wilderness, on a spot marked in no map, and, up to that moment perhaps, without a name, the last chapter of that eventful life was closed.

Thirty years of labour under the burning sun of the Tropics among strange and barbarous races, that was the career which lay behind him, as, dying in his little hut, he looked back on the past; thirty years of uncomplaining devotion to duty, years of suffering, sickness, and pain, years of toil, which his frame, never a strong one, seemed unfitted to bear, yet all borne without a complaint or a thought that he was doing anything extraordinary. How he ever worked in that climate as he did, and bore up against repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, is a miracle. Most men would have given up and died years before; few would have been capable of exertion when their body was racked by pain, and their physical strength was fast ebbing. But the intrepid Scotchman

had a spirit which bore him up until human endurance could go no farther. He undoubtedly preferred to die at his post, especially as his work seemed nearly over, than to return to England and patiently wait, far from the scene of his labours, for death. There was something eminently characteristic of the man in struggling on to the very last. Other men might have desired repose; he cared only for work. Perchance his last moments were indescribably lonely. He might then have yearned for the sympathy of friends and relatives, but, except at the moment of dissolution, when sorrow appears to have pressed upon him, and to have sorely tried his great manly heart, he no doubt felt that the awful summons comes best when the sentinel is watching at his post. Had the choice been his, could he have chosen differently? The vulgar imagination has always fancied that for the victorious general no death is so glorious and becoming as on the field of battle in the arms of victory. Why, then, should not death in the moment of triumph be best for one whose glories surpassed those of the warrior, and whose proud achievements were for the good of mankind, and were not purchased with blood, although they cost the life of the heroic victor?

When the husband, eleven years later, followed his patient and loving wife to her grave, perhaps no fitter place for his obsequies could have been found than under the tree where she lay, or under some other monster of those tropical forests. But this was not to be. The emaciated body of the missionary, borne by loving hands over an immense region of country and across stormy seas, was brought to its native land, and landed at Southampton on the 15th of April, 1874. Nearly a year had elapsed since Livingstone's death, and as he had often been reported dead, it was necessary, although not easy, to identify the body as his. Now, thirty years earlier, he had had his arm broken, and the fracture had not properly united. Sir William Fergusson, one of the ablest of living surgeons, examined the body, and reported that there was no doubt that the arm had been broken, and that the bone had not properly united. Thus was it certainly known that Livingstone was come home.

Westminster Abbey has of late received within its solemn shade the bodies of many illustrious men, but seldom has it been selected to be the resting-place of a truer and more unselfish hero than David Livingstone. Really it would have mattered little where the honoured dust was laid, for the humblest churchyard, the lowliest ditch, would henceforth have been famous in the history of the land. He was, however, given the best England possessed, and found a proud resting-place near kings and heroes, not one of whom deserved better of his native land than David Livingstone.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF FEAR AND JOY.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

WHEN we naturally associate the pale cheek and shaking limbs with fear, and the bright eye and smiling countenance with the opposite sensations of joy and delight, we tacitly express a remarkable relation of physiological kind between certain states of the mind, and the outward symptoms through which they become manifest to the world at large. Indeed, each "expression of the emotions" has come to be regarded in a more or less stable degree as almost synonymous with the emotion itself. Without their accompanying effects on the bodily frame, the passions and desires that sway the life of man would be almost unknown to the world around us, whilst the absence of the familiar modes of expression would mystify and puzzle even the subjects of the passions themselves. We are accustomed to note this power of disguising the expressions of emotions, under the familiar term of "concealing our feelings," and it is also a well-known fact that some people possess this power in a very strong and marked degree. To preserve a calm front in the presence of great danger; to appear cool and collected amidst panic and consternation, or to receive intelligence which may bring the death-blow to the dearest hopes of humanity, without so much as moving a muscle—to use the proverbial phrase,—are just so many ways or phases of expressing the natural or acquired command over the natural signs whereby the sympathies of men are made known.

It may be mentioned with every show of reason and probability, that the formation of character, and the distinctive peculiarities of the individual, are in reality determined by the manner in which his emotions are expressed; and it therefore becomes a deeply interesting study to trace, as far as physiology can guide us, the *modus operandi* in which the powers and functions of the body operate in producing such emotions as fear, joy, and allied states.

Towards the better understanding of the production of these emotions, it is necessary to glance briefly at the general constitution of the nervous system, or that exercising the great function of *feeling*—using this latter term in both its general and more special

aspects. In the higher animals or vertebrata, at the head of which man himself stands, the chief centres of the nervous system consist of the brain and spinal cord or marrow. These, enclosed within the bony tube or case formed by the skull and spine, constitute the great centres, which not only give off nerves to supply the other parts of the body, but are themselves concerned in the formation, transmission, and direction of the nervous impulses. The brain itself consists, firstly, of the cerebrum, or true brain, as it is named, which may be regarded as the seat of the more important sensations we perceive, and also as the origin and fount of the acts whereby we make known our *will*, and of those pertaining to memory and the higher emotions and feelings. The cerebellum or lesser brain as it is named, situated at the lower and hinder part of the skull, appears to be but little concerned in the intellectual operations of life, and is in all probability, occupied chiefly with the regulation of muscular action and the co-ordination of the movements of the body. At the point where the spinal cord leaves the brain, an important part of the nervous centres is situated. The latter is termed the *medulla oblongata*, and appears to regulate in chief the motions of swallowing and breathing.

In addition to this great system of nerve-centres and nerve-cords, which like a veritable network of electric stations and wires, are incessantly forming, receiving, and despatching messages, each fraught with greater or less importance to the regulation of the body and its powers, the presence of a second, and in many respects a distinct set of nerves is to be noted in man and the higher animals. The older physiologists, imagining that this latter system of nerves was destined to connect distant parts and organs in a harmonious sympathy, gave to it the name of the *sympathetic system*, and by this term it is still known, although the old ideas of its functions are wholly obsolete. The sympathetic nerves form a great chain, lying along the front aspect of the spine, but also possess intimate relations to and connections with the brain and spinal system; whilst in their microscopic structure the sympathetic nerves evince certain differences from the other nerves of the body.

The simplest phenomena through which the emotions are exhibited, must thus entail some change or other in this complicated nervous apparatus; but it is especially in the more marked emotions, such as fear and joy, that the manner of their production and exhibition can be in some degree explained. The sudden invasion of intense fear is marked by symptoms which all who run may read. The bloodless face and lips, the trembling gait, the sinking sensation at the heart,—are all so many actions brought about by a certain disposition of the nerve-centres. Primarily we

find that the cerebrum or true brain, participates in the production of the symptoms, being warned by the eye or ear, or through other of the gateways of knowledge. This first step in the analysis of the emotion is illustrated, or at least rendered highly probable to us, from the teachings of diseased action. For when the cerebrum labours under diseased action or any defect, such defects will not only affect the senses and distort natural images and appearances, but will also operate on the brain itself.

From the brain, then, as from a central station, impulses proceed and accord in their nature and effects with the outward origin of the emotions. Why it should be that fear is manifested as we see it, or that joy should have entirely opposite indications and symptoms, physiology cannot tell. There is no scientific or plausible reason to be given, for example, why the signs which indicate fear should not originally have been implanted on man's organisation as indicative of joy; whilst when we reflect that the shedding of tears may equally characterise the exhibition of sorrow and of gladness, we may be still more puzzled to account for uniformity of symptoms, brought about by opposite emotions and feelings.

In the terror-stricken being, then, we find one very important source of the phenomena of fear, in the impulses which proceed from the brain to the sympathetic system of nerves. Passing through the spinal cord, and flashing its swift course in turn to the sympathetic fibres, the fear-laden impulse comes to affect the blood-vessels. The parts which the sympathetic nerves chiefly supply are those which under ordinary circumstances are involuntary, or without the command of the will. No organ better exemplifies this statement than the heart—the mystical seat of all the emotions, as, indeed, it, in an actual and real sense, responds to the sway of the feelings. In greater part the nervous supply to the heart and stomach is derived from the sympathetic source; and equally important is it to note that the delicate muscles which invest the blood-vessels are also supplied from the latter system.

Investigation has shown that the general condition of the heart and blood-vessels, their various states of contraction and relaxation, and consequently the determination of the quantity of blood supplied to any given part, are so many results dependent upon the action of the sympathetic nerves. The pale cheek and fluttering heart are, therefore, caused by the sharp contraction of the blood-vessels supplying the parts, and by the impulse which has, through the mystic action of the brain, and ordered as by some watchful operator or pointsman, been turned into the sympathetic channel. Whilst probably from the heart and blood-vessels, in their turn, may be transmitted the impulse to muscles and other organs

which causes the knees to shake, and the whole frame to participate in the unwonted and disagreeable sensations.

Associated with fear we frequently see the phenomena of anger, which may, as we all know, be induced by a direct stimulus such as a blow or insult; or indirectly by the remembrance of either. In the latter case the emotions are greater within the brain, but how remarkably identical may they appear in their exhibition with these excited directly! In violent anger the physiological actions which take place appear to be the reverse of those that produce the symptoms of fear—just as the purely mental states are of opposite character. The blood-vessels in the angry man are no longer contracted, but are dilated and full. The heart is not contracted and weakly in its pulsation, but beats strongly, and forces the vital stream into each part of the body; and to no organ is the blood current in anger more strongly propelled than to the brain itself. The brain of the fiercely angry man is turgid and red, its blood-vessels are gorged and full; and the blood-pressure is vastly, and sometimes injuriously or fatally, increased from the normal standard, since, as we all know, the weakened frame may sometimes fall senseless to the ground in a paroxysm of temper, from the sheer congestion of the great nerve-centre, or from some more serious cause. Physiology preaches no more impressive discourse, therefore, than when it warns us to beware of anger, and of all unbridled and like passions. Repeated attacks of what ordinary people call “bad temper” are in reality, and from their effect upon the nervous centres, much more serious matters than are generally supposed. And wise indeed are the words of a well-known physician, when he maintains that there are very few men or women who can afford to be angry on this account; whilst no less forcibly does our subject illustrate the wise man’s aphorism that “He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty.”

In the physiological production of joy and gladness there is much akin to the production of anger. There is the same activity in the circulation, and the same quick-breathing, with the result of more perfectly and fully oxygenating the blood. But there is also the absence of the more paroxysmal and violent inroad of symptoms, whilst the general expression of the joyful person is much modified from that of the angry man. Very curious is it to think of the near identity of emotions which produce, say, in the muscles of the face, effects of so widely divergent character. The smile of joy is not the smile of anger, although the same muscles effect and form each; nor is the tender, or even tearful eye of happiness, the eye of the angry person, although there may be some phenomena in each of similar kind. And why or how it is that the varying nature of an impulse can produce on the same

organs such different effects, is a matter as yet beyond the furthest skill of the physiologist. It may be that as the electric fluid has its varying moods, so the character of the nervous impulse may be, and probably is, determined by the circumstances which give it birth.

The expressions of the feelings, which thus not only bear a close relation to the body itself, but largely contribute to form and mould its surroundings, may, lastly, be noted to be produced in a double or twofold fashion. Thus they are produced by external influences acting upon the mind and senses; and they may be brought into play from within by our thoughts, or even by internal sensations, of the nature of which we may know nothing, and for which we may not in the least be responsible. Thus, when a man thinks himself into a gloomy train of thought, or when a child angered by some bodily pain or annoyance, cries itself into a fit of temper, the latter phase of the production of feeling is exemplified.

With all the varying effects, however, there is generally to be perceived a wise and natural "balance of power" in the physiological and mental disposition of men and women. Nerve-force tends to exhaust itself, like every other force of the living organism; and we may regard this circumstance alone in the light of a merciful provision for the regulation of our passions, good and evil alike. A warm demonstrative nature expends itself sooner than the quiet, undemonstrative disposition; and most people will say that it is well that it should be so. The nerve-force expended by the former soon exhausts itself; that of the latter is husbanded and stored. The irascible person soon forgets his grievance, otherwise there would be no living with him. And it is not generally the "madly foud," or those who say they will "die of grief," that either continue ardent in their affection or inconsolable in their sorrow.

Whether or not hearts are "broken" as frequently as is alleged in ordinary life, physiology actually knows of several cases in which from strong emotion a weak heart has actually ruptured. But we also know that hearts may give way under strong mental excitement, and yet no injury be apparent on investigation. The enfeebled organ, when over stimulated, may, in fact, faint and fail; some of its delicate mechanism may be injured; and thus, although unperceived by scientific art, the pulses of life may be extinguished from a cause usually supposed to belong only to the domain of the poetic and fanciful.

SPRINGTIME IN NORTH ITALY AND THE TYROL.

PART I.

IN the bright springtime we crossed from Dover to Calais, and, having taken tickets for Amiens, we secured two seats in the train, and waited for the start. Our carriage was quite full. Opposite me sat a lady "toute brisée" by her sea voyage, fortified with a bottle of "eau sucrée" and a case of cigarettes, which she sipped and smoked continually during the journey. From the window leant a young Parisienne, in a coquettish hat of black lace, with a branch of pink roses, conversing gaily with a moustached friend on the platform. At last the third bell rang; the train began slowly to move, a lingering kiss on either cheek was given and received by the damsel. "Adieu, mon Cousin, tu viendras nous voir," she says, as she smiles her farewell; and we leave the busy, bustling station to run by sunny meadows, with stunted trees, just budding into leaf, backed by a range of long, low hills towards Boulogne. The sands as we pass look soft and white at low water; but the brightness of the day seems over, and ere we reach Montreuil deep black clouds have gathered, torrents of rain, with thunder and lightning, soon follow, and try the courage of the poor little signal women, who in their blue redingotes stand at short intervals along the line. The storm, however, soon passes, and at Noyelles the sun shines upon the long bridge which there crosses the bay to carry trains to St. Valery. "Pour les bains de mer," says the Parisienne, who has chatted pleasantly all the way.

Soon we reach Abbeville, and in about another hour arrive at Amiens, and establish ourselves in good time for the "table d'hôte" at the Hotel du Rhin, with its quaint gardens, inhabited by pelicans, geese, doves, and other birds. The conversation at dinner was made lively by another French lady, who had arrived from a visit to England the day before. Her opinion of our country was freely but not flatteringly given. "'Ah, l'Angleterre, c'est horrible; ' it is dreadful, your England; ' c'est ma première visite, ce sera la dernière; ah, the fog and the mud, they are always there; il n'y a qui les chevaux qui sont bons—de orses, they are very good; but de cabs, ah, they can never comprehend what I may say to them!'"

After dinner we strolled to the Cathedral; the nave with its graceful arches lay in darkness; before the curious golden cruci-

fixion a few tapers burnt, but at the shrine of Mary many lights fell upon the wreaths and nosegays of pure white flowers, with which in this, "*le mois de Marie*," her altar was adorned.

Starting the next day for Rheims, the single line of rail took us by a flat country with long avenues of low-clipped trees, quiet villages clustering round their little churches, and windmills drowsily turning in the distance, to Ham, where the fortress, rendered famous by having been the prison of that man of many vicissitudes, Napoleon III., stands nearly hidden by trees and surrounded by a moat just beyond the station.

At Tergnier the train, which was bound for Frankfort, left us for three hours, but the sun shone, and we were provided with luncheon, so that the delay in the busy little village was far from disagreeable. The children in their sabots clattered round us; their mothers smiled a welcome from their open cottage-doors as they sat peeling fresh vegetables to throw into the simmering broth of the *pot-au-feu*. The men, whose occupation appeared to be brick-making and stone-cutting, gave civil, good-humoured answers to our remarks. The church was clean, and Mary's altar lacked not its white roses; and large gaily-painted barges, laden with wood, blocks of stone, or corn, and towed by horses with tinkling bells, continually passed along the canal. At a little before five o'clock the train for Rheims arrived, and passing near the next station, the stone quarries of La Fère, we saw carts, each drawn by four white oxen, carrying the blocks to the barges. From La Tère the rail runs along a fertile and richly-wooded country to Loan, a town on a hill with a fine cathedral having five towers, and then on to Rheims. The day was fast closing when we reached the city. Along the wide, roughly-paved streets, as we drove, we saw great preparations, in the shape of poles and scaffolding, to illuminate a large "*concours*" to be held in Rheims on the approaching festival of Whit Sunday.

Our hotel was just opposite the Western front of the cathedral, and, although it was too dark when we arrived to distinguish any of its exterior beauties, we, seeing lights within, entered, and groping our way amidst the grand columns of its aisles, reached the ladye chapel to find ourselves in a blaze of light. A brilliantly coloured figure of the Madonna stood on high. White flowers, which made the air heavy with their sweetness, hung about and around her in profusion; soft young voices were singing a hymn in her praise, and the chapel was filled with apparently devout worshippers of the peasant class.

The next morning we could see and admire the beautiful flying buttresses on the north and south sides of the cathedral, with the

quaint stone animals that cover the water pipes; the broad steps leading to its magnificent western front were ascended at a very early hour by crowds of people, for to-day a confirmation was to be held by the Archbishop of Rheims, and many a little maiden, attired already in her white dress and veil, was on her way to early mass, attended generally by a mother or elder sister who shielded the young candidate with a large red umbrella from the drizzling rain, which fell for an hour or two on this Sunday morning. After attending the only English service in Rheims, held in a Wesleyan chapel, we walked into the Archiepiscopal Palace, following a garrulous old man, with a bunch of keys through the great hall, which he told us had been restored for the "sacré" of Charles X., the last of the French kings crowned at Rheims,—portraits of other monarchs, whose coronation was held in the Cathedral, hung round the walls. Poor Joan of Arc's picture, also, is here. A few good portraits of bishops and cardinals hung in the *salle d'attente*, and the chapel contained some rare and ancient tapestry; but all that we saw of the Palace looked dreary and deserted, and both our old guide and we were most interested in the robes of point-lace and silk, which were hanging in readiness for the Archbishop to wear at the confirmation he was about to hold. A little before one o'clock I went to the Cathedral, and, making my way through the good-humoured crowds that lined its aisles, gained a standing place which gave me a good view of the centre nave and chancel. I wish I could fairly describe the beauty of the scene on which I now looked; on one side upwards of a thousand children, three-fourths of them girls, in white dresses and veils, were assembled; on the other side the Archbishop, in gorgeous robes of crimson silk and point-lace—bishops in purple, or red, other dignitaries of the Church in bright, rich vestments, surrounding him. Acolytes in scarlet gowns, covered with tunics of cambric and lace, swinging silver censers, while the organ peeled forth and unseen choristers chanted. Above all rose the grand columns and arches, the richly-coloured windows, and the high-vaulted roof of this magnificent cathedral of Rheims. The children, guided by kind-looking "*sœurs de charité*," ranged themselves in detachments so as to make two rows down the centre of the nave. The archbishops, accompanied by the "*Vicaire*" and two acolytes, carrying baskets covered with white silk and surrounded by wreaths of pink roses, walked between the children. The "*Vicaire*" received from each child a ticket; from this he read its name to the Archbishop, holding towards him, at the same time, a vessel containing oil. Into this the Archbishop dipped his thumb, and touched the forehead of the

child, repeated some words in Latin, commencing with the Christian name of the child, laid his left hand gently on its cheek and passed on to the next. Immediately after the Archbishop had anointed the forehead of the child, the Vicaire, taking from one of the baskets a little bit of cotton wool, carefully wiped off all the oil and threw the wool into the other basket. The ceremony of the confirmation lasted rather more than two hours and a half.

Later in the afternoon, on our way to the Church of St. Rémy, we passed an open butcher's shop, in front of which hung a carcase ticketed "*Viande d' Ane,*" several joints of the same dark-coloured meat lay on the stalls within. I ventured to ask whether it was really good for food and found a ready sale. "*Mais oui, Madame, ou en achète beaucoup, elle est tendre et délicieuse,*" was the reply. The Church of St. Rémy has lately been restored with much magnificence; service was going on when we entered. Among the congregation were several of the children who had been confirmed in the morning. Behind the high altar is a tomb containing the bones of St. Rémy, a former Archbishop of Rheims, whose shrine was surrounded by devotees, some of whom appeared to me to allow their adoration of the saint in no degree to interfere with their more sublunary affairs. One old lady, who held by a string a very fat spaniel, smiled her approval when I patted the little beast; while the devotions of another woman and her husband were disturbed, and apparently with no reluctance, by the gambols of their child. However, they were doing what their Church had told them was right, and we could only hope that they derived some good from their obedience.

The next morning we started for Strasburg, passing along a rich, smiling country, soon, alas! to be laid waste by the conquering march of those whom the vain glory of France invited to the war; Epernay, with its champagne vineyards showing the care with which every vine is trained, brought us to the Marne and to the Vosges Mountains, through which we were carried by many a tunnel, between them hop-gardens and vineyards, wide plains dotted with villages and backed by low wooded hills; passing Bar le Duc with its tempting buffet, Nancois le Petit, Toul (where from the station we obtained a good view of its cathedral and fine old Church of St. Gengoulph), Saverne, until, a little before dark, we reached Strasburg in time to visit the cathedral, to look at its lofty, tapering spire, to listen to the evening service within it in honour of the Virgin, and to admire the exquisite bunches of lily of the valley with which her shrine was overlaid. Strasburg, as it was before the war, requires no description—gay, bustling, and busy in its French possession, we must hope that now it has passed into German hands at so great a cost it may soon grow and thrive

as it did before. The cathedral happily still stands, but the Place Broglié with its four rows of brilliant pink chesnut-trees, the museum, and other public building have disappeared in the cruel work of war.

To Basle, our next destination, the line ran between the Vosges mountains on the right, and those of the Rhine on the left; field-work was going on busily, women in scarlet petticoats, large Swiss hats, or with the broad black ribbon and bows seen in Strasburg, were the principal workers. Passing Erstein, with its high steepled church; Lutterbach, where a sparrow had built her nest between the wall and a plank just over the telegraph bell, and was sitting when we passed; Mülhaus, with long avenues of poplars and a cathedral with a spire like that at Strasburg. Here the railway runs directly through the town, and judging from the numerous milk-cans we saw, as we passed, the low green fields in its neighbourhood must supply many a dairy. Reaching Bâle at six o'clock we took an evening's wander along its terraces, commanding fine views of the Rhine, into its red stone cathedral with curious old cloisters, across one of the bridges and through the busy town.

We left it the next morning, and running along the banks of the Rhine, saw at Lausenburg the first covered bridge. After this, the line, passing through a tunnel, left the river and carried us along a country of low wooded hills, villages with round towered churches, vineyards climbing up the hill sides, white roads dividing fields and orchards, in which worked peasants, making, with their red caps and skirts, bright spots in the picture. We stopped at Neuhausen to see the falls of the Rhine; the terrace from the Schweizer Hof gave us a beautiful view of the Bernese Alps in the distance, and the Rhine falls in front. Descending through the hedge-bordered walks from the terrace to the banks of the river, we engaged a boat and crossed a little below the falls on the other side. Huge rocks break the fall and scatter the water in bright foam around them. One of these it is practicable to ascend, but we did not attempt it. Our rower who had introduced himself to us, as one who "English speak can," encouraged our determination not to do so by pronouncing it "dangerous not, but still one is getting in its mount a leetle wet." From the Fischetz, a wooden gallery projecting over the cataract, we obtained a grand and near view of it. Our faces were wetted by the spray as we looked at the falling rush of water, so strong and rapid that no fish can live within it. The sun shone and gave brilliant rainbow hues to the foaming spray, above which, as we looked, fluttered two little butterflies, fearless, and escaping even a drop upon their gauzy wings.

The afternoon train carried us on by Schaffhausen to Zurich, giving us, as we crossed the Rheinfallbrücke, glimpses of the falls;

then taking us near high wooded banks, between which the Rhine ran as placidly as though it had met with no obstruction in its course to Andelfingen, whence we had a magnificent panorama of the Alps, bright and rosy in the glow of the setting sun. This had deepened into blue twilight by the time that we looked across the lovely lake of Zurich from our window at the "Hotel Baur," where two days were pleasantly spent, leaving it on a misty afternoon to go in a steamer to Rapperschwyl. Gay, holiday-dressed people were on board the boat; and at Rüschlichen the sun, lifting up the curtain that had hung before them, gave us a bright and dreamy view of the Alpine mountains, shone upon deep red church steeples in the villages by which we passed, glanced across the vineyards, now little more than ranges of slender brown sticks, and reflected itself in the grey, glass-like waters of the lake.

In about three hours the town of Rapperschwyl, with its picturesque old castle and wooden bridge spanning the lake, came into view. We took a room with a balcony at the "Hotel du Lac," and then walked into the town, passing breweries and vitriol manufactories on our way to the castle height. The interior of the keep appeared to be used, like that of the castle at Thun, as a prison; what had been the courtyard was now laid out in pleasant walks, shaded with trees, and giving beautiful views of Zurich Lake. Coming down the castle hill we reached a church, dedicated to St. Basileus, where a very slender priest met us, and begged us to enter, that he might show us some ancient vessels and relics of the saint. We preferred, however, wandering through the churchyard; the graves were gardens of exquisite flowers, and at each headstone stood a glass with cut flowers in water, generally of fresh blue forget-me-nots.

The next day the rail carried us to Ragatz, by the Linth Canal and the beautiful Wallenstadt Lake. The precipitous rocks along its south side are pierced with nine long tunnels; from the open arches in these we got flying views of the blue lake, and its mountain side, down which the melting snow was sending many a graceful waterfall. We found the "Hof Ragatz," where we stopped while a carriage was provided to take us to Pfäfers, in a state of great commotion, a general cleaning for the reception of spring visitors was going on. Merry, bright-eyed maidens were on their knees by the side of their pails, and laughingly wiped the soapy floors to let us pass. Waiters somewhat "en déshabillé" were rubbing chairs and windows with an energy that made an interruption to procure us luncheon apparently far from welcome. We left them actively burnishing, and contented ourselves with some bread and gingerbread from a shop in the village.

Our drive to the "Pfäffer Bad" was along a gorge, between

sombre, precipitous limestone rocks, beneath which the Tamina river rushed impetuously. At times the road was so narrow that it seemed as if our carriage had scarcely room to pass. At these points, however, we found widening work was going on, the rocks had been blasted, and men with gay nods and smiles cleared away, as we approached, the stones and earth that had fallen across the road. The bathhouse, which stands in a hollow between rocks, that rise to the height of six hundred feet, looked like a cold, dull, monastery, far from attractive to invalids. The sun, even in the height of summer, does not shine upon it more than five hours during the day; and "Im winter," as the young guide who took us, by the wooden gallery between the overhanging wall of black and dripping rock, to the spring, said, "Im winter ist es gang nass und feucht." This gallery, six hundred and sixty feet long, runs by the side of the Tamina River, which, as if chafed by its intrusion on her course, rushes noisily and impetuously along, fed at intervals by cascades falling from crevices in the rocks, through which the daylight gleams, and gives a weird-like brightness to the gloomy gorge.

From Ragatz we went on again by train to Chur; we crossed the Rhine at its confluence with the Tamina, by a long covered wooden bridge, the apertures in it were hung with green Venetian blinds. The country beyond showed many ruined castles, waterfalls, and lightly covered snow-peaks. As we approached the old and busy town of Mayenfeld, we ran along the fertile valleys of the Grisons, to change them again, after crossing a bridge over the Landquart, for a long tract of grey sand, with but little vegetation, that lay beneath the barren heights of the Grauhömer, and the snow-peaks of the Calanda Mountains. Passing the ruins of Lichtenstein Castle we soon reached Chur; the River Plessur ran swiftly beneath the windows of our hotel, on its way to the Rhine, mingling its noise with heavy showers of rain, that fell during the greater part of the night.

"Is all Chur in mourning?" was the first question we asked, as we saw the next day—Whit-Sunday—peasant after peasant attired in black. "No!" was the reply; "but on feast days black is always worn here." Very sombre looked the congregation within the old cathedral of St. Lucius; very sombre were the groups we afterwards met upon the Rosen-hügel, contrasting with the bright uniforms of some soldiers, who were singing, in the café at its foot, part songs in excellent time and tune; contrasting, too, with the gay wild flowers which blossomed in profusion, and of which most of those we met carried a large and fragrant nosegay. The views from the Rosenhügel of the town, the valley of the Rhine, and the mountains beyond, made it well worth the trouble of ascending.

"Der Wagen ist gepackt, alles ist bereit mein Herr," said the landlord of the "Steinbock," at nine o'clock the next morning. We drove for about an hour along a flat road by the Rhine, passing the little village of Felsberg, over which hang the rocky sides of the Calanda mountain. A portion of the village has been destroyed by a landslip from this mountain; but new cottages have risen where the old ones fell, and the villagers appear to live in them, without any dread of destruction again. The scenery improved as we approached Reichnau, a beautiful view of the meeting of the Vorder and Hinter-Rhein broke upon us as we emerged from the dark-covered bridge near the castle. It was here that, towards the close of the last century, Louis Philippe—under the name of Chabos—resided for some months in the capacity of a teacher of French and mathematics. The owners of the castle, an old Swiss family of the name of De Planta, have many mementoes of the French King's gratitude for the kindness shown him at Reichnau, sent to them by himself and by different members of his family. Among the most interesting of these are a few lines written by his Queen in the visitor's-book, when she visited the castle in 1850. Her touching entry runs thus: "Marie Amelie, veuve du Professeur Chabos, dont c'est un des plus beaux titres." From Reichnau we drove along the fruitful valley of Dömleschg to the Romansch village of Bonaduz, and amused ourselves while our horses were regaled with black bread and water, by watching an animated, but apparently very amicable discussion going on, beneath the walls of its old castle, between the greater part of the male portion of the villagers; their Romansch language was an unknown tongue to us, nor could we clearly understand from our driver what it was that they talked about; but evidently the subject was one of interest, not only to them but to their wives, who stood listening in picturesque groups, with their babies in their arms, and many children around them, by the fountain in the castle yard. Travelling on along the valley we saw many ruined castles crowning the eminences on either side, and beyond them majestic, snow-clad mountains, till, towards the middle of the day, we reached Thusis, where a two hours' halt was needed for our horses. The whole village was holiday-making, the shops closed, the population in their sombre feast-day attire. "Niemand arbeitet, man spielt nur heute," said an old dame in a becoming head-dress of black velvet with raised lace, who joined us as we mounted the hill above Thusis, on our way to the castle and grounds of Tagstein, whence a fine view of the country through which we had come, and of the entrance to the Via Mala, was obtained.

At three we started again, and passing the Nolla bridge we soon entered the grand, deep gorge of this magnificent pass. Every-

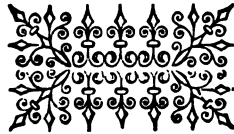
thing combined to make our drive enjoyable, mountain and river, verdure and snow, mingled in harmony, while the glorious sun shone upon all, sinking at last to throw back, as he set, a canopy of crimson and gold over the snow mountains of the Splügen Pass. Just before his light had quite left us we reached the village of Splügen, and found a ready welcome from the landlord and tidy Swiss hand-maidens of the Bodenhäus.

Grand and bright was the view next morning from my window ; the narrow valley, winding upwards between snow-covered crags of great height and grotesque shape, looking green in the sunshine ; but over the tops of the mountains hung fleecy clouds which boded, and soon turned into fog and rain. The ascent, which lasted two hours-and-a-half, was curious from the long covered galleries of solid masonry through which we had to drive. Their slanting roofs are so hidden by the sides of the mountain that they are scarcely seen till entered. Some of them are more than a quarter of a mile long, and are well lighted by openings in their thick outer walls. Many picturesque groups from Italy passed us on our way. Merry youths in scant clothing guided the mules that drew charettes of cotton and of wool. Older, more important drivers, encouraged the poor beasts as they toiled up with the weighty wine casks of Italy ; but the most numerous were the Bergamesque shepherds, bringing their lean flocks from the Italian valleys to browse during the summer months on the slopes of the Splügen. They looked rough, almost dangerous men, in their mantles of brown wool and high peaked Calabrian hats, their hair and beards hanging in long dishevelled curls about their faces ; but their flocks evidently looked upon them as their friends and followed them willingly, while to us they had an ever-ready nod and smile as we passed them in our slow ascent. Alas for scenery ! the fog thickened and the rain fell faster and faster as we neared the summit.

At length we stopped in a large courtyard ; a tall, doganiere came to the carriage door, the rain dripping from his casquette over the shoulders of his long blue coat. "E' la dogana, bisogna far la visita della roba ;" and then to comfort me, he added "Non é che una formalità, Signora," and so it proved ; for though a box and a bag were lifted from the carriage nothing was opened ; and while I was looking in admiration at the bright colours displayed by the contents of the open bales with which the inner court was strewn, I was told all was ready for the start, and we left the dogana in a fog so thick that only at scarce intervals could we see the walls of piled-up snow, some thirty feet high between which our road had been made. As we descended by numberless zig-zags and through many galleries towards Isola, we caught every now and then a glimpse of the pretty village beneath, and vestiges of

the fine old road which was destroyed by an inundation in 1834. At Pianazzo we emerged altogether from the cold, dense atmosphere through which we had been passing. The change was really marvellous; we seemed to leap from winter into forward spring in a moment; forests of chesnuts, in their bright early green, clothed the mountain slopes, shrubs and creepers covered the masses of rock that lay along the valley of the Lira; the grand Madsimo waterfall fell sparkling and foaming from a height of 700 feet, and the air was sweet with the wildflowers that peeped from every stone and crevice on our way. At Campo Dolcino our horses wanted an hour's rest; and as the rain had now begun to fall again, and the hotel by which we stopped looked far from tempting, I remained in the carriage, amusing myself with sketching and talking to the bright-eyed ragged children, who came begging, of course, to the door. From Campo Dolcino the road passes on, still zig-zagging, and covered at frequent intervals by galleries above the Lira valley, to San Giacomo, where among the chesnut groves rises the graceful white campanile of the Church of Madonna di Gallivaggio.

The vineyards of Chiavenna, some creeping up the mountain sides, others trained over the pergole that bordered the road, now mixed with the other rich vegetation of this Italian side of the Splügen; and ere long we drove into the stony old Roman town and established ourselves at the Hotel Couradi, opposite to the ruins of a large castle surrounded by a series of hanging gardens festooned with vines, and called "Il Paradiso."



THE ETHICAL INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE.

It has been said that in matters of government and trade, the sermon on the mount has been displaced by political economy; that science, in fact, has advanced beyond the domain of matter into that of conduct. Doubtless this advance is looked upon by many persons with disfavour, or, indeed, with dismay. No one, however, need fear that a new scientific system of ethics will suddenly and violently displace all others. It is impossible for any new social force to come into operation without undergoing some modification at the hands of the forces already existing. Each new force will undoubtedly exert a certain degree of influence, but it will do so by being absorbed into the great body of social forces, and in that way modifying the general resultant. At the same time the collision between the new and the old will be more or less violent, according as the angle of incidence is greater or less. And we think that no greater benefit can be done to society than by pointing out the directions in which the new force may be expected to act beneficially, and those in which it may be expected to act prejudicially, so that, instead of being unduly lauded or vilified, its influence may be aided where beneficial, and checked where harmful.

Natural science is, by reason of the limitations of its field and method, confessedly materialistic. Its field is confined to the phenomena of matter, and its method is that of generalisation from observation of those phenomena. Without phenomena there can be no science; and when generalisations of the observations have attained their highest point, the task of science is ended. Theories *à priori* are inadmissible; speculation is excluded, save when it condescends to be based upon material phenomena. The same limitation will of course accompany science into the region of conduct. The fundamental phenomenon of man, considered ethically, is gregariousness; and scientific ethics becomes accordingly an investigation into the laws of that gregariousness. Between the gregariousness of man and the gregariousness of the lower animals is seen this difference, that while in the lower creation each individual of a community lives solely for his own ends, in the human community, the individual lives not merely for his personal ends, but for those also of the entire body. Very often the ends of the community clash with those of the individual, and in such case the community compels the individual to subordinate his particular interests to those of the whole body. In fact, the idiosyncrasy of

the individual is perpetually controlled and limited by the community; and it is this feature of individual limitation which is the characteristic of a *society*, as distinguished from a mere agglomeration of units.

But closer investigation shows that this limiting power is itself limited. It is only exercised in cases which touch society as a whole; and as to many of these the judgment of society is at variance with itself, and its influence accordingly paralysed. Besides these, there are numerous actions which directly affect the individual alone. On these latter the influence of society is slight.* There is therefore a broad space in which individual idiosyncrasy has free play, and the result is a great variety of form or "character" among the members of a society. These forms may clearly change from generation to generation, and since the character of a society is dependent upon those of its members, if the members change the society will change too.

Borrowing an illustration from physiology, science describes the individual as a factor in an organism which controls the general direction of his activity, but within certain limits allows him a freedom of action which may be either beneficial or detrimental to the organism. Here the scientific investigation of the phenomena ends. Questions of the abstract rightness or wrongness of actions, or of the relation of actions to the future life, are unanswerable for want of data. Science beholds only the phenomena of existing society; and the individual as a factor of it. The duty of the individual is, therefore, scientifically, the preservation of the social organism. Actions assisting thereto must be preferred to all others. In fact, the keynote of scientific ethics is the subordination of the individual to the society in which he lives.

Quite opposite (and yet not opposed) is the current view. This, under the influence of religion, has long manifested a tendency to elevate the individual as the sole consideration of ethical science. For Christianity, being able to do what science cannot do:—viz., include the future life in its view of the kosmos, looks at the present life as a preparation, and, as it were, an antechamber to the life to come. But actions can then only be viewed from the standpoint of the individual. The existence in any future life, of a society as such, with its units unchanged, is almost inconceivable, because it takes no count of the influence of those actions which we classed above as strictly individual. The social organism, instead of being regarded as that to which the individual is subor-

* I mean the *limiting* power of society, as distinguished from what we call *public opinion*. "Sowing wild oats," for instance, being a particularly individual act, is judged very differently to theft or murder, which are particularly social acts.

dinate, is regarded, on the other hand, as assisting merely as a husk or mould, temporarily occupied by the individual during his period of probation. Now, although religion insists with due force upon the necessity of "doing one's duty" on earth, there is, nevertheless, a tendency to dissociate the individual's relation to the future life, from his relation to society. This tendency manifests itself in two ways. With those who are enthusiastically devoted to the preparation for the future, the claims of society seem only a clog and hindrance, from which they seek to escape altogether. Hence have arisen convents, retreats, and institutions of like monastic nature. With those, on the other hand, who seek to gratify their personal desires, society appears a sphere in which they may obtain all procurable indulgence, while neglecting their duty to it, and at the same time prepare sufficiently for the future, by the due observance of certain forms and ceremonies. This, by far the commoner excess, is known as "formalism." But in both cases the claims of society are wholly ignored.

To these defects, arising from a too great leaning to the individual view, it seems to us that scientific ethics, with its insistence on the opposite view, offers the needful corrective. To both enthusiast and formalist, science points out that the claims of society form that "duty which lies next us," for the neglect of which no efforts in other directions can ever atone,—a duty, too, quite independent of the view the individual may take of it. The social effect of an action is unaltered whatever the moral condition of the agent. By whatever cause produced the neglect of social duty is equally culpable.

Nevertheless, the evil which we noted in the individual view of ethics, lurks also in the society view. There will be many, doubtless, who will read the silence of science as a negative; and arguing that man's life is rounded by the grave, will say, "Why should we trouble about society? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Many of these ought not fairly to be charged to science. They consist of that crowd which, simply ignoring the voice of religion, shields itself readily under the veil of any doctrines that will plausibly give colour to its selfish courses. They represent in science the Antinomians of early Christianity, who said, "Let us sin that grace may abound." And they can only be subdued as the Apostle of the Gentiles subdued their predecessors; by placing the true doctrine alongside the false, that the first, by its very purity and splendour, might extinguish and destroy the latter.

The ideal of science is no less noble than that of religion; is, indeed, though differently expressed, identical with it. The "good" and the "useful," the "bad" and the "harmful," become convertible terms. Can we conceive of a "good" action

which should invariably be prejudicial to society ; or of a " bad " action, the practice of which should invariably prove beneficial ?

Ethical science looks over the course of human history, and sees the society of primeval times when men clung in manhood to the father who had guarded their infancy, or ranged themselves under some leader of greater sagacity or muscular power than themselves. She sees this primeval society developed into the society that now is ; and developing in the far future into societies as unlike, perchance, to this, as this to those that have gone before, and declares that all are the continuous manifestation, the grandest manifestation upon this earth, of the Unseen Almighty Power. And the student of ethics knows that insignificant though he be, his every action—aye, and thought—shall not be in vain ; but good or bad shall have their determinate influence in accelerating or retarding human progress.

Does this tend to make a man selfish ? Is it so very different from " doing one's duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call one ? " Surely some vision like this floated before the great Apostle's eye when he called us " workers together with God." And where shall we find a better standard of " right " than in so selecting our actions that they shall help to the utmost possible degree in that manifestation of which we are a part ?

Here for the present, we cease. We have only spoken of the general influence of scientific conceptions of duty ; just as we might speak of the influence of scientific ideas of astronomy. Of the benefit which science may render by assisting us to determine which actions are most beneficial, we do not speak. The Hedonistic Calculus is too considerable a matter to be dismissed summarily at the end of a paper. Nor have we spoken much of the mainspring of all action ; we have rather assumed that it will alter little, if at all. At a future time, perhaps, we may touch on these matters.

J. FENTON.



THE LATEST FACTS ABOUT BACON.

WHILE Dr. Abbot and Mr. Spedding are reviving the old controversy about Bacon in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, it is, perhaps, worth while to inquire if anything has been done towards the elucidation of the many points in dispute by the lately published reports of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts. As might be expected, the domestic archives of the country are rich in material which could not possibly find a home elsewhere. Contemporary opinion and actions are illustrated as much by the magnificent correspondence of our ancestors, as they are now by the public press and the columns of literary gossip in some of our periodical journals. And, be it observed, the correspondence of the Elizabethan age, as well as being full of the news of the time, is rich in classical and literary allusions, and so can be favourably compared to modern letter-writing. Thus, these five reports on historical documents belonging to private collections, form splendid auxiliaries to the publications of the State Paper Office.

From the time that Dr. Rawley first assayed to tell us a little of the life of his beloved master, down to the splendid addition to Baconian bibliography to which Mr. Spedding has devoted his life, we have been hearing and rehearing the cause of "Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General, Bacon seeking for truth and Bacon seeking for the seals."* It is not for us now to enter into the question of the historical utility of this prying into the private life of a great man, when, whatever may be said to extenuate, nothing can ever be advanced to excuse or explain away, the gross falsehood of his whole political career. We must leave such an inquiry and its answer to the philosophy of history, which should determine how far personal biography may trespass on to the domain of history, and how far biography at all may be recognised as an item of pure historical life, except, indeed, so far as Bacon himself, in his *De Argumentis*, admits it, viz.: that portion of the life which affects most the progress of its age. We have no reason to have any misgivings as to the position Bacon holds in the history of his country—nay, in the history of mankind—a word which he has helped modern language to form, while the splendid dialects of Greece could not furnish such an one to Plato and Aristotle. His position in British history sinks into insignifi-

* Macauley, "Essay on Bacon."

cance beside his position in universal history; and it is by this latter that he should be remembered by his own countrymen. Mr. Green, in his now famous "Short History of the English People," has truly conceived this idea; and, while reading his narrative, our surprise at passing through the splendid period of Elizabeth's reign without hearing hardly the mention of Bacon's name, is at once turned into gratitude when we perceive him ranked among the influences of a later age.* Wherever the desire for knowledge has gained a footing in the heart of man, wherever science has been advanced among nations, there the name of Bacon stands forward as one of the greatest names of the civilised world. The whole European school has recognised his position among the great thinkers of the world; and it is only in England—the land of his birth, the homestead of his bright thoughts—that we still contend about his private character while professing to admire his all-embracing mind. Dr. Abbott's view of his life is certainly in accordance with what science demands, and will, no doubt, lead to still further steps, just as his view is an advancement upon Lord Macaulay's. England, however, is yet wanting in the spirit which dictates to continental people that Bacon should be judged as he asked to be judged—"for my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age." She has not yet destroyed, by making inapplicable, the reproachful words of his chaplain and biographer, who laments that "his fame is greater and sounds louder in foreign parts abroad, than at home in his own nation" (Spedding's edition, vol. i. page 15).

"What belonged to his own time?" says Mr. Green (p. 591), "was the poorest and meanest part of him;" and this is what current literature is now discussing. Modern critical thought constantly takes us back to the fountain source for information; there can be no harm, therefore, in drawing attention at this juncture to whatever additional facts contemporary documents allow us to show. Indeed, it is to be hoped, that beneficial results may be obtained thereby; for no addition can be made to the controversy by the introduction of fresh light, and it may help to do away with the "latest theory" in favour of the "latest facts."

It is not intended, however, to confine these articles to such actual new matter as may exist in the source from which which they are drawn. I wish to serve a double purpose. First, of course, to point out some additional matter for the work which Mr.

* "If in our notice of the Elizabethian literature we omitted all mention of Lord Bacon, it is because the scientific influence of Bacon told, not in the age of Elizabeth, but in the age of the Restoration."—P. 591.

Spedding has undertaken, namely, "a careful collation of all existing manuscripts,"* and, secondly, to pass in review a specimen of the value of the work done by the Historical Manuscript Commission.

We commence with his boyhood. An interesting discovery of a curious letter among the manuscripts of the Corporation of St. Albans, written by John Thomas, a native of Bois-le-duc, in Holland, and, at that time, Master of the Grammar School of St. Albans, has opened up the obscure question of his early education. Those who have studied his writings and traced step by step, the progress of his mind, as it gradually unfettered itself from the trammels of the scholiast philosophy, deem the most plausible account of his early education to be, that he received it at the hands of his accomplished mother; and that, like Swift, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Adam Smith and others, he felt himself incapable of submitting to any systematic course of study. From the discovery of this letter, however, written in 1583, Mr. Riley thinks it is worth while suggesting whether John Thomas may not have owed his appointment to Sir Nicholas Bacon, and have been one of the early instructors of the young Francis. Sir Nicholas is known to have interested himself in the school; and in confirmation of this there is a patent in Latin, bearing date 24th March, in the 12th year of Queen Elizabeth (A.D. 1570), whereby, at the request of the lord keeper of the Great Seal, "for the relief and sustentation" of the schoolmaster and grammar school, she grants to the mayor and Burgesses the liberty of licensing two taverns for the sale of wine; they to receive, in behalf of the school, the sums due for such licence.† Though the report does not mention the name of this schoolmaster, there is no doubt it was the same John Thomas, and the date proves him to have been there when Bacon was nine years of age, and three years before he went to Cambridge. On the monument of this John Thomas, still to be seen at the Abbey Church, it is stated that his scholars were a company of generous birth—*generosa cohors*—and it certainly does not seem improbable that Bacon should have the first yearnings of his great intellect tutored by the experience of a man who had nothing in common with the scholiast, who had been a teacher of eminence in France, Belgium, and Ireland, who had been driven away from his native land most likely for his opinions or writings, and who, if he knew other languages as well as he wrote English, would have been just such a man who would be likely to influence the mind of the young boy whose giant intellect so soon began to develop itself.‡

* Preface to Mr. Spedding's Edition. † Fifth Report, page 565.

‡ Vide Fifth Report, p. 566, where the letter in question is given in full.

As we pass away into the active life of Bacon's manhood, the evidence which the reports give may be divided into two principal groups, personal and political. Of the documents relating to what I have termed personal matters, may be classed those which have reference to his connection with the favourites of the two monarchs whom he served—the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham ; and, when his political career had drawn to its close, those which reveal his character as the falling and fallen statesman. It will be seen that it is more convenient to note the political documents first ; and let it be here observed that this arbitrary division is not one of my own, but one which I deem will be more applicable to the present controversy than a strictly chronological arrangement.

Strictly speaking, his official career does not commence until James had ascended the throne, and his services were commanded in the famous Gunpowder Plot. An interesting bundle of papers, belonging to W. Phelps, Esq., of Montacute House, Somersetshire, the descendant of Sir Edward Phillips, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of James the First, and Bacon's great enemy, reveals many secrets of this great plot which, says the reporter, have never been used in any printed account. Sir Francis Bacon was appointed one of the Commissioners during the year 1605, and we see his usual activity displayed by his signature to the depositions of the prisoners, a specimen of which is given in the first report.*

It was not, however, until 1607, the year he was appointed Solicitor-General, that he got his foot on the first rounds of the ladder of office—to use the words of Professor Craik. The terrible Court of Star Chamber is inseparably connected with Bacon's name, as the witness “ to the degradation of his own mind ;” first, from his oppressive actions as the principal lawyer of the crown ; and, secondly, after his great fall, when he found time to wield his pen in the cause by which he had fallen so low, and to descant on “ one of the safest and noblest institutions of this kingdom.”†

The valuable Hatton collection (first report, pp. 14 to 34), of course, contains much that is pertinent to Bacon. We find mention of several of his speeches in the great trials wherein he was concerned for the government. The collection belonging to the Duke of Northumberland (third report, page 61) contains some valuable notes, taken apparently at the time of the proceedings in the Star Chamber, which, upon examination, would doubtless throw much light upon the transactions in this court. Among the

* First Report, page 58, and Third Report, page 281.

† We find this passage in his History of Henry VII., and Hallam's view of the growth and jurisdiction of this court is not in any way influenced by hostility to Bacon.—Hallam's *England* (Murray's reprint), vol. i. page 53.

cases in which Sir Francis Bacon is directly named may be mentioned the celebrated one of Lord Sanquier, for procuring the murder of an English fencing master. There exists a copy of his speech at the arraignment in the Hatton collection (i. 31); another copy is in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster (iii. 212); and a third in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire (ili. 43).^{*} In the year 1612, he was engaged in a charge touching duels, upon an information in the Star Chamber against two persons named Prieste and Wright; and his speech, together with the decree of the Star Chamber in the same cause, is to be found among the manuscripts of Lieutenant-Colonel Carew (iv. 374), and the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn (ii. 12). So valuable was this speech considered, that in 1614 it was published as an exposition of the law upon duels, under which date Mr. Spedding has included a copy in his work.[†]

A writer in "Notes and Queries," for June, 1873, asks if the suspicion that Bacon effectually hindered benevolent intentions with reference to Sutton's hospital is well founded. Mr. Spedding has printed Bacon's advice to the King, which, he says, was altogether independent and prior to the case argued in the Court of Exchequer in 1613; and the Marquis of Westminster possesses a copy of "Bacon's Opinion to King James touching the employment of Sutton's Hospital."[‡] It is curious to note also, that Lieutenant-Colonel Carew has among his papers relating to this period a list of the Governors of Sutton's Hospital.||

Mr. Spedding differs from Hallam as to the remarkable circumstances attending the murder of Overbury, and the documents which the reports have on this case consist of (1) The arraignment of Richard Weston, yeoman, at the Guildhall of London, 19th October, 1615 (*sic.*) for the poysoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, knight, prisoner in the Tower. Begins: The Commissioners were the Lord Cook . . . Ends: He was condemned, and the next after at Tyburn to be executed, 25th October, 1615. § (2) Notes taken at the arraignment of the Earl of Somerset, dated 24th September, 1613. ¶ (3) The charge, by way of evidence, of Sir Francis Bacon, A.G., before the Lord High Steward and the Peers, against Frances, Countess of Somerset, concerning the poysoning of Overbury.** (4) History of King James, &c.—The Historie of Actiones Done in England aboute the Beginninge of the Raigne of Kinge James, written and sett forth by an unknown Author concerninge Essex, Carr, Northampton, and Overburye. †† But what, perhaps, is the most important is a contemporary letter,

^{*} Spedding's edition, vol. xi. † Vol. xi. ‡ iii. 215.

|| iv., 371. § Lord de Tabley, i. 47. ¶ Duke of Northumberland, iii. 62.

** Lieut.-Col. Carew, iv. 374. †† Old *Mostyn Cat.*: Lord *Mostyn*, iv. 361.

dated 13th October, 1615, from Rowland White, at London, to the Bishop of Bangor, belonging to J. R. Ormesby Gore, Esq.*

Among the other cases in which Bacon takes a part are, first, that of Whitelocke—Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's charge in this case is incomplete, and the charge and account of proceedings at the trial, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire (iii. 43), may be useful in completing this document; and, secondly, the charge against Owen, indited of high treason, in the collection of Colonel Carew (iv. 374), of which Mr. Spedding has printed the rough copy imperfect, and the fair copy also imperfect.

G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.R. Hist.S.

* Given in full at ii. 87.

To be continued.

ODE TO VALOUR.

BY MAJOR R. COMPTON NOAKE.

VALOUR! from the battle-field,
Come, with helm and spear, and shield,
Come, and let thy shadow fall
On the cottage-hearth and hall.
Tread the city's winding streets,
Wing the way o'er Britain's fleets;
Let the soldier feel thy breath,
Onward marching to the death;
Tarry by the volunteer,
Till he envy thee thy spear;
Yeoman, too, will dauntless ride,
When they've valour for their guide.
O'er the valley, hill, and glade,
Strike thy shield and lift thy blade;
Thrid the copse and tangled dell,
Let each leaflet feel thy spell,
Every bud and flower that springs,
Know the charm which valour brings.

Ode to Valour.

Stand on Snowdon's highest steep,
So that winds may by thee sweep,
And the breezes all declare,
"Valour leads where men will dare."
Circle round from shore to shore,
Pass and compass all once more,
Touch the noble with thy spear,
Whisper in the peasant's ear,
Stir the crowd till loud their cries,
Where the pillared arches rise,
For the battles hardly won,
Doughty deeds by Britons done ;
Lift the latch where mother's be,
With their boys beside their knee ;
So fire their souls that each shall cry,
"Valour bids thee do or die.
Front where dangers thick wing rise,
Front thy country's enemies ;
See, my son ! 'tis Valour's shield ;
Onward press but never yield."

Hear me, Valour ! Rouse the land,
From the mountain to the strand,
Teaching all who would be free
They must link their hearts to thee.



CHETWYND CALVERLEY.*

OUSELCROFT and Brackley Hall are two of those charming country residences in Cheshire, such as the author of "*Mervyn Clitheroe*," the "*Lancashire Witches*," "*Preston Fight*," and numerous other tales, with the north-country for their seat, could almost alone successfully describe. Ouselcroft had, properly speaking, no park, but it was surrounded by land with a very park-like character, being tolerably well-timbered, while all the hedges were taken down. But the gardens and lawn were perfectly kept, and two magnificent cedars of Lebanon at the further end of the latter added to the loveliness of the place.

Brackley Hall, which was in admirable preservation considering its great antiquity, dated back to the period of Edward the Fourth, or even earlier.

Constructed almost entirely of timber and plaster, it was remarkable for the singularity of its form. It was only three storeys high, the upper storey projecting far beyond the lower, but the summit of the building was occupied by a lofty gallery, more than a hundred feet in length, that looked externally like a lantern, since it had continuous ranges of windows on every side.

Most curious was the timber-work, the gables and lintels being richly carved, as was the porch. The immense bay windows, which constituted the chief beauty of the house, were framed with heavy transom bars, and exquisitely latticed.

In the court-yard was a chapel, surmounted in the olden times by a tall, square tower, but this had been taken down.

The Hall was surrounded by a moat, and approached by a wide stone bridge. Another bridge communicated with the gardens, which were extensive, and laid out in a quaint, formal style, with terraces, stone steps, fountains, quincunxes, clipped yew-trees, alleys, and a bowling-green. We must not omit to mention that the old mansion had the reputation of being haunted.

Adjoining the house was a grove of noble elms, wherein a colony of rooks had been settled for centuries.

Ouzels are wary birds. One kind—the water ouzel—is met with in mountainous countries, hopping from stone to stone in shallow torrents, picking up its food with a sharp eye to intruders. Another—the ring ouzel—dwells in more fertile regions, and in its habits assimilates more to those of its congeners, blackbirds and thrushes.

The owner of Ouselcroft, although a retired Liverpool merchant, can scarcely be said to have partaken of the wariness of the latter

* "*Chetwynd Calverley*:" a Tale in Three Volumes, by William Harrison Ainsworth. London: Tinsley Brothers.

bird, which may be supposed to have given its name to his habitation. Although the father of two grown up young people—Chetwynd Calverly, the hero of the story, and Mildred, accounted the prettiest girl in Cheshire—he was induced to marry his ward, Teresa Mildmay, a school-friend of Mildred's, who, we are led to infer, although previously engaged to Chetwynd, preferred the owner of the broad acres to one who in his youth was of rather rash and extravagant, not to say somewhat dissipated, habits. Mildred was a blonde, with a ravishingly fair complexion—all kindness and amiability, Teresa was dark, classical in mould, handsome, but haughty. They contrasted well together. For a time Mr. Calverly had no reason to regret the extraordinary step he had taken. Teresa made him an excellent wife, and seemed quite devoted to him. But a few months after his marriage, his health began to decline, and he died under circumstances calculated to arouse the gravest suspicions. Nor were these allayed by the fact that he left his entire property to Teresa, with allowances, under her control, for Chetwynd and Mildred, as also a further provision in case of his son's reformation, and for Mildred on her marriage—provided she married with Teresa's consent.

So disgusted was Chetwynd at the marriage and at the state of tutelage in which he was placed by the provisions of his father's will, that after a remarkable conversation with Norris, the old and faithful butler, in which the progress of the story is fairly foreshadowed, he declines to accept the allowance proffered to him, and he takes himself off from his home and step-mother, without either apparent resources or future prospects. Mildred, in her mild, forgiving disposition, remains alone as the friend and companion of the Circe of Ousecroft.

A drive in a pony phaeton across Brackley Heath, to visit Lady Barfleur and her charming daughter, Emmeline, affords a good opportunity for an introduction to Captain Danvers, a relative of the Barfleurs, and who, dividing afterwards his attentions as he does between Mrs. Calverly and Mildred, scarcely deserved the prize which he wins at last—the hand of the persecuted, but good and forgiving, young lady. The ladies were attacked on the heath by gipsies, and Danvers came up in time for the rescue; but the pursuit of the rascals, carried out with the aid of dogs, over the dangerous bogs and morasses of a Cheshire mere, led to a most serious calamity in the death of a fine old English gentleman—Sir Leicester Barfleur. The untoward fate of the master of Brackley Hall was foretold by one of those peculiarly local and legendary events with which the writer is so familiar, and of which he knows how to make such good use. About a mile off, at the rear of the mansion, was a small lake, or mere, remarkable

for the blackness of its waters, yet abounding with fish and water-fowl.

The fair Emmeline had just been conversing with Mildred concerning the attachment which she entertained, among all kinds of evil reports and trials, for Chetwynd, and they had joined Mrs. Calverly and Captain Danvers in the garden. Lady Barfleur had also made her appearance, and she suggested a visit to the mere.

"It is a nice shady walk there through the wood," she said; "and if you have not seen the mere, I think you will be struck by it."

"Not by its beauty, mamma," remarked Emmeline, "but rather by its blackness."

"Well, such blackness as that water boasts is a beauty," said Captain Danvers. "In my opinion the mere is well worth seeing."

"There are all sorts of legends attached to it," said Emmeline. "Amongst others, there is a superstition, that when anything is about to happen to our house, a great piece of black oak, that has been sunk for ages at the bottom of the lake, floats to the surface."

"An idle story," remarked Lady Barfleur.

"You excite my curiosity," said Mrs. Calverley. "I should like to see this mysterious lake."

"You must excuse my accompanying you," said Lady Barfleur. "Captain Danvers will conduct you there."

"With the greatest pleasure," said the Captain. "I hope you will go too, Miss Calverley?"

"Oh, of course!" she replied.

So they all set off, with the exception of Lady Barfleur, who rarely got beyond the garden.

In a very few minutes, they had plunged into a wood, through which a narrow road led to the mere.

In some places the path was overarched by trees, and the branches formed a delightful screen on that hot day.

Captain Danvers led the way with Mildred, and the path being only wide enough for two, the others were obliged to follow. As the wood seemed to inspire such a tone, his accents became low and tender.

Suddenly, they burst upon the lake in all its sombre grandeur. The water looked intensely black, but when examined, it was found to be perfectly clear. The broad expanse was surrounded by trees, which, in some instances, advanced beyond the bank.

The surface of the mere was unruffled, for not a breath of wind was stirring, and reflected the trees as in a mirror. Occasionally, however, a fish would leap up, and the smooth water was, for a moment, rippled.

But the effect of the scene was not cheerful. An air of gloom brooded over the place, that impressed the beholder with melancholy. Both Mrs. Calverley and Mildred acknowledged the feeling.

At the point where the visitors had approached it, the lake was shallow, and occupied by a large bed of reeds and bulrushes; but, at the opposite extremity, the water was profoundly deep, and supposed, by the common folk, to be unfathomable.

On the left, and not far from where they stood, was a boat-house, and Captain Danvers offered to row them to the further end of the lake, so that they might have an opportunity of completely surveying it.

The proposal was gladly accepted.

Repairing to the shed, they embarked in a large flat-bottomed boat, better adapted for fishing than moving rapidly through the water.

However, it answered the purpose. Captain Danvers took the sculls, and contrived to get Mildred next him. The clumsy craft moved slowly on, and was now and then stopped that the ladies might look around.

As they drew near the lower end, the lake seemed to become darker, and the trees that shut it in assumed a yet more sombre appearance.

Here it was deepest.

Captain Danvers was tugging at the sculls, but still making very slow progress, when the boat struck against something in the water that gave it a great shock.

The Captain ceased rowing, and looking round to see what he had come in contact with, to his surprise and consternation, he beheld the blackened trunk of a huge oak.

Hitherto, the dusky mass had scarcely appeared above the surface, but on being thus forcibly struck, it rolled round in such manner as to display its enormous bulk, and then gradually sank.

All three ladies saw the ill-omened piece of timber at the same time as Captain Danvers.

Uttering a cry of fright, Emmeline stood up, and, pointing to it, exclaimed,—

“’Tis the black oak I told you of. One of my father’s house is doomed !”

The others looked aghast, but spoke not. Even Captain Danvers seemed struck dumb.

Without a word, he turned the boat’s head, and began to row back.

While he was moving round, Emmeline sat down, and covered her eyes, to shut the hideous object from her view.

“It is gone,” said Mildred, in a low tone. “Try not to think about it.”

“I ought to think about it,” rejoined Emmeline, scarcely above her breath. “It is a death-warning !”

“But not to you, dearest girl,” said Mildred.

“I would rather it applied to me than to those I love,” she returned.

Silence prevailed among the party till they landed. No more jesting on the part of the Captain. He looked very gloomy.

When he got out of the boat, he tried to cheer up his fair cousin, but did not succeed.

They walked back quietly to the Hall, where a painful surprise awaited them.

Whilst Emmeline becomes by the death of “the last of the old Cheshire squires” the heiress of Brackley Hall, Chetwynd, in the meantime, by his obduracy in refusing all aid from his step-mother, and by habits of extravagance and recklessness, is so reduced in circumstances, and at the same time so disgusted by the shallowness and ingratitude of his quandom friends, as to contemplate suicide. Happily this is averted by the timely interference of a man in humble circumstances, who not only rescues him from destruction, but gives him shelter in his modest dwelling. Hartley and his wife and their daughter, Rose, constitute a group fit for artistic study. It is under these circumstances that, deprived of all resources, he is induced to enter upon engagements of so demeaning a character—that of assuming the garb and even the

powdered hair of a footman—that we feel that the whole ought to have been treated as a joke, and as such have been brought to a humorous climax ; but, joke or no joke, the whim is carried so far as to be made a subsequent source of accusation, brought by Scrope Danvers, brother to the captain, against the young gentleman's engagement to Emmeline.

Chetwynd is, however, emancipated from his false position by a friend of the family—Sir Bridgnorth Charlton—one of those straight-forward, sensible, practical men, who go about the world doing good almost without knowing it. Such an admirable specimen of the fine, hearty, middle-aged gentleman is the baronet that we almost feel sorry when he is led to the hymeneal altar, like the rest of the actors in this stirring drama, lest anything should happen to mar the happiness of so beneficent and single-hearted a creature.

Emmeline, young, rich, beautiful, and accomplished, holds through all trials and disasters to her first love. It would, indeed, be difficult to depict a more perfect ideal of the affectionate devotion of a beautiful young lady than that contained in the portrait of the heiress of Brackley Hall.

Mrs. Calverly, the fair and youthful widow, but with the taint of suspicion ever upon her person—who loved neither son nor father save for mercenary motives, falls at length seriously in love with a certain Lord Courland, but just when a matrimonial engagement is about to be carried out, a clause in the late Mr. Calverly's will is discovered, by which if his relict marries again the property returns to Mildred. The steps taken by the plotting Teresa in this dilemma to remove the good angel that stood in her path, are full of breathless interest. They are, however, most forcibly told, as they stand in connexion with other crimes of the same complexion, in her own words, when she too has succumbed to the direful powers which she has used, or tried to use, so often upon others when any difficulty required to be removed from her path.

Alone with the dying Teresa.

"Take comfort," said the good chaplain, regarding her with tenderness and compassion. "Ease your breast by a full confession, and then, if your repentance is sincere, doubt not Heaven's goodness and mercy. Our blessed Saviour will not desert you."

On this, Teresa knelt down before him, and, though he strove to raise her, she would not quit the humble posture.

"Prepare yourself for a dreadful relation, reverend sir," she said, clasping her hands. "I had the best and kindest of husbands, who studied my every wish, and strove in every way to make me happy. I persuaded him I was happy ; but I deceived him. The yoke I had put on was unsupportable.

"An evil spirit seemed to have taken possession of my breast. I strove to

dismiss the wicked thoughts that assailed me ; but they came back again and again, and with greater force than before.

"I had not a fault to find with my husband—he was kindness itself. Yet I sought to get rid of him by poison. It was long before I could make up my mind to the dreadful act ; but I was ever brooding upon it.

"At last I obtained the poison, minute doses of which would kill without exciting suspicion. But not till my husband was attacked by some slight illness did I administer the first dose.

"He grew worse. But it seemed only a natural increase of the malady, and the symptoms excited no suspicion whatever in his medical attendant, the progress of the poison being so slow and insidious. Moreover, I was constantly with my victim, and acted as his nurse."

The good chaplain covered his face with his hands, and a short pause ensued, which was broken by Teresa.

"And now comes the astounding part of my narration," she said. "I can scarcely credit my own hardness of heart. As I saw this kind and excellent man, who loved me so dearly, gradually wasting away—literally dying by inches—I felt no compunction—none ! I counted the days he could live."

Here there was another pause, and the guilty woman had to summon up resolution before she could proceed.

"To free myself from my marriage fetters was only part of my scheme," she said. "My greedy spirit would not be content without my husband's property, and this I felt certain I could secure. He doted upon me. I had obtained his entire confidence. I knew his inmost thoughts. He had quarrelled with his son. I aggravated the dispute, and took care to prevent a reconciliation, which could have been easily effected had I so desired it.

"My ascendancy over my infirm husband was now so great that he acted upon all my suggestions ; and by hints cunningly thrown out, I easily induced him to make a will in my favour, persuading him I would carry out his wishes in regard to his son and daughter."

"Did no suspicion cross him ?" inquired the chaplain.

"Not till the last night of his life," she replied. "But I think it did then. If he suspected me, he never taxed me with my guilt."

At this moment a sudden change came over her, and she gazed strangely into the vacancy.

"What troubles you ?" inquired the chaplain.

"I thought I saw my husband standing there !" she replied, with a shudder.

"Tis fancy. Proceed with your confession. You have more to tell ?"

"I have," she replied, with a fearful look. "The dark tragedy was over. Intoxicated by the power and wealth I had acquired, I contrived to stifle remorse. I kept Mildred constantly with me. Her presence seemed to shield me, and I sought to make some amends by befriending Chetwynd.

"But vengeance was pursuing me, though with slow feet. My punishment was accomplished in an unforeseen manner. Hitherto my heart had never known love, and I thought myself proof against the tender passion. But it was not so. I met Lord Courland at the house of Lady Thicknesse in London, and he at once won my affections and offered me his hand.

"Loving him, and thinking to bind him to me, I promised him half the large property I fancied at my disposal. All was arranged, and my destined husband had come down here to see his future abode, when almost at the last moment I discovered that if I married again the whole of the property would go to Mildred.

"This discovery roused all the evil passions in my heart, and I determined to remove her in the same manner I had removed her father.

"Provided with the means of executing my fell purpose, I did not delay it. You were present, reverend sir, when I dropped poison, unperceived, into her wine, and you may remember how soon it took effect?"

"I remember she was suddenly seized with illness after drinking a glass of champagne," he replied, with a look of horror; "but I little thought the wine had been drugged—nor did any one."

"She recovered," pursued the guilty woman; "and all might have been well if I could have resisted the dreadful temptation to which I was subjected. But I yielded.

"Again I contrived to give her poison, and another seizure followed. Doctor Spencer was sent for. The symptoms could not be mistaken; the terrible crime was discovered, and quickly traced to me. The poison being found in my possession, my guilt was established."

"It may comfort you to learn that Mildred will recover, observed Mr. Massey. "The medicines given her by Doctor Spencer have produced a wonderful effect. At first I had little hope. But now I have every confidence that her life will be spared."

"Tis well," she replied. "But my doom is sealed. Doctor Spencer took away the phial containing the poison; but I had enough left for myself."

"And you have done this desperate deed?" he asked.

"I could not live," she replied. "I should go mad. But that Mildred will live is the greatest possible consolation to me. If I could see her, and obtain her forgiveness, I think I could die in peace. But I have not strength to go to her."

"She is here," said the chaplain.

The dying woman raised her eyes, and beheld Mildred standing before her, wrapped in a loose robe, and supported by Emmeline and Rose Hartley.

Behind them was Chetwynd, who closed the door after him as he came in.

Mildred's countenance was exceedingly pale; but her eyes were bright, and her looks seemed almost angelic to the despairing Teresa, who crept humbly towards her.

"I do not deserve pardon," said the penitent woman. "Yet for the sake of Him who died for us, and washed out our sins with His blood, I implore you to forgive me!"

"I do forgive you," rejoined Mildred. "I have come hither for that purpose. May Heaven have mercy upon you!"

"Since your repentance is sincere, daughter," said the chaplain, "may your sins be blotted out, and the guilt of your many offences be remitted."

"Amen!" exclaimed Chetwynd.

"Then farewell!" said Teresa, in a faint voice. "Farewell, Emmeline! farewell, Chetwynd! Think not of me with abhorrence; but, if you can, with pity!"

Without a word more, she sank backwards, and expired.

Chetwynd caught her before she fell, and placed her on a couch.

All those who had witnessed her death had departed, except Mr. Massey, who was still in the room when Lord Courland entered.

On beholding the body, he uttered a frenzied cry, and rushed towards it.

"I would have given five years of my own life to exchange a few words with her ere she breathed her last!" he exclaimed, in a voice of bitterest anguish and self-reproach.

"You loved her, then, deeply, my lord?" said Chetwynd.

"She was the only woman I ever loved," replied Lord Courland. "Farewell, Teresa!"

Bending down and kissing her brow, he quitted the room with Chetwynd.

An amusing bye-play of incidents in the lives of those with whom Chetwynd became acquainted during his days of adversity, and of the upper domestics in the houses of wealthy country people, runs through the story like an under-current, and adds considerably to the dramatic action of the whole, if not actually necessary to the development of a story which may fairly be placed as among the most striking and amusing of any penned by the popular author, when he has condescended to leave the arena of that which is historical incident to illustrate those events which are sometimes attendant upon the domestic career.

JUNE ROSES.

LITTLE lips for kissing made,
 Opening like the buds of spring,
 Just a year ago you said
 To my eager questioning:—
 "Thou shall know our answer soon,
 When the roses blow in June."

Little lips, that never yet
 To your love have traitors been,
 When a few more suns have set,
 May will vanish from the scene;
 "You must give your answer soon,
 When the roses blow in June."

Little lips, now June is here,
 Why so silent still are ye?
 Why so primly pursed? I fear
 Ye would only sport with me;
 "Winter will be here too soon,
 If all roses blow in June."

W. J. STEWART.

H O R A C E D R A P E R.

BY J. T. W. BACOT.

Author of "*Mary Burroughes*," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONSPIRACY.

SOME uneasy feeling made Florence write to Captain Draper after her conversation with Edward Chalmers. Two or three little circumstances recurred to her mind, and she felt there was a mystery somewhere. She was like a child with a dissected map, she could not put the pieces together, and yet there must be a connection if she could only find it out. Why had that young man Gregory been engaged in following Captain Draper? And why had the Doctor at Silverbeach been so curious about her mother? She made up her mind that she owed a letter to her old friend; so she sent him a long description of school life at Eichelskamp, and in the postscript a full account of the conversation she had held with Mr. Chalmers. To her great surprise she got an answer in person.

"So curious, Miss Huntingdon!" said Mrs. Schlagenweit, "Captain Draper, the very gentleman we were talking about the other day, is in the parlour, and wishes to see you. Pray ask him, while he remains at Eichelskamp, to make this house his home, and beg of him to join us at dinner."

Florence hurried off, and shook hands delightedly with her old friend.

"How are you, and how are your papa? and what made you travel down here this cold weather?" she asked, all in one breath.

"My dear Florence," replied the Captain, "everybody is well, and the reason I am here is that I could not trust the post."

Not trust the post to bring an answer to my stupid letter?"

"Not the post nor the postman, my dear Florence. I don't like trusting these four walls even! The fact of the matter is, that this is a terrible business about Mr. Chalmers and his grandfather, and Horace Draper, and all the rest of them."

"You did not marry Alice Chalmers, did you, Captain Draper? Are you the right Horace Draper after all?"

"That is the horrible part of the business, Florence,—I am Horace Draper!"

But then, please, Captain Draper, why did you tell Mr. Fortescue that your name was Huntingdon?"

"Well, my dear child, taken suddenly aback, as one may say, it was natural to give the name."

"Then you did know Mr. Fortescue formerly?"

"No, my dear Florence, I never saw him before in all my life." And here poor Captain Draper became so confused that he could only gaze helplessly at Florence, while Florence sat staring at him wondering if he had gone mad.

"I don't understand it," she said.

"That was my case exactly, Florence, when Dr. Sharper—down at Greytings—called me Horace Draper, just exactly in the same manner!"

"Did you tell him too that your name was Huntingdon?" asked the astonished girl.

"No, certainly not. Why should I? I only asked him why he called me Horace Draper."

"And did this Doctor know about Alice Chalmers?"

"Yes, I suppose so, my dear; but he thinks Alice Chalmers was married, but she was not."

"But if you can prove she died unmarried that is all that is necessary," said Florence.

"She might have been married, for anything I know, my dear; but all I insist upon is that she did not marry Horace Draper. Look here, Florence, if they found out that she did, it would simply be the ruin of your poor—poor old friend!" And Captain Draper took Florence's hand, and looked as if he was going to cry.

"But it was a marriage, then?" persisted Florence.

"No, I think not."

"Did she believe she was married? Did you tell her so?"

"I never saw her in all my life, Florence; so how could I tell her anything?"

"I think you ought to take me into your confidence, Captain Draper. I don't understand what you want me to do?"

"That is exactly my case, Florence; but I suppose I ought to tell you more. I have begun and I may as well go on. Listen, Florence. When I was young I had a brother, and he was as like me as one cherry is like another. Well, my dear, his name was, let us say, George."

"Wasn't his name George, then?" asked the puzzled girl.

"Yes, of course. Let me see," mused the Captain; "this must be the way of it,—George Draper goes to New Zealand and says he is Horace Draper! How would that do?"

"It was very wrong," said Florence.

"Very, my dear, and I told your father so, and he begged my pardon."

"My father beg your pardon? No, my brother begged your pardon."

"Then, don't you see, George marries Alice in my name! Now, Florence, if this were ever found out my brother would be in a dreadful scrape!"

Then it was your brother Mr. Fortescue met?" asked Florence.

"Yes."

"But why did he say his name was Huntingdon?"

"I don't know, my dear; but I suppose once a man begins to tell lies, he has to go on. I do really think there's no end to it. But, Florence, you understand why I want to hush this matter up. Alice Chalmers was or was not married, and it would puzzle the Danes to make it all out; but you can't expect me to help in transporting my own brother Robert?"

"I thought you said his name was George?"

"Of course I did, George Robert. I used sometimes to call him one and sometimes the other. Do promise me, Florence, that you won't interfere any more in this matter?" And the girl saw a tear in his eye as he asked her.

"I promise," she said.

"Bless you, my dear!" he exclaimed; "you have taken quite a load off my mind."

"Mrs. Schlagenweit told me to ask you to dinner. Do you mind meeting this Mr. Chalmers?"

"Not in the least. I will just put him off the scent by telling him the truth, that I never was in New Zealand, and never saw his Aunt Alice either." At dinner the Captain was quite radiant, "I have been laughing, my dear, sir," he said, to Edward Chalmers, "at the suspicions which have attached themselves to my unfortunate name. It certainly is a curious coincidence that there should be two Horace Drapers in the world; but most certainly I am not the one who was in New Zealand, and was supposed to have married your aunt, and it is equally certain that I never knew a Mr. Fortescue."

"I must look for the other Horace Draper," replied Edward; "the only clue is that he called himself Huntingdon, and, by-the-bye, I recollect now that he was walking with another gentleman whose name certainly was Huntingdon, for Mr. Fortescue told me that he met the younger man afterwards at the hotel."

"Did he?" replied the Captain. "Ah, I think I recollect that Mr. Alfred Huntingdon once told me he had seen a man who was the very image of me, and might have been my brother."

"Have you a brother, Captain Draper?"

"No, I was the only child (Florence gave a start when her old friend made this astounding assertion); there is an old branch of our family down in Devonshire though," said the Captain, after a pause, "it might have been one those Drapers. I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Chalmers, I will write to Mr. Alfred Huntingdon and ask him."

"Thanks. It might save me a fruitless journey, for I had half made up my mind to go and see Mr. Fortescue again. He sails next week for Madeira, and I'm afraid, poor fellow, too late for that to do him much good."

"Oh, Mr. Chalmers," interrupted Flora, "you must not go before Friday; recollect it is the day for our great sleighing party at the 'White House' at Ebersholt. Please, do stop?"

"You are very good, Miss Masterton, but I cannot promise."

"We shall see you at the supper, Captain Draper," said Mrs. Schlagenweit.

"I will come with pleasure, and perhaps you will kindly allow Miss Florence to take me for a walk about the town?"

So Florence went to put on her warm wrapper, and she and the captain were soon outside the town walls, walking briskly along the level high road.

"It was beautifully managed, my dear Florence," said the Captain, "and you have been the saving of my dear brother James."

"Oh, Captain Draper, you called him 'George Robert' before, and you told Mr. Chalmers you were an only son."

"My memory is awful! It was George Robert. I had no other course, you see, but to say that I had no brother. The fact is I don't want Mr. Chalmers to take any further steps in the matter, and he won't now, I should say."

"What good could he do by going to England?"

"He might show the likenesses to Mr. Fortescue."

"What likenesses, in Heaven's name?"

"The other day he asked me if I had any photographs of my father and of you, in order that he might let Mr. Fortescue see them."

"Florence, you don't mean to tell me that you showed him any?"

"Yes, why not? I lent him a capital photograph of you, and a water colour drawing of my father, taken years ago, when he was quite a young man."

"You did? Ho, you unfortunate girl! That man shan't go to England! I will pick a quarrel with him and shoot him! Could we manage to keep him here next week? Somebody said this Mr. Fortescue sailed for Madeira on Friday. Miss Masterton asked him

to stop for a party here. I daresay she will ask him again; I will turn the conversation that way to-night, and you must ask him too, Florence."

"Oh, I could not do that, Captain Draper."

"You must, Florence; do you think I would ask you to beg the son of a schoolmaster to stay here to oblige you, if I had no reason for it? Florence, you can guess that I have told you a story which is not quite true. There are some stories too bad to tell, and this is one of them. Listen to me, if this young man shows those pictures to Mr. Fortescue, you will never have a day's peace of mind afterwards. Will you try and stop him?"

Florence looked hard at Captain Draper. All his jaunty manner was gone, his face was as white as a sheet, and he looked old and haggard.

"Yes, for your sake I will."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SLEIGHING PARTY.

AT supper Captain Draper announced his intention to stop a few days, in order that he might join the party to the "White House." He was the first to ask Mr. Chalmers to break his resolution to proceed to England. He only alluded to it in a casual manner, as if he had quite forgotten that Edward had any particular reason for leaving Eichelskamp just then.

The little spark which the cunning Captain laid was sufficient to fire the train, and a chorus of voices entreated the young man to stop.

Herr Schlagenweit said it was nonsense to hurry away, Mrs. Schlagenweit declared it to be unkind, and Flora Masterton's eyes asked plainly how he could have the heart to go?

His resolution, however, was still unbroken, when another gentle voice said, in a low tone—

"Do stop, Mr. Chalmers!"

The voice was to others almost inaudible, but it sounded very loud to Edward Chalmers, and his heart gave a bound and his face flushed as he caught the words. But it was not to Florence he replied. He looked back at Flora Masterton, and said—

"I am conquered; I will stay?"

Having once decided upon stopping, he devoted himself to the task of making the sleighing party a success. He resolved that all their intimate friends should join, and invitations were given in all directions—the biggest room in the "White House" at Ebersholt was engaged days beforehand, and the walls were decorated

with artificial flowers and rosettes of ivy, while the floor was waxed and polished for a dance. The village band was ordered to hold itself in readiness, and the cook of the "White House" surprised himself in the dishes which he prepared for the early supper which was to close the entertainment.

Edward Chalmers never acknowledged to himself why he took so much trouble, but Florence's request that he would stay was never out of his mind ; it recurred perpetually, like the melody of a pretty song which has caught the fancy of a listener. He felt that he ought to have gone to England, but he had no power to go.

"I will give the likeness back to Miss Huntingdon," he said to himself, "and let the matter rest. I might copy them!" he thought. "There can be no harm in that, and perhaps some day I can show them to Mr. Fortescue after all."

He had a tolerable knowledge of photography, and he succeeded in taking very fair copies. The photograph of Mr. Geoffrey Huntingdon's likeness in water colours was, of course, not very successful. The features came out plainly enough, but the charm of the colouring was lost.

"Allow me to return the pictures you so kindly lent me," he said, to Florence. "I am not going to England, and may not see Mrs. Fortescue again."

Florence took them eagerly. She felt guilty and ashamed. She asked herself indignantly why she had joined in asking him to remain? Of all things in the world she wished him to go. He annoyed her and made her vexed with everything. She was always thinking about him, and she did not want to think about anybody. She had made up her mind over and over again to keep out of his way, and not to listen to his conversation, and to shut her ears when he sang ; but she was always forgetting her resolutions, and then it always ended in her thinking about Alfred Huntingdon! She did not want to think about either of them, all she wanted was that Mr. Chalmers would go away, and she had been obliged to ask him to stop.

"Thank you, Mr. Chalmers," she said. "It is almost a pity you did not go."

A pained look came into his face.

"It is too late now," he replied.

"Yes ; I suppose so. I am rather glad you are not going for my own selfish reasons, for I cannot get on with the language, and I shall look to you to be interpreter."

"I shall be delighted to be of service, Miss Huntingdon. I am determined to make everything pass off well, and I shall have

nothing but compliments to interpret then. And now I must be off again, and see about collecting more sledges."

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how I can be such an awful fool? She is the one particular star I ought not to worship, and yet there is not another under Heaven that is worth it. As soon as this wretched picnic is over I will leave Eichelskamp, and never see it more until she has gone."

The day fixed for the sleighing excursion was all that it should have been. The air was cold and calm, and the snow was hard and slippery; the landscape was transformed by its covering of snow, and the mass of pure white was broken here and there by the slight black tracery of the branches of the linden trees, standing out against the background of the slatey skies, while here and there clumps of pines contrasted more strongly with the glittering whiteness of the fields. A neutral tint of greyish smoke rose here and there from the chimney of some peasant's cottage; but the only positive colour was in the face of the sun, which seemed to keep all the heat to warm himself with. Most of the party cared very little whether there was a sun or not. The very young ladies of Mrs. Schlagenweit's establishment did not, nor did the young gentlemen of Doctor Weber's school, who were allowed to join the party. These young people were already acquainted, for they had been in the habit of meeting twice a week at Mrs. Schlagenweit's for the purpose of being instructed in the mysteries of dancing. It need hardly be said that they were all in love with each other. As a matter of course the dread presence of Doctor Weber and of Mrs. Schlagenweit had intensified the repressed emotions. A gentle hand-squeeze and a whisper had been possible now and then; but, alas, they had never been allowed to choose their own partners, and the "pic-nic" afforded a splendid opportunity for little Charlotte to explain to young Karl that she really hated Wilhelm, who somehow always was given over to her for a partner; and Wilhelm was equally anxious to explain to Fanny that if he flirted with Charlotte, it was only because he was for ever separated by the injudicious Mrs. Schlagenweit from her. Nor did the seniors of the party care much about the weather. When the heavens frown, what can mortals do but draw more closely together?

Lieutenant Eberstein certainly thought it a day to keep as near as possible to Miss Masterton; while Flora seemed particularly anxious about Mr. Chalmers, and wished him to share the warm rug provided by the anxious Lieutenant. Captain Draper took care of Florence; and Edward, as manager, had to devote himself to everybody at once. It was a glorious drive, and the party almost regretted their arrival at the White House. But only for a moment, for the happiness of excitement is best heightened by

violent contrasts. The lightning flash would soon cease to rouse us if it were not for the afterclap of thunder. No doubt the cold outside the White House was most enjoyable, but what was it to the warmth inside? The fiery stove, the double windows, the heated atmosphere, the steaming coffee, the savoury cakes, and the blooming paper flowers, made up a new scene of bliss; and when the three fiddlers of Ebersdorf made their appearance, it was with a positive shudder that the revellers looked out of window at the frozen solitude where they had all been so happy a few minutes before.

The sad hour of parting came at last, and with a mournful shiver the guests emerged into the biting air. True love might have enabled the sufferers to be happy even after they were expelled from the Garden of Eden of the White House; but, alas, true love is very rare. Long before they reached Eichelskamp little Charlotte had quarrelled with Karl; and on the following Sunday when the young ladies and gentlemen met on their way to their different churches, Fanny positively made a grimace at the disgusted Wilhelm.

The last sledge to leave the White House was a large one with two horses, driven tandem-fashion by Dr. Schlagenweit. By his side sat Edward, and behind were Florence and Flora, Captain Draper, and Lieutenant Eberstein. Dr. Schlagenweit was rather a theoretical than a practical whip; he was a learned man and had opinions of his own as to the management of the chariots in the Olympic games; but as a general rule horses objected to his direction, and refused to obey his guidance. It was so now. Instead of proceeding in the way he was intended to go, the leader turned round and tried to look the shaft horse in the face, and the latter immediately backed into a snowdrift. Something cracked, but there was no time to see what it was, and the stableman having placed the horses with their noses in the right direction, gave an encouraging shout, and away they went, and Dr. Schlagenweit explained to Edward the true principles of coachmanship. For a quarter of an hour all went well, but then the forepart of the sleigh gave way, and some of the harness and woodwork dangled about the horses' heels, and they set off in a mad gallop. The unexpected jerk dragged the reins from the hands of the philosophic doctor, and before he had time to arrange his ideas, a sudden tilt sent him flying through the air.

"Sit still!" cried Edward; "there is no danger."

Florence grew pale, and Captain Draper tried to look as if danger was the natural element of an Englishman. Lieutenant Eberstein slipped his arm round Flora's waist, and Flora began to scream. It was in vain the gallant gentleman tried to soothe her.

"Calm thyself," he said, "we share at least the danger between us. Behold I scream not!"

"It's not your danger I am screaming for," cried poor Flora; it's my own." And then she screamed louder than ever.

Another jerk half upset the sledge, and Flora disappeared into one of the heaped-up snowdrifts by the roadside.

"My beloved!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, who forgot all caution in his despair, "I can die with thee!" and away he went head-foremost after his too lovely "Mees."

It was no time for the other passengers to pay much attention, though, to the wild words of the Lieutenant, for a sudden turn of the road brought matters to a climax. Over went the sledge at last, and the Captain, Florence, and Edward were prostrate on the ground.

"Not hurt, Florence?" inquired the Captain eagerly, as he got upon his feet.

"No," she replied; "where is Mr. Chalmers?"

"Here he is," said the Captain. "By Jove, I'm afraid he is hurt."

Florence rushed up and knelt down by his side. His face was white, and blood was trickling from his forehead.

"Mr. Chalmers!" she cried frantically. "Speak to us! Oh, Heaven, he is dead! and it is all my fault. What did he ever do that I should help to kill him!"

"Hush, for mercy's sake," said the Captain. "He is not dead; he is coming round. How are you, Mr. Chalmers? Better now, eh?"

"I think I am not hurt; only a little stunned by the fall. Where is Miss Huntingdon. I shall never forgive myself if she has come to any harm."

"She's all right,—Not hurt, are you, Florence?"

"Not in the least," replied the girl, who had recovered her usual manner. "If Doctor Schlagenweit and Flora and Lieutenant Eberstein are not injured, it is hardly worth talking about."

"Here comes my father, and behind them Eberstein and Miss Masterton," cried Edward. "Your next Shakespeare reading, father, should be, 'All's Well that's Ends Well!'"

"The end is not yet," replied the Doctor solemnly. "Much will be said about this unfortunate affair when we reach home, and it will not be said to the abominable horses but to me! I shall not forget this night in a hurry. It is easy for you to talk; you are single. Alas, the married are not permitted to forget!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONFESSION.

A WEEK after the sleighing party Captain Draper rejoined his friends, the Huntingdons at Berlin. He dined with them on the day of his return, and when Mrs. Huntingdon had retired, Geoffrey said, "Where have you been, Draper, if it is not a secret?"

"I've been thinking it over, Huntingdon, and I believe I had better tell you; for there is a secret, and a very disagreeable one for all parties. What I have to say may lead to all sorts of unpleasantness; but it must be said."

"What on earth are you driving at, Draper? You have not seen any more ghosts, have you?"

"Ah, Geoffrey, you laughed at ghosts, and said the past never came back; but you were wrong—it is coming back now!"

"Nonsense, old fellow, take some more wine. I never saw you so low-spirited before—what on earth has frightened you?"

"I *am* afraid, Huntingdon; but it is not on my own account. I fear for you."

"Good Heavens! What do you mean?"

"You shall hear. You and I have been old friends, Geoffrey, and I don't forget, and won't forget, that once you saved me from despair, and perhaps disgrace, in that wretched gambling business when I first joined the regiment. Never mind that, I don't want to quarrel with you; but you have treated me badly!"

"Speak out, Draper, let us get it over and have done with it. What do you complain of?"

"You remember that when I came over to Berlin I asked you if you had taken my name when you were away in New Zealand, and you acknowledged that you had done so, and you begged my pardon; Geoffrey, you denied that you had sullied it! You told me you knew nothing of any person of the name of Chalmers!"

"I did. In one sense the denial was not true, but I answered as any accused person has a right to answer—I pleaded 'Not guilty.' Don't mistake me, Draper, if you only were aggrieved, I might have been more open with you; but there were others to consider, I could not act differently, and I would do so again. I would repeat, 'Not guilty.' Please, tell me what are your reasons for thinking I acted dishonourably?"

"Don't use that word, Huntingdon—it would break off all between us if I asserted and you resented a want of honour; I want to remain your friend, and to help you if I can. I only say you behaved badly to me when you only told me half the truth about your change of name in New Zealand. It is on my own

account I speak. If you are guilty I can forgive you ; but I want to serve you, and I shall find it difficult without you confess the whole truth."

"Tell me, Draper, what has brought the subject up again. Where have you been—what have you heard?"

"I have been to Eichelskamp, and this is what took me there," replied the Captain, as he handed Geoffrey his daughter's letter. He read it, and then remained very quiet for more than a minute with his head resting on his hand.

"Did you ever meet this Mr. Fortescue?" he asked, after a pause. "Was it he that first told you about Alice Chalmers?" His voice was hoarse and husky, and he spoke in a half whisper.

"No," replied Captain Draper. "I heard the story first from the Doctor down at Silverbeach, although he never mentioned your name."

"Please tell me, Draper, what he said?" and then the Captain repeated the Doctor's narrative.

"Yes," said Geoffrey, slowly, as he raised his head and looked Draper steadily in the face; "he has not exaggerated much. Hear what I have to say, I drifted into this evil just as Alice did. I am not excusing myself. I know what the world would say—what you will say. I was a married man, and she was but a simple, childish thing. I knew the world and she did not, and I should have spared her! It is all true—I did not spare her. How could I? You know, Draper, why I left England, how all my faith was shaken at that time in one whom I really loved; but you cannot guess how my trouble hardened me. I was a reckless, desperate man when I met Alice Chalmers. I had no home, no country, no place in society, and no faith in God or man. I had done with civilisation, and I acted like a savage; but I never plotted nor planned her ruin—that is the whole truth, Draper, so far as I know it. Are you still my friend?"

"Yes. You behaved badly, but God knows whether any of our set would have behaved differently. If you are to suffer for the past, I, for one, will stand by you." Huntingdon held out his hand, which Draper took.

"I intended to stand alone," said Geoffrey; "but I am glad you know all."

"Not quite all yet, Geoffrey. This Mr. Fortescue and Dr. Sharper both insist upon it that you married Alice—is it so?"

"Yes, it is true: I thought she was dying, and I could not refuse her! so I ruined myself."

"But, good Heavens, Geoffrey! suppose they can prove this?"

"They cannot, the marriage was performed in a private house, by a clergyman who has long been dead; and if Alice kept the

certificate, it was lost when she perished on her voyage home. What does this Edward Chalmers want, Draper?"

"He wants to meet the real Horace Draper face to face, and make him confess or deny the marriage."

"How very strange that he should ask Florence to assist him!" said Geoffrey.

"Yes; but how much more strange that you should have met this Mr. Fortescue, and that he should be a friend of young Chalmers; and then to think of her showing him that water-colour drawing of you."

"Has Florence got a likeness of me?"

"Yes, a sketch taken when you were a young man."

"There is a fate in this," groaned Geoffrey. "I remember that Fortescue, who was a fellow-passenger in the ship I went to New Zealand in, did take a likeness of me. I thought I had destroyed it years ago."

"I wish you had," sighed Draper; "for I have had to tell more stories about this business than I ever told before in all my life. I told Florence that other Horace Draper was my own brother, and begged of her not to get him transported! Then we persuaded young Chalmers to stop for a sleighing party until we knew this Fortescue must have left England, and the young fellow returned the likeness; and so all danger is over for the present."

Geoffrey gave a sigh of relief.

"Where does this young fellow live?" he inquired, after a pause. "Is he always at Eichelskamp?"

"No, very seldom; he has been brought up in a merchant's house in London, and in a few months he starts to manage a branch house in New Zealand. It looks as if all danger was over, and yet I cannot get it out of my head that mischief is brewing somewhere."

"I cannot see where," replied Mr. Huntingdon—"I suppose you mean from Dr. Sharper; but he is not the man to take such a revenge as that. He cursed me once to my face for a villain, and I had to bear it; he had his revenge then, and he knew it. Besides, I have spoken to him since. I saw him privately for a minute at Greydings, and the man has forgiven me; he almost looked as if he pitied me. Draper, if he knew all he might. I told you once that I defied the past—it was an idle boast. I thought it had done its worst long ago, when it nearly broke my heart. I have never recovered the effects of that mad act. It was not the sin, nor the wrong, no, nor Alice's death that broke me down. Other men sin and get no punishment—other girls are weak and die young; but I was fool enough to break the law, and make myself a criminal, to please that girl. I did not think there was much risk: she seemed on the point of death, and then, when I had done a good

action, the devil stepped in, and she recovered! Years passed away before I became satisfied that Alice had perished and had left no proof of our marriage in existence, and in all those years I was haunted by the dread of exposure and disgrace. That fear stepped in between me and Emily, and poisoned our reconciliation. I shrunk from her, while I most loved her, for very dread that some one should suddenly appear with the proof of the second marriage. I have long known that such proof can never be forthcoming, and I said I could defy the past. I thought it had done its worst—it had spoilt my life, and, worse still, it had made an unhappy woman of my wife; but Draper, if I have nothing else to live for I have Florence—she is my only child, and she believes in me and loves me. It is for her sake that I dread even an allusion to that wretched time in New Zealand. I can defy the world, now that all proof of my crime is lost; but, Draper, Florence must never learn that her father sinned."

"Well, Geoffrey, if you have erred you have repented. You are sorry for your sin?"

"Sorry, Draper? Yes, and no. Sorry that I and Alice ever met, sorry for her suffering and early death? Yes; but sorry for my sin? I might have been had I been treated like other men; and what have I done more than hundreds of others, so far as God's laws are concerned? No, I am not sorry; I have been punished more than enough——"

"What a time you have been!" said Mrs. Huntingdon, as the two gentlemen re-entered the drawing-room. "I have played this piece over twenty times since I sent to tell you that coffee was ready."

"What is it?" asked Geoffrey, carelessly.

"It's a song without words, suggested by those lines in Longfellow's translation—you remember them."

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CERTIFICATE.

SUMMER had followed winter, and Captain Draper had returned to his old lodgings in Jermyn Street. Among the host of letters, papers, and cards, which had accumulated during his absence in Berlin, two bits of pasteboard particularly attracted his attention, and he stood them up against the milk-jug as he sat at breakfast and gazed at them thoughtfully. They bore respectively the names of Frank Lumsden and of Mr. Gregory.

"Poor Frank!" said the Captain to himself, "how glad I shall be to see him again! I wish I could do something for him. I wonder if he wants anything I could get for him?" And then the Captain took up Mr. Gregory's card, and looked at it very suspiciously, as though he imagined it might be capable of conveying some contagious or infectious disease. "So Mr. Gregory has found me out, has he? I know what he wants, six months on the treadmill. If the blackguard calls again shall I see him? I suppose I had better; he evidently is determined to see me for some reason or another, and I may just as well have it out with him on my own premises. Hullo! there's a knock at the door; surely he can't be looking me up already? come in. Oh, Frank Lumsden, is it? show him in. How are you, my dearest boy?" continued the Captain as the visitor entered. "Take a chair and have some breakfast. Now tell me all your news since I have been away."

"News enough if I had time to tell it, my dear sir; but I am afraid I have not. The fact is, I am stopping in London, and am off again this evening to Southampton to embark for India."

"What is taking you to India, in Heaven's name?" asked the astonished Captain.

"Don't you know that I am on the medical staff now? I wrote to you at Berlin. I thought it odd you never answered my letter."

"Never got it. Come and pass the day with me, Frank. I will go about anywhere with you; and by Jove, I'll go to Southampton, too. Have you got everything? Rifles, pistols, saddles, you know. I've got lots I don't want, and you must let me supply you."

"Thanks, Captain Draper; but you have only heard half of my news; my wife is with me, stopping at the Charing Cross Hotel."

"Your wife? You don't mean to tell me you have married, you young dog! Is she going out to India? Who was she?"

"No, she is to stay with her father at present."

"Where does her father live, Frank?"

"He lives in Kent. When you have finished breakfast you must come with me and be introduced."

Intense was the astonishment of Captain Draper as he recognised in Mrs. Frank Lumsden the Anne Mowbray of Harmer Street. Frank and his wife laughed at his amazement. "I thought I should astonish you," said the young husband. "Anne has heard your name pretty often from me, and she remembers your visit to her father."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, about that young fellow," and then he

stopped himself—that young fellow was an unpleasant person to recall just now. Of course, he had been the former lover of Anne Mowbray, and had jilted her! Captain Draper could not help contrasting the pale and melancholy girl he had seen in Harmer Street, and the happy-looking bride. “Poor devil!” he thought, “Frank never heard of young Gregory, I’ll make a bet—they are all alike, all these women—fair and false—and to think that my poor Frank has been so completely taken in!” However, there was no help for it, and the Captain did his best to appear delighted. He proposed forming one of the party down to Southampton, and volunteered to see Anne home again. In the meantime business had to be attended to, and Frank and the Captain parted, after arranging to meet at the Waterloo Station at seven in the evening. “I don’t know,” said the Captain to himself, after he had got back to Jermyn Street, “that I was ever so thoroughly vexed in my life, to think of Frank Lumsden throwing himself away by marrying a girl who had been jilted by a young scoundrel like Gregory! Well, what’s the matter now?” cried the Captain, testily, as the servant opened the door of the sitting-room.

“A young man wants to see you, sir; he says his name is Gregory.”

“Oh, certainly,” he replied, “just the day for him; perhaps he would like to join the party to Southampton. Show him in.”

Mr. Gregory entered and made a polite bow. He had not improved in appearance since the Captain had seen him at Greytings. He was as handsome as ever; but he looked thin and poor, his clothes were almost threadbare, his hat without any nap, his gloves had holes in them. His manner, however, was by no means dejected, and he looked at Captain Draper with a mingled air of curiosity and amusement.

“Surprised to see me, are you not, Captain?” said Mr. Gregory; “you remember I said ‘*Au revoir*’ down at Greytings. May I sit down?”

“Oh, certainly, if you have anything to say.”

“I flatter myself I have something to say, and something to sell, and something to learn.”

“What do you want to learn from me?”

“I want to find out why you deserted Alice Chalmers, Captain Draper, and also why you took the trouble to marry her when you had another wife alive?”

“You infernal scoundrel!” cried the astonished veteran.

“Thank, you! I thought probably you would say that. You ought to be a judge of such matters. There, don’t take the trouble to ring the bell—I am off; only I may as well tell you, before I go, that chance has put in my hands the marriage certifi-

cate of Alice Chalmers with Horace Draper in the province of Auckland, New Zealand, &c. ; and, I should like to add, that there is a party of the name of Chalmers, and a precious good fellow, too, who does not call me a scoundrel, and who is ready to purchase this little document for fifty pounds. It certainly did strike me that you might be willing to give one hundred; but as I have made a mistake I will wish you good morning."

Captain Draper looked the very image of despair as Mr. Gregory finished. His hands clutched nervously the elbows of his easy chair, and he tried in vain to control his excitement.

"Stop!" he gasped forth. "Please wait a moment. I've not been very well lately, and my memory is not quite so good as it was; but I think I do recollect something about that New Zealand business."

"I can call again some day, perhaps, Captain?"

"No, don't go. I should like to clear up this extraordinary mistake at once."

"I don't think I can stop, Captain Draper. It's about my luncheon time."

"Oh, never mind. I will order up some wine and biscuits, and we can talk this matter over comfortably. There, just seat yourself and try that sherry." Mr. Gregory made himself perfectly at home, and the Captain began his promised explanation. "The fact of the matter is," said he, "that a relation of mine was in New Zealand, and I did certainly hear that he carried on a desperate flirtation with a lady of the name of Chalmers. Jane, I think, was her Christian name, if I recollect rightly?" said the Captain, with a cautious look at Mr. Gregory.

"No, it was not Jane, Captain, the other Horace Draper would recollect better than that—I said, Alice."

"So you did! Well, my relative never told me he was married, and, really if he had been, I don't think it can signify much now; for my poor dear relation died ever so long ago. No marriage in Heaven, you know, my dear Mr. Gregory."

"No, I suppose not, Captain; but perhaps he isn't there," replied the young man, as he helped himself to another glass of wine.

"Don't mistake me, Mr. Gregory. I don't say that I may not consider it worth while to give something for that certificate, out of respect to my relative's memory—of course, I should like to see the paper first."

"Would you know the departed gentleman's handwriting Captain?"

"Oh, yes, very well. I don't pretend to recognise Miss Chamler's, as I never saw her."

"Of course not: I understand perfectly. A temporary attack of ophthalmia—its often followed by loss of memory," observed Mr. Gregory. "Look here, Captain Draper, you shall see the certificate—only, if you will excuse me, I shall keep it in my own hands," and he took a faded bit of paper from his pocket and held it up before the Captain's face. He gave me one long look and then turned away—in spite of himself he could not restrain a groan. "Don't mind me, Captain Draper," said Mr. Gregory, "have your cry out. I daresay you are sorry for your departed relation."

"Is Alice Chalmers living?" asked the Captain, after a pause.

"Excuse me: I did not come to answer questions. This is her marriage certificate, and that is all I have to say."

"Who is this Mr. Chalmers who wants to purchase it?"

"No one you know, Captain—he is a German. I told you I would answer no questions. Will you give me one hundred pounds for that certificate?"

"Will you take fifty? Your relative, you see, did not want money. This is his port and sherry you are drinking now, and it never cost less than seven shillings a bottle. Will you take a cheque?"

"Yes; I don't mind doing that." The Captain sat down and wrote it, and Mr. Gregory gave him the certificate. "I will say good-bye, now, Captain Draper. I don't think you will see me again, if the cheque is all right." He was leaving the room when the Captain stopped him. "Look here!" he said, suddenly, as he led him to the window and pointed to a lady and gentleman who were passing on the other side of the street: "have you ever seen that lady before?" When Mr. Gregory turned his face to the Captain, he was as white as a ghost.

"Do I know her," he stammered. "Yes, I do!"

"Will you promise to keep away from her?"

"Why? I always keep away. Why now more than any other time?"

"Because she is married."

"Married! Anne married? That's worth another hundred pounds to me. I think I may look her up safely now," and Mr. Gregory hurried from the room before the discomfited Captain could say another word.

WINDYBANKS.

LET them talk as they will of forgetting,
I can never forget what is past ;
While the sorrow my bosom is fretting,
While the cloud on my spirit is cast.

It seems but of yesterday's sadness,
That we wandered by Windybanks' Mere ;
That we plucked of the blossoms of gladness,
And trampled the nightshade of fear.

One hand was entwining my tresses,
With the daisies that grew at our feet ;
One hand was returning caresses,
With embraces more ardent and sweet.

Before us the morn was arraying,
A promise that dazzled us yet ;
Behind us the night was decaying,
With nothing of grief and regret.

Oh, the breath of the Past, when it closes,
Is the scent of a garland that's dead ;
But the Future a garden of roses,
That tremble and glow to the tread.

Then the heavens above us were glory,
Each brook was a magical stream ;
All the world seemed a beautiful story,
With the splendour and spell of a dream.

How we laughed at the fancy of sorrow,
As we coloured the earth with our hopes !
How we vowed that the joy of the morrow,
Would lead us to sunnier slopes !

What cared we for testing the vision
With the critical touch of the sage ?
We feared not the breath of derision—
We knew not the wisdom of age.



But we danced and we sang in the rushes,
And the songbirds repeated our strain ;
While the cloudlets reflected my blushes,
And my pleasure was felt by the plain ;

For the buds in the zephyr were crisping,
And expanded the sunshine to share ;
The wavelets were laughing and li-ping,
And telling their bliss to the air.

We watched the young colts in their gallop ;
They pastured or played, as they chose ;
Then we launched on the waters our shallop,
And floated in drowsy repose.

Oh, the lilies, the wonderful lilies,
With their hearts of the yellowest gold !
What a pleasure to pluck them was Willie's,
What a pleasure for me to behold !

White feathers from cygnets around us,
Which slept on their emerald seats,
Like snowflakes beset and enwound us,
Or floated in delicate fleets.

As we drifted we met no resistance,
But hand was enfolded in hand ;
We heard in the mellowing distance
The wash of the waves on the land.

And the voices of jubilant people,
Came softened and dim to our ears ;
While we looked at the tapering steeple,
And dreamed of the holier years.

* * * * *

It seems but of yesterday's sadness,
That we wandered by Windybanks' Mere ;
That I wept with the weeping of madness,
For the flowers that were withered and *sere*.

I found no delight in the lily,
And the earth was bereft of its soul ;
For I missed the endearments of Willie,
To colour and heighten the whole.

No beauty appeared in the heavens,
 No rivulet laughed in its fall ;
 For I wanted the gladness that leavens,
 The peace that irradiates all.

The waters were lapping the ledges,
 With a sorrowful sound as I past ;
 And there came such a sigh from the sedges,
 That I trembled and fled them aghast.

The shallop was moored in the rushes,
 And rocked with imperious swings ;
 But it brought no remembrance that hushes,
 That embraces the heart with its wings.

Then I lay me beside the blue water,
 And buried my face in my hands,
 I called myself Misery's daughter,
 And bound in its merciless bands.

But the wavelets came gliding and gleaming,
 With a petulant wind in their wake ;
 And a snake, with its sinister sliding,
 Slipt into the tremulous lake.

And the wind that was eddying shoreward,
 Blew on till the heavens were black,
 Till a murmur enjoined me, " Go forward."
 And a timorous whisper, " Go back."

* * * * *

And still in my seasons of anguish,
 I wander by Windybanks' Mere ;
 I lie by the water and languish,
 And wish that my Willie was here.

Let them talk as they will of forgetting,
 I can never forget what is past ;
 I am tortured by pangs of regretting,
 Like a wreck that is lashed by the blast.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A STRANGE DOWRY.

BY MRS. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER X.

"SIR PETER TEAZLE.—'Ladies, your most obedient. (*Aside*) Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose."

School for Scandal.

THE Reverend Julius and Mrs. Baines were people of position and means, living in a very fine house in the most fashionable locality of Southport.

We were ushered into a handsome drawing-room, full of people. I felt my head grow slightly giddy to find myself in such a fashionable crowd; but Dolly's presence proved such a tower of strength on the occasion, that I soon regained my composure.

Mrs. Baines was a very pretty little woman; she had once been a *belle*, but had resigned that position for the sake of the Reverend Julius. He was a handsome, aristocratic-looking man, a perfect gentleman in mind and manners, to all appearance, and a preacher who was the idol of a fashionable crowd, whose exquisite toilettes and gems of bonnets—the very latest Paris born—seemed to ill accord with their wearer's weekly cry to Heaven, "to have mercy upon them, miserable sinners!" But, of course, as Dolly had remarked of the "poms and vanities," this was only a form of speech understood by well-bred and fashionable people to mean nothing.

Our hostess received us with cordiality. I think she was rather proud of being the one to introduce such a striking girl as Dolly to Southport society. Dolly without doubt created a sensation which I rather enjoyed, when I saw eye-glasses being furtively raised as she swept through the room, escorted by Mrs. Baines, who, after depositing my aunt upon an ottoman, marshalled us about on the pretext of finding a seat.

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Colonel Domville, who had arrived before us, soon found us out, and took possession of Dolly, which greatly enhanced her value in the estimation of the company, for the Colonel was looked upon as a distinguished person,—what with his black servant, and his suite of apartments at the Grand Hotel, and his fine horse on which he rode so well and looked to such advantage.

It was so stupid following Dolly about that as soon as I saw her in conversation with Colonel Domville I took possession of the nearest vacant seat, delighted to find that I had come to an anchor at last, and was at leisure to observe.

I was seated next to a very pleasing person, in black velvet, whose face was the essence of repose, so gentle and dignified. She looked like a beautiful old picture, with her soft hair, nearly grey, and the folds of rich lace which hung artistically about her neck and shoulders. She so attracted me that I was secretly delighted when she gave me a little inviting smile, as if she would like to enter into conversation.

Presently I overheard Dolly say to Colonel Domville, "You have never been introduced to my sister—there she is." They were standing before a mock fireplace, filled with costly flowers, while I occupied a chair in the recess close by.

He came up to me with the right of an old acquaintance who had known us from infancy.

"Dear me! how you resemble your mother!" he exclaimed. "I am sorry I did not see you the other day, and still more sorry for the cause. I hope—and see, indeed—that your wrist is better."

"Thank you," I replied, and came to a dead stop, for I could not talk to him, so I let him talk on, and did my best to listen; a somewhat difficult task, for I was trying to read his face. I suspect he thought me what I often felt conscious of being—a most insipid young person. I became so pre-occupied with my study of himself, that I hardly heard anything he said.

On the whole my opinion was unfavourable. He was so intensely artificial, it was impossible to say what he was. He had, notwithstanding his choice manner of expressing himself, a loose, uncomfortable way of uttering his words that reminded me of the chinking of loose silver in one's pocket. At the same time there was no denying that he was, as Dolly had said with a laugh, "a most elegant man;" his hands were so long, and his gloves clung to them with such a perfect fit, and the fall of the wristband with its jewelled stud was so prominent, and his opera hat was so gracefully held; and yet I couldn't admire him. There was, combined with all this finish of person, a hard superciliousness of manner that made me shrink from him; for I felt instinctively that he was one of those

men who could, and would, kill you stone dead, in an elegant manner, with only the weapon of his polished tongue and the cold steel of his hard heart; and how many men there are of this stamp in the world, as the women who have loved them know to their cost.

As a matter of course, my unattractiveness soon wearied him, and he returned to Dolly, to whom he devoted himself with as much attention as his fashionable *nil-admirari* manner would allow him to show to anyone.

I was glad to be at leisure to watch the people about me. Everything was a novelty, and as such was welcome to my inexperience.

The tide of persons was continually changing places, and where Dolly and Colonel Domville had been standing two ladies were engaged in the following conversation, which, owing to my proximity, I was compelled to hear.

"How well your girls are looking to-night, dear Mrs. St. Vincent!" said the first speaker, to a little woman who stood surveying the crowd through her eye-glasses, with an air of troubled discontent; and in whom I at once recognised the generalissimo of Southport society. Something was evidently offensive to her, as she made no immediate reply to the compliment of the other lady, an important-looking person, with a pair of enormous shoulders which protruded from a dress cut according to the fashion known as *haut ton*.

At length Mrs. St. Vincent spoke—

"Did you ever see such airs as that Mrs. Baines gives herself? Heaven knows who she has introduced here to-night! I see a perfect regiment of new faces. That is the worst of an 'at home' at a clergyman's house,—one is bound to meet such an indiscriminate mixture of people; it is as bad as an election ball, or worse still, an entertainment given by one's medical man! Look at that girl there in pink, with that man who is for all the world like a dancing-master out for a holiday. [Poor Dolly and Colonel Domville!] I wonder where Mrs. Baines picked them up? In church, I suppose. She never told me she knew them; you see with daughters, Mrs. Dennis, it is so desirable that we should be informed beforehand the class of people they are likely to meet."

"I quite agree with you there, dear Mrs. St. Vincent; but then, it is not every one who knows how to lead society as you do," and here the mountainous shoulders gave an expressive heave of consolation, to think that Southport possessed such a saviour of society to put things right. "However," she continued blandly, "I think Mr. Baines knows what is due to his cloth, and to the congregation attending his ministrations.. They are all, no doubt, respectable."

"And so," replied Mr. St. Vincent, languidly. "Highly respectable no doubt; but so is one's cook! People, like ourselves, dear Mrs. Dennis, who know what is what, want something more than vulgar respectability," and here she lowered her eye-glass to watch the effect of her last unanswerable argument, which she strengthened, by saying, "I cannot forget my poor lamented general's position, and that my dear girls are connected with the noble family of St. Vincent, and Lord de la Lope, who, as you know, was my dear husband's great grandfather's, first cousin on the mother's side. Girls with such connections want something more than mere respectability!"

"Of course—of course they do, dear Mrs. St. Vincent, what is wanted are *comme il faut* people:" and here, feeling that she had struck out a happy thought, Mrs. Dennis heaved her shoulders again, and waited for orders.

"By the way, have you heard the horrid rumour about Mrs. Belton?" said Mrs. St. Vincent, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper.

"Oh! what?" inquired the other, with a hungry gasp, which was revolting since the food, she was about to feast on was the unsavoury morsel of a sister woman's lost reputation.

After whispering together for some moments, Mrs. Dennis exclaimed aloud—

"How shocking! Oh, dear, what a pity! She gives such capital dinners; my girls were dining there last night. Some of the best matches in Southport have been made at her house. What authority is there for the report?"

"We have nothing to do with the authority," said Mrs. St. Vincent, with great dignity. "The duty of society is to deal with rumour. No one is expected to see if things be false or true in a matter of this kind, sufficient for us that they are rumoured. That is the delicate essence whereby society must be guided."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Dennis, with an afflicted look; but her relation to Mrs. St. Vincent was evidently such, that had the former thought proper to say Madagascar was situated in the North Pole, she would have given an expressive heave of her shoulders, and said, "Quite so."

"And this is society!" I thought, as they moved away, leaving me a text for meditation. I rather think Uncle Worthington was not so wrong in his vigorous reasons for refusing to accompany us: but then as I looked around, and saw several good and noble faces, like my aunt's and the lady's by my side, I knew at once that the women I had listened to were only the inevitable tares which force their way into every field of life.

My reflections were cut short, and my heart set palpitating, by

a request from Mrs. Baines, with Dolly, music in hand, to enforce it, asking me to sing.

I looked imploringly at Dolly to excuse me, for I had never sung before a crowd, and I hardly knew how I should control the great knocks my heart was giving, which would, I knew, be death to all purity of sound.

"Don't be stupid," said Dolly, peremptorily—"you *must* sing; it is so babyish to make a fuss."

"Oh, do favour us," said the gentle voice of the lady at my side. "It will be conferring such a pleasure. I love music so much, and I was afraid we were not going to have any."

To know that I was amusing anyone, was sufficient inducement to give me some power over myself to conquer my nervousness. I had a great love for my art, and never could display it for the sake of either emulation or admiration. The moment these profaning elements became apparent I was struck dumb. I judged the two apart, and desired that in my song the individual should be forgotten in the art, and the sentiment of the poet and composer preserved in all its purity.

I rose, therefore, without further hesitation and followed Dolly, who spread out her skirts, as she took her seat before the piano, with an advertising air that was most amusing.

"Choose me something I shall have to throw all my heart and soul into, to keep me from seeing the crowd. Oh, here, this is the very thing," I whispered, as I stopped the page at Schubert's *Adieu*, a song I loved, not only for its own beautiful sake, but for the dearer reminiscence it bore of my poor mother, who had often sung it to me when I was a child. The melody had thus become a thought that I always associated with her, as we learn to connect certain melodies with people, places, and things grown dear to memory; and now, on this my first appearance in one of the world's gay parties, I felt as if I should like to be withdrawn from the throng in spirit. I fancied myself back again in our cottage drawing-room—a little child once more—standing by my mother's side, living the whole scene over again so completely that I became unconscious of the present, as with heart and soul I held communion with the past. It was a short moment of supreme enjoyment I hardly thought to experience in such a scene. I would have given a great deal could I have shut my eyes and gone away without seeing a soul—away into the darkness of life, thus to have preserved for a short time longer that light of memory which shone like the after-glow of my lost childhood; but with Dolly's nod of delighted approval at having, as she said, "done her credit," all my sweet delusions vanished.

Amid the buzz of many thanks which came showering down and covered me with confusion, I reached my old corner.

Never as long as I live can I forget the sight that met me. My seat was occupied by a gentleman, but that did not startle me; it was the face of the occupant. I never saw such concentrated suffering in any human face before. It was a look *Œdipus* might have worn in his anguish. I was so struck by it that I hesitated to advance; but the lady in black velvet on seeing me touched him gently and broke his fit of abstraction by saying—

“Adrian, you have taken Miss Prior’s place! I am sure we are much indebted to you,” she added, speaking to me.

“Oh, pray don’t disturb him,” I said. “I came here mechanically, so relieved to find my song was over;” for now my nervousness had all returned.

The gentleman, however, had risen, and was gone before I had finished speaking; but he had so roused my interest by the terrible expression I had caught, that I looked for him in the crowd. He had gone to the further end of the room—the look had passed away, and he was standing against the wall as if taking counsel with himself. He was a tall, delicate-looking man, about fifty years of age, I judged, from the greyness of his hair, although a red-brown moustache and thin figure gave him a younger appearance.

His face, when relieved of the pained expression, was soft and benign in the extreme; the features classical, with a pair of blue eyes, that would have been worth anything to a woman. His style was refined in every particular, so much so that I could not help contrasting the impression he made upon me with that produced by Colonel Domville. This man looked so thorough-bred by the side of the other’s assumption of “elegance” that it rendered the counterfeit prominent by comparison.

Feeling that some apology was due to him, turning to the lady next to me, I said, “I am so very sorry to have disturbed that gentleman.”

“Don’t think of it; he is my brother, Colonel Stanhope, therefore I know I may say, that he would have felt sorry to keep a young lady out of a seat. He came here to listen to your song, he is so passionately fond of music, and oddly enough, you happened to sing one of his favourite songs. You gave us both great pleasure.”

A very odd sort of pleasure to have produced such a pained look, I thought. However, he may have been thinking of some one else—he seemed absorbed in thought. These, then, were the people Mr. Addison had mentioned.

Miss Stanhope and I then entered into conversation, and she inquired if Dolly was my sister, remarking how handsome she was.

“Yes, is she not? I am so glad you admire her.”

"Who could help doing so? And is the gentleman with her your uncle?"

"Oh, no, only a friend; Colonel Domville, who knew us in India."

At this moment Colonel Stanhope joined us; having heard the end of our conversation, he remarked, after his sister had introduced us, "I think I must have met Colonel Domville in India; your name also, Miss Prior, is familiar to me. I met your father and mother long ago, I think."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, delighted to meet any one who had ever known my mother; and to this thought I impulsively gave expression.

He did not reply, but stood looking in a wistful, earnest manner I could hardly comprehend, which made me fear that I had been doubtful in my manners, and over-confiding to a stranger, who, with the superior knowledge of a man of the world, was calling me a simpleton. And yet another glance at his face assured me that he was not one of the Domville stamp, who could crush all unsophisticatedness with a supercilious movement of his eyebrows as if he doubted your sanity, making one for ever ashamed of having betrayed the least bit of truth and nature.

"You are the very man I want, Colonel Stanhope," said Mrs. Baines, coming up at this moment. "Mrs. St. Vincent has been so cross all the evening; she hates me when my parties go off well, without my having previously consulted and told her who were coming; now as you are quite the grandest man among us to-night, will you oblige me by taking Mrs. St. Vincent down stairs for some refreshment?"

"I should be happy to do so were I not already engaged for that office," he answered.

"Tiresome man!" she said brightly; "I don't wonder at your getting out of it. It is useless trying to make you agreeable if you won't be made so;" and she tripped off in search of another victim to propitiate the offended goddess of Southport.

"I hope you will let me take you downstairs?" he said, as soon as she was gone.

I thanked him, but would have preferred his selecting my aunt for the distinction.

When the general move was made he offered me his arm; as my hand rested on it I could feel how violently it trembled, and I became frightened, especially when I again saw the troubled expression coming over his face, and heard him murmur almost inaudibly, "Oh, God, this pain! how am I to bear it?"

"Dr. Audison had said that he was always ill, and that accounted for all; he must be enduring great physical pain, I thought.

He grew calmer after a little, and on our return to the drawing-room begged to be introduced to my aunt and sister; I also heard him claim acquaintance with Colonel Domville.

"Ah, yes; of course, you were in the —— Dragoons, stationed at—(some unpronounceable place, the name of which I could not catch) when my regiment was there. You did not remain very long," said Colonel Domville.

"No, I was disabled by a wound I got out bison-shooting, and had to leave the service. I have never been fit for much since."

They did not remain long in conversation with each other, for Colonel Domville drifted after my sister, and Colonel Stanhope took a seat next me, and began saying that he hoped to make our further acquaintance.

I was delighted, and said so, which pleased him, I thought. Then I told him how I had already heard of him, and his sister, from Dr. Addison.

"Yes, a very good young fellow—I like him. Do you know much of him?"

"Hardly anything; but we hear that he is skilful in his profession. My introduction to him was of a very comical nature;" I then detailed the circumstances. Oh, if Dolly had only heard me!

"Do you go about to these odd sort of places alone? Are you not too young?"

"I don't think that I feel very young; besides, I want to go among poor people. I think it is one's duty if we can——"

"How do you mean?"

"I think I should like to help them if I could," I said, blushing over my confession.

"Oh, a district visitor, and that sort of thing," he answered in an off-hand manner.

"Well, hardly that, if you mean invading poor people's houses to leave a tract. I don't think that sort of visiting does much good—certainly not the highest."

"You are ambitious, I see; do you ever expect to find the highest good in this world?"

"There is a certain ideal of good we ought to strive for, I think. We should never rest content short of the best that we can attain."

"Life is so very full of promise at your age! God grant you may realise your high ideals," he said, with a profound sigh—"I never did, though I had dreams once as you have; but destiny shaped my life and then left me a wreck. It might do the same for you."

"But good can never be wrecked," I urged.

"I say of good, as was once said of truth—what is it? For

in life I see much called good that is just the reverse, and much called bad that is so only in name; but these are questions, the answers to which we each must live to find for ourselves."

"Mary, dear, we are going," said my aunt. Colonel Stanhope followed us downstairs, and, to my surprise, as he was saying good-bye, he shook hands with me kindly, and sending conventionalities to the winds, whispered, "God bless you!"

I felt rather dazed during our drive home. Kind, gentle words have ever been sacred to me, and I treasured these in silence which Dolly strove to dissipate with her usual lively rattle, as she began—

"I declare, Aunt Jane, we must keep Mim at home. No one has the least chance with her. Did you ever see anything so determined as the way that melancholy-looking Colonel followed her about?"

"What would you do if you couldn't pay tithes to nonsense?" I said crossly, for I had been in an upper air, and was angry at her pulling me down to common earth. "I think Colonel Stanhope a very kind old man." And indeed, that is how I ever regarded him.

"Do you hear her, Aunt Jane, calling him an old man? Why he is not a bit older than Colonel Domville."

"And what is Colonel Domville but an old man?" I retorted.

"Oh, don't say so! He is much better than a young man, at any rate. I can't bear young men. I think Colonel Domville just at the right age to make his attentions worth having."

"Is Colonel Domville to be the 'grandfather,' then, Dolly? I hope not, for I don't like him," I said when we were alone together in our room.

"Don't say so, Mim," she cried, in a disappointed voice. "I think he is just the sort of man one could walk into a room with, and feel proud to say you belonged to."

"What an idea! Why, Dolly, life isn't spent walking into rooms in full dress," I exclaimed.

"I don't know about that; I think the better part of it is. Everything converges to that one point. It is what people scheme and contrive, and sell their souls for, in all grades of society. Take some of those people we saw to-night,—that Mrs. St. Vincent, for instance. Is there any conceivable meanness she would not commit if only she might thereby wind her way into the drawing-room of a Countess or a Duchess. So, you see, it is a great point in life; and as long as people are in the world they must conform to its customs."

"Bow down to its images, you mean," I interrupted.

"Well, yes; if you must go to King Nebuchadnezzar for a simile; and you will allow that it is pleasanter, and quite justifi-

able on the whole, seeing that these are not the days of miracles," she said, as she went on her knees before her *prie a dieu*, as was her nightly and morning custom. My thoughts meanwhile, returned to Colonel Stanhope's sad face and still sadder remark: "Destiny shaped my life and left me a wreck."

Are we, then, so powerless? Can fate blight us without our will? Questions, the answers to which I had yet to learn.

CHAPTER XI.

"Let your reason serve
To make the truth appear.

Measure for Measure.

A MONTH had passed since the evening of Mrs. Baines's At Home. Owing to Dolly's successful *débüt*, and the sensation she then created, we were soon launched upon the waters of Southport society.

Colonel Domville was unremitting in his attentions to her; both Aunt Jane and I regarded them as tending to but one conclusion, and we looked—at least I did—painfully towards the future.

He frequently spent the evening with us; but we had, as yet, never invited him formally to dinner.

"The fact is," said Aunt Jane, "I am afraid that our house-keeping would not be good enough for him, and your uncle is so odd, he won't make any change, for he thinks that what is good enough for him ought to satisfy his guests; which is absurd, of course, for every one does not like dining early, and——"

Here Dolly burst out laughing. "Oh, for pity sake, Aunt Jane, spare us a repetition of the knife-and-fork and plain-fare style of invitation. That does all very well for Mim's medical man, but I can fancy Colonel Domville's well-bred stare if we set him down to such a meal. Oh, no, if we ask Colonel Domville to dinner we must give a dinner-party."

"Yes, my dear," said my aunt dubiously. "I hope your uncle will be reasonable; I really feel that it is high time we returned some of these entertainments. What do you say to an At Home; they are so very much less trouble."

"I think the least we ought to do would be to ask Colonel Domville to dinner. It seems so odd, when a man has taken the trouble to come all the way from India to see us, that the only hospitality we offer him is a cup of tea!"

"My love, that is not the way to put it," said my aunt; "we should have been very glad to see him every day to dinner, were he not so oppressively grand. I feel as if our ordinary table, with

only a maid servant to hand his plate, would be so terribly out of keeping with his magnificence. It is very tiresome when people are such that you are afraid to break bread with them in a simple fashion, except in a church. Ah, dear, what nonsense it all is to be so grand !”

I doubted if Colonel Domville was the man to break bread even there with his fellow-creatures promiscuously.

“Well, Aunt Jane, what is to be the decision ? for I must get ready to go out,” said Dolly.

“I must only introduce the topic as skilfully as I can at breakfast to-morrow, and hear what your uncle has to say. Indeed, I think you are right. The Stanhopes ought to be invited, they have been so kind, calling every afternoon to take one of us for a drive ; and I should like to ask the Baines’s. Oh, yes, we must give a dinner-party ; but your uncle, he is a great obstacle to our having anything of the kind—he so hates it.”

“If he refuses I must only tell Colonel Domville the truth : that we are unable to show him any attention, owing to our eccentric relative who has a mania for plain fare and common people,” said Dolly, much put out.

Remembering that a hungry man is an angry man, my aunt waited until breakfast was nearly over the next morning before remarking quietly—

“I think, Medora, that we had better order the dinner from Wilkins, the confectioner. Mrs. Baines tells me he always supplies her parties, even to sending the waiters.”

“What is that for ?” inquired my uncle, bristling up.

“We are going to have a dinner-party,” said my aunt, who spoke as if the invitations had been issued. Colonel Domville, the Stanhopes, and the Baines.”

“And, pray, won’t the dinner we sit down to be good enough for them if you only increase the quantity ?” said my uncle, sarcastically.

“Hardly,” said Dolly, with a look of ineffable disdain.

“In what way, may I ask ?” he inquired, in the coldest manner.

“Colonel Domville is accustomed to everything in good style,” she replied, warming up ; “and I question the compliment of asking a man to leave his own good dinner, unless we can offer him one equally good to replace it.”

“There is reason in what you say, where it is applicable,” said my uncle, in a determined tone ; “but we have not the means to live in style, as you call it, if Colonel Domville has ; nor can we afford to keep footmen, thank God, and I’ll be shot if I allow any make-belief of the kind. If a man calls himself my friend, and

wants my society he is welcome to it, and I'll do my best to show him that I value his good feeling for me; but if he can't be entertained without the society of a couple of hired footmen and a confectioner's cook, then he had better only go where he can get them, for he shan't come here. I have lived longer in the world than you, my dear young lady, so let me give you one bit of wisdom I have learnt in my travels, and that is, that the homeliness of poverty shames the vulgarity of pretention. I defy you to get much *style* out of the income of a plain old sailor living on a government pension, and I don't want to pretend to anything beyond what I actually possess. Ask your friends and welcome, but to my style of living; and if they are worth knowing they will accept our hospitality as frankly as it is offered, and we shall be jolly enough; if not we are better without them. Every nation, my dear young lady, has learnt the secret of true hospitality but the English; for all an Englishman thinks of is what he shall give his friends to eat, and the entertainment in consequence is as cumbrous as the food. So much is spent on it that he is forced to keep his doors closed a length of time proportionate with the bill of fare; while a foreigner will see his friends all the year round for what it costs an Englishman to give one of his outrageously heavy feeds."

I thought Dolly was going to break down as she looked at my aunt in despair during my uncle's oration.

"I think you are pushing your hobbies and theories too far," said my aunt; "at any rate, since we have the misfortune to be English, we must conform to the habits and customs of our nation; and in this instance I mean to carry my point, and do as I like."

"What! the first lieutenant going to mutiny?" said my uncle, good humouredly; "this is something quite new. I see I must go ashore, if you are going to take command of the ship."

"Consider me the Admiral, and that you are only under orders," said my aunt, smiling. "That is a wife's true position in her house."

"I see I must be off," said my uncle, rising. "When a man's own wife turns against him there is an end of everything. Ah, men are great fools to marry! They clip their wings with a vengeance when they play that little game." And with that he saluted my aunt and left us.

"All's well that ends well," said Aunt Jane, looking pleased. "I never thought he would have given in so easily, except that men require a little determination now and then, otherwise they are apt to carry things with too high a hand. Now, girls, settle who you are going to ask."

Colonel Domville, of course," said Dolly, with interest, count-

ing on her fingers—"that makes one, and there's Mim's interesting young doctor."

"For pity sake, why will you label him mine? He is just as much yours," I interrupted.

"And Mim's still more interesting Colonel," she continued, giving me a smile; "and his sister—that makes four; Mr. and Mrs. Baines six; our four selves ten. Quite enough; we shall just be a very cosy, pleasant party."

"What do you say to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, our neighbours? She has been very kind to Mary. I think I should like to ask them," said my aunt—they make the dozen."

"Just as you please," said Dolly, discontentedly, not wishing exactly to say no. "They are not in society here: she is the daughter of a retired tradesman, and he is Heaven knows who! His father left him money enough to idle upon, so he makes out that he is a fine gentleman—at least, so Mrs. Baines says. She does not visit them."

"She might then, I think," said my aunt, "for a clergyman's wife should not be above visiting any one; and I am sure I see no objection to Mrs. Freeman. She is as lady-like as any one I meet; but of course, if you think Mrs. Baines would object to meet her, we won't ask her."

"Well, I don't think she would care to meet them, as Mrs. Baines—who is of a very good family—justly remarks: 'trade is only enduring when exceedingly well gilt,' and the Freemans haven't money enough to render people blind to their extraction. Mrs. Baines was astonished to hear that they had called on us; but there is no keeping some people in their places in this world," said Dolly.

"It is to be hoped Mrs. Baines will have the best society in heaven," I remarked; "I really don't know how some women will get on there if they don't."

"Dear Mim, you are very profane!" cried Dolly, reprovingly.

"But none the less true," I retorted; for Dolly's tendencies had not improved under Colonel Domville's influence, and I was glad to deal them a blow sometimes. It seemed to me so monstrous that Mrs. Freeman should not be asked to meet Mrs. Baines, because, forsooth, her father had earned his money in trade! If he had robbed or swindled, I could have understood Mrs. Baines's anxiety to follow the injunction of the Church and separate herself from sinners; but, as it was, I saw not a shadow of justification for her considering Mrs. Freeman unfit to sit at table with her.

No wonder many of us cry, when we see the sandy foundations upon which all society is based, for the day when "Thy kingdom come" shall be a reality, and not a longing. Would it not be well to help on that day, by protesting against the fallacy of calling that society *good* which is ruled by such unjust principles?

CHAPTER XII.

"In an aristocratical country like England, not trial by jury, but the dinner is the capital institution. It is the mode of doing honour to a stranger to invite him to eat—and has been for many hundred years. 'And they think,' says the Venetian traveller of 1500, 'no greater honour can be conferred or received, than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves; and they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in any distress.'"

Emerson on English Manners.

OUR dinner party being a settled thing—our friends having accepted—the only remaining anxiety was, how Uncle Worthington would act. Would he absent himself entirely? It was quite within the bounds of possibility. And if he did appear, would it be to disgrace us all by some outrageous costume, now that the necessity for an official uniform had ceased. He was so disagreeably sturdy on the point that every man had a right to enjoy himself after his own fashion, that not even my aunt was quite sure of him.

He was magnanimous to our weaknesses, however; for, to my amusement, as I was waiting in the drawing-room on the evening of our party I heard the door open cautiously, and saw him put his head round the corner. I trembled at first, not knowing what eccentric apparition might follow the head. But soon an ordinary Englishman appeared, clothed and in his right mind.

"Will I do, Mary?" he asked, looking quite ashamed at having lowered the flag of his principles.

I rewarded him by the prettiest flower I could find, which I pinned into his button-hole.

Dolly, on entering, was so pleased at the transformation that she made him a low curtsy, saying: "*Je vous fais mes compliments.*"

"Is she making fun of me?" he inquired, in a good-humoured tone of distress; for French was a dead language that he had left long ago in the Babel of the schoolroom.

"Indeed I am not," said Dolly; "I am too agreeably surprised. I shall have great pleasure in addressing you as my uncle this evening."

"I'll be hanged if I ever sing 'Rule, Britannia!' any more," he cried. "It says 'Britons never shall be slaves!' and if I am not as big a slave this moment as any in Africa, I don't know who is. From now until twelve o'clock to-night here I am, a prisoner, tricked out in these confounded clothes, with a parson's—or, rather, a waiter's—tie round my throat, a flower in my button-hole, that would far rather be blooming in the garden; and when I sit down to my own table I shall have a couple of hired flunkies inviting

me to eat my own dinner, and giving a professional sniff at my wines to see if they are worth drinking ; and the wife of my bosom across the table keeping her eye upon me to see if I am conducting myself to her satisfaction ; and my splendacious niece, Miss Medora——”

“That is right, be sure you don't call me Dolly before our guests,” said Dolly.

“By the way, Jane, is that nice little woman next door coming?” he said, abruptly.

“No, my dear.”

“Why not? I met her this afternoon, and said I hoped we should have the pleasure of seeing her this evening.”

“Dear! how provoking! I wish you hadn't,” said my aunt ; “the Baines's are coming—don't you know?”

“And then?”

“They are not in the same set, don't you see.”

“From all the deceits of the world, the flesh and the devil, good Lord, deliver us!” groaned my uncle.

“Please, dear, do defer your moralising until our dinner party is over. I know when you once get into one of these veins there is no pleasing you all the evening, and I want you to be particularly agreeable just now.”

We were interrupted by the entrance of Colonel Domville, who was the first to arrive, and seemed to cast a wet blanket over us all.

I instantly felt that our rooms had grown small and shabby, and that a palace alone was worthy of his ultra magnificence and supercilious air. As Aunt Jane had said, he was “oppressive.”

It was my uncle's first introduction, as he had studiously avoided him hitherto, and I expected every moment to hear him explode with an emphatic “Confound the fellow!”

One of Colonel Domville's remarks was not reassuring, as he said languidly : “I am growing quite weary of the barbarities of English life.”

“Why, sir, we have always been accustomed to look upon England as the home of civilisation,” said my uncle, in a most pompous manner.

“Possibly ; but, really, I find every one I meet so uninformed. I came home from India prepared to be so very much behind the age in ideas—quite rusty, in fact—but I find it is just the reverse.”

“A consolation to yourself, no doubt, sir,” said my uncle, with the bluntness of a Dr. Johnson ; there was something so menacing in the pronunciation of the “sir” that we all grew nervous, until Dolly came to the rescue with a remark that set Colonel Domville off discoursing on politics.

He was not really a learned man, but he liked to pass for one, by boring everybody with his views, ideas, and quotations. Poor Dolly! he quite dazzled her; she even went so far as to read the *Times'* leaders each day that he might find her up to the mark, which he eventually did.

Our party was a friendly and pleasant one, as we were all well acquainted by this time.

Mr. Addison, seeing me smile once or twice at my uncle during dinner, asked me the cause of my amusement.

"I am amused to see how thoroughly he is enjoying himself, notwithstanding his protests against society generally, and dinner parties in particular; but, oh, my poor little flower, how he has crushed it, when I did my best to beautify him."

"What a happy man to be so well looked after; I should have appreciated the care much better. But I have no one to supply me with these little attentions, and I am too hard worked to look after them myself. Work is a very stern fact, especially such work as mine, is it not, Miss Mary?"

"But it is very noble sort of work. I have often thought how *real* life must be to you; you see so much of its sadness. You deserve that others should supply you with the brightness and the flowers."

"The brightness and the flowers are not for me," he said, sadly.

"A mournful reminiscence," I thought, and I felt sorry that I had stupidly said the wrong thing. I turned the conversation by remarking how much I liked the Stanhopes. "I think I grew interested in them from your description," I continued; "and this was enhanced by finding that Colonel Stanhope had known my father and mother slightly, when they were alive."

"How singular. He is a very amiable man, is he not?"

"I like him immensely!" I replied, with enthusiasm.

"Dangerously expressive," said Mr. Addison, with a smile.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, slowly, looking earnestly out of his large, true eyes.

"Am I to consider myself in the witness-box or the confessional?" I answered, in an offended tone, "as the inquisitor in either case is a trifle overbold, I think."

"Don't be cruel, and say cutting things," he said, in a soft, disarming tone. "You spoke so kindly just now about my over-worked life, that I am sure you would not like to lay upon me the additional burden of having offended you."

I was penitent at once, and told him so. A little smile on either side sealed the matter, and I was free to watch my neighbours.

My uncle was showing that society could influence him into being most agreeable, for he was all attention to pretty Mrs. Baines.

Colonel Domville was evidently nearing a crisis, for Dolly looked decidedly confused once or twice. It pained me, as I watched, to think that she would marry the artificial man of the world at her side; for I knew, as surely as the sun would rise, that such would be her fate. She had such a craze about position, and wealth, and being sought by good society, as a woman of her beauty had every chance of being, that she would value, above all others the man who could offer her these advantages; and there he was at her side, thinking, no doubt, how well she would grace the head of his table.

"Do sing something to show off your voice," said Dolly to me, when we were in the drawing-room; "don't sing any of those stupid little quiet songs."

"If you talk of showing off I shall choke," I cried. "I should be for ever anticipating every difficult passage before I came to it, wondering how I was to get through it. You know I have told you my ideas about singing,—it requires intellect, heart, and voice to produce a true singer; the mind must therefore be concentrated on the subject, and the singer must be lost in the song."

"I wish you would learn common sense, Mim; you are for ever theorising or idealising, or some nonsense or another, all day long. How do you expect to rub through the world with all these fine sentimentalities attached to you like so many brambles, catching in everything? I tell you what will be the end of you. You will be like the man in the parable who fell among thieves; you will awake some fine morning and find yourself robbed and wounded."

"Very likely," I answered, with a sigh; "but is it not better in the long-run to be the unfortunate man than one of the thieves? And you forget, he had a grand antidote in the Good Samaritan. It is often worth being wounded to fall in with a good samaritan, it restores one's faith in one's kind, which we might otherwise fancy was made up of only thieves, Levites, and priests."

"How you speak! I am ashamed of you," she cried, reprovingly, as she opened the piano in readiness.

"The simile was your own, my dear; and the quotation hardly needs an apology."

My uncle's hearty laugh coming up stairs, as the gentlemen returned from the dining-room, showed that his dinner had not altogether so disagreed with his digestion, or principles as might have been expected.

Being quite at home with my audience, I was able to meet Dolly's wishes and "show off," when invited to sing.

When my song was over, Mr. Addison, who had turned over my leaves with unusual correctness, thanked me so warmly that I taxed him with being a musician, and asked him to sing.

"Well, if you won't be critical to my want of practice, I don't mind trying; but I will accompany myself."

He sat down like most gentlemen—who never look well, it must be owned, on a piano stool—and sang *Il mio tesoro*, in the most finished manner. He had a robust tenor voice of exquisite quality. I don't know what others thought, but I was so delighted that I exclaimed, "I don't believe that you are a doctor. You are Signor Somebody from the Italian Opera, and with your talent, and artistic feeling you ought to be there now instead of here."

"So you think singing to people just as good as curing them, do you?"

"Indeed, yes—I believe in the medicine of a little happiness—and to hear you sing would make any one happy."

"What pretty compliments you pay!" he said, with a pleased look.

"I don't call expressing the truth a compliment, it is only appreciation; and surely it is churlish and ungrateful not to give words to our thankfulness when we meet with any unexpected blessing. But why on earth did you not become a singer—you might have made your fortune?"

"I was very nearly doing so until I remembered how much music is debased by competition and trade, until one's genius and voice no longer represent celestial gifts, but marketable articles, out of which the trader who buys them reaps the larger gain very often. That is why I chose curing to singing."

"Where did you study?"

"In Italy, during my poor father's lifetime. I had a craze for the opera then. I hardly ever sing now. This is the first time that I have done so—out of my own house—since I came to Southport."

"But it will not be the last, I hope—you must not hide anything so good under a bushel; it would be selfish in you to do so. I shall impose on your good nature at once by asking you to sing a duet with me."

"As many as you please," and we began singing one duet after another, oblivious of the company present, who were severally engaged playing whist and talking.

"Now, Mr. Addison, I am going to extract a promise from you—you must come whenever you can and spend the evening with us, and practice."

But he only shook his head and smiled doubtfully.

"Why not?" I inquired with astonishment. "You don't think it wrong surely?"

"Wrong! What an idea! nothing so beautiful as music could ever be wrong in any form, except when a man feels it may become too dangerous a luxury," he said, with a smile. "I must postpone practising until I have earned a right to think of the brightness and flowers we spoke of at dinner, which are not for me as yet."

"How tiresome! I wish your 'yet' would make haste and come, then," I answered, thinking only of the duets.

"So do I, with all my heart," he returned, warmly.

I thought afterwards what a stupid speech I had made, and hoped that he would not misunderstand me; but I took comfort in thinking that he was not one of the class of men who for ever find some double meaning under the simplest expression, and that one always flattering to their vanity, or to the detriment of the woman who makes it.

CHAPTER XIII.

"SIR CHARLES.—'And how did he behave, madam?'"

"MISS HARDCASTLE.—'As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.'"

She Stoops to Conquer.

As soon as we were alone once more in our room, I noticed that Dolly was silent and abstracted. On other occasions we usually discussed the events of the evening, but to-night she sat absorbed.

"What is it, dear?" I whispered, as I knelt beside her. "You are fretting about something—don't keep it from me."

Her head sunk on my shoulder as I spoke, and she cried passionately, while I waited until her tears were exhausted.

"I know I am very stupid to cry, but I can't help it," she sobbed. "Mim, dear, I have promised to marry Colonel Domville! I should have been dreadfully disappointed if had not asked me, and now that he has done so I feel miserable."

"You have been over-wrought, dear; you will be better to-morrow. But how splendidly he must have asked you, to have done so before a room full of people, none of us in the least suspecting that we were in the vicinity of anything so romantic!"

"It was while you were singing those duets with Mr. Addison that he asked me. He said he hoped that I would not consider him premature in speaking thus soon; but as he was leaving Southport in a few days to spend several months at some German baths, to recruit his health after coming from India, he wished to learn my decision before he left. If I consented, he would return in the spring and be married. Of course I consented, as he called it;

but we were horridly matter-of-fact over the whole business. I was so angry; there was not the least poetry in his offer, and I felt as if he had cheated me out of the sweetest moment of a woman's life!"

"If it is the sweetest moment of a woman's life, I suspect it is the clumsiest of a man's," said I, trying to reconcile her. "You must only just think that he has offered you the highest honour that he could, although he did not select the most poetical mode of doing it; but how could you expect him to give you a kiss before us all?" I added, with a laugh, in which she joined. "Perhaps he will do so to-morrow."

"Don't mistake me, Mim," she exclaimed at last, blushing; "it was not *that* so much as feeling that we were more like a couple of old lawyers than a pair of lovers, which made me so unhappy;—but, as you say, he has offered me the best he could, so I must be content with the substance. He is very well off, and belongs to a first-rate family. I dare say we shall be very happy. After all, desperate love-matches are often only another name for terrible disappointments. Perhaps it is just as well we are not beginning in that way. He is very attentive, and admires me very much." And with that comforting conclusion her depression vanished.

There was only one little trouble in the background when all was settled, and Colonel Domville had gone, giving her several months to prepare for the marriage. There was no money to buy a trousseau. We had exactly three hundred and twenty pounds a-year between us, out of which we gave our aunt two hundred for our support; and the remaining sum was by no means enough to buy that expensive article known as a lady's trousseau.

"We should be positive beggars but for that two hundred a-year that——"

"Comes from Heaven know's where!" I cried; "there's something uncanny, as the Scotch say, about it. I don't like it."

"Do you know it has crossed my mind several times that it is Reginald who sends it to us. I shall be very curious to see if it is discontinued after we are married."

"Why not put the question to him, point blank?"

"How could I? the thing is impossible! The giver evidently does not want his, or her, left hand to know what the right hand is doing; hence it would be very bad taste to mention the matter to him in the first instance."

"I wonder what Aunt Jane would say?" I suggested.

"She can't help us. Uncle Worthington is as poor as Job, and I should hate crippling them in any way."

"I tell you what, if the worst comes to the worst, we must borrow the money. Uncle Worthington will go security, and I

will go out as a governess, then you can have my share until the debt is paid off."

"Are you mad?" she cried; "do you think that I would accept a trousseau on such conditions? What do you take me for? If the worst comes to the worst, as you say, I must do without any new clothes for this winter, and that will allow of my having a wedding dress; and then I shall just tell Reginald the truth, that as he has taken me for better for worse, he must put up with my lack of fine clothes, and content himself with my fine qualities instead," she added, with a merry laugh.

"And glad he ought to be to get them. I delight in you, Dolly; you will never sink in this life,—that is certain; you are sure of coming to the surface, whatever storms pass over you."

"Yes, I expect so. There is a good quantity of cork mixed with my humanity, which will always keep me afloat; but make haste, I hear the Stanhopes' carriage—you will be late for your drive. I shall be able to economise beautifully this winter in evening dresses, for, I forgot to tell you, Reginald has requested I will accept no invitations. He has a profound contempt for that Southport society—great nonsense on his part, for human nature is much the same everywhere."

"May I tell the Stanhopes of your engagement?"

"By all means! I don't care who knows it now. In fact, if it is not published, people will attribute my enforced retirement to disappointment, and say that I am wearing the willow. I have come to the conclusion that it is just as well to let people into your secrets, otherwise they invent for themselves, and often shoot wide of the mark."

"The mammon of unrighteousness sets us a good example in this respect; it takes such a deep interest in the affairs of others."

"But unfortunately it fails to follow it by supplying us with a trousseau," she added with a laugh as I left her.

"My sister is going to leave us," I remarked, casually, as we were driving that afternoon.

"Indeed!" said Miss Stanhope.

"Yes, she is going to be married to Colonel Domville on his return from Germany next spring. He has been most considerate in giving us ample time to prepare the trousseau," I said, as if we had thousands to spend on it. "I hope you will come to Southport for the event?"

"My brother finds the place agrees so well with him that we purpose remaining here for the winter."

"How very glad I am!"

Colonel Stanhope, usually so silent—at least, he had grown very

much so of late—smiled gratefully at me, as if he were pleased, and said—

“Won’t you come back with us when we return to Clynden after your sister’s marriage, if you don’t think you will die of *ennui* in our country house?”

“I shall be only too pleased to accept your invitation, if my aunt will spare me.”

“How charmed Amy Crofton will be to have you for a companion! She is the daughter of our old friends, Sir Miles and Lady Adelaide Crofton; and Arthur, their son, returns from India in the spring. As they are neighbours of ours, we shall not be quite so stupid as my brother would lead you to imagine.”

“As Clynden is in Hertfordshire, are you very far from the village of —, where we used to live when I was a child? My mother lies buried there.”

“We are quite near; not above six miles,” said Miss Stanhope. “I know the village well—we often drive there.”

“A double inducement for me to accept your kind invitation,” I said; “I should like to visit the place again.”

“So you shall, dear, when you come to us. I will arrange with your aunt that you return with us.”

It must have been a week later that Dolly and I were spending an idle half-hour together in the dining-room after dinner, talking about various things, but coming round at last to the one topic which chiefly interested us, how to make our hundred pounds, the sum we hoped to gather together for the trousseau, more elastic than usual, when we were interrupted by the arrival of letters, and the servant handed one to Dolly.

It looked a business letter. “A bill!” said Dolly. “Don’t I know the hideous blue envelopes, and ugly round commercial flourishes. But how is this, the post-mark is London? We don’t owe bills in London—do we, Mim?”

“Perhaps it is only an estimate about the jewel cases; but what a baby you are,—do be quick and open it!” I said, as she kept turning it over and over.

“Never tell me there is not a special Providence again!” she exclaimed, as she glanced at the contents. “Good gracious, Mim! only look!”

Leaning over her shoulder, I read the paper she held in her trembling fingers, which startled me.

It was the half of a Bank of England note for one thousand pounds!

In Heaven’s name where had it come from, and *why?* was my chief and harassing thought.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts of our choice of a calling, our marriage, our acquisition of an office, and the like; but in a silent thought by the wayside as we walk, which revises our entire manner of life."
Emerson on Spiritual Life.

Yes, there was no mistaking the fact; there it was in very pleasing figures, and from the same source that we received our annual income of two hundred a year.

We sat staring at it in surprise for some time. At length Dolly said:

"There is no longer any doubt in my mind as to whom we are indebted. It must be to Reginald."

"Yes, there is very little doubt of it; it was he, if you remember, who wrote about papa's death; he was his best friend, and then came poor mamma's tomb . . . and . . . he has finished it all by marrying you, and paying for your trousseau!" I exclaimed.

"You are right, Mim. Truly this is the poetry of love making," she said, joyously, "and has lifted an immense load from off my mind. How kind and good of him! You must really learn to love him as much as I do, Mim, and never speak slightly of him again."

"I won't promise to love him as well as you do, dear, for that might prove slightly inconvenient to us both; but I do feel most grateful, and will give him the finest wedding present I can get, since I must not go down upon my knees and thank him formally as our benefactor."

"On no account! You must never allude to it; for if he be the sender—and I feel certain that he is—he has some very good and delicate reason for doing so anonymously; and if he be not—why, then, how very awkward for us—for me, I mean, as he might object to my receiving it, and that would be exceedingly inconvenient. We must remain quite silent about it, except to Aunt and Uncle Worthington, who have been all along cognisant of the special providence watching over us."

"How I wish I could know for certain who the special providence is, and why he, or she, is so! I hate mysteries, and this one has dogged us ever since our poor mother died. Did not Aunt Jane try and find out something about it at the time?"

"Of course she did; she went up to London on purpose, and saw the banker who sends us all our cheques; but he was not to be drawn out on the subject. He simply said that he was acting in accordance with the instructions of a constituent."

"I declare I begin to feel afraid of it, Dolly!"

"The idea of being afraid of anything so substantial! I am only afraid of ghosts, and the dark, and death, and poverty; but not of this," she said, flourishing her bank-note over her head, as she left me to communicate the joyful intelligence to Aunt Jane.

Time wore on, autumn merging into winter, while we busied ourselves with preparations for the coming marriage. Dolly was in the highest spirits; and Colonel Domville, to do him justice, did not forget that he was an engaged man in point of letters, for every week he sent her long epistles, out of which Aunt Jane and I were every now and then treated to an "elegant extract." He would frequently enter on political questions: the advisability of this foreign measure, or that minister's policy, and ask Dolly what she thought on the matter.

Poor Dolly! who took all manner of governments by faith, asking no questions. The idea of his consulting her was most amusing.

"He is determined to improve your mind, Dolly," I said, laughing, as she read us out these portions, I hope he does not forget to say something more affectionate on the other side."

"I tell you what it is, Mim, I can't be teased with these subjects. You must read the papers for me, and write what you think, and I'll copy it. Who ever heard of a woman being asked to study politics when she was about to be married; she has something else to think of!"

"It is all your own fault, Dolly; you are such a quiz. I dare say you talked politics with him, or rather let him talk them with you, until he considered you were fit to be the wife of a prime minister."

"Of course I did; but then it was so different. I only had to look as if I understood all he said, and bow and say, 'Yes' or 'No,' or 'I think so,' or 'I am quite of your opinion,' and 'What a pity you are not in Parliament!' and so on; but it comes to be a different thing when one has to send a political article instead of a love-letter; so you must write the politics, Mim, and I will add 'Yours affectionately,' at the close!"

"My dear girl, I am as wise about politics as yourself. This comes of marrying such a very clever man. What will you do when you are married to him? He is sure to find out your deficiencies."

"I shall assert my supremacy, and forbid the subject. But what is the good of talking of the future? I shall trust the buoyancy of my temperament to float me over all the difficult seas that I may have to cross. Here, just hand me that newspaper; I

must see what I can do. He really writes capital letters, only they are fit for the papers, rather than my pocket."

"What does he say of himself?"

"That he is looking very well, and much stronger."

"Taken to dyeing his hair, you may depend upon it."

"What a wretch you are, Mim, to make such a suggestion!"

"I should not at all object to his doing so; it would make the difference between you less marked."

"But you forget I shall be twenty-one when I am married."

"And he is—what age?"

"Forty-nine."

"Only thirty years difference!" I said, sighing.

"No, dear, twenty-eight."

"It is all the same. He is years too old for you."

"I shall be angry with you presently if you continue in this lugubrious strain. Don't I tell you I prefer ripe fruit to green. What could a young man offer me who has his way to make in the world? for penniless girls as we are cannot hope for young men of fortune. So I have merely chosen a man whose fortune is made."

"You may be right," I answered; "feeling as you do, you are right; but, for my part, the individual is what I should look to, not his position or his pocket."

"Moonshine, my child! but then you are only nineteen; you will see things differently by-and-bye; besides, I shall make Reginald send for you when we are settled, then I shall be sure that you won't throw yourself away on some poverty-stricken creature like that young doctor, who would sing your common-sense out of you very soon. I must take care of you, or you will, with your insane notions of life, be doing something foolish."

"But never anything so absurd as marrying my grandfather!" I said, flinging a joke at her in retaliation.

The wedding was fixed for the seventeenth of May, and was to be the most fashionable in the annals of Southport. Dolly's retirement from society had enhanced her value; and all Southport were busy talking of her brilliant prospects. They had looked up Colonel Domville's name in the Blue Book and Army List, and, one and all, they pronounced him a first-rate match.

Mrs. St. Vincent, being by this time assured of our ultra-respectability, and that it was in advance of that held in common with cooks, congratulated my aunt most warmly on the desirable marriage her niece was making, and volunteered her three daughters as bridesmaids.

It was a bright afternoon, towards the end of April, that Colonel Domville arrived. Dolly awaited him in the drawing-room with the utmost composure. My aunt and I were much

more flurried and anxious that everything should be in keeping with our hero's magnificence. We had great difficulty in reconciling my uncle to a change of habits consequent upon Colonel Domville dining with us every evening; but the assurance that it would only last a fortnight reduced him to a state of reluctant, if not protesting, submission.

But to return to Colonel Domville's arrival. Thinking that he would prefer meeting Dolly alone, I suggested to my aunt that we vacated the drawing-room.

"My dear child, sit still where you are," said Dolly; "and you too, Aunt Jane. You need not be alarmed; we are not gushing lovers; whatever we may feel, we are far too well bred to show it. We leave all manifestation of feeling to the lower orders."

"I hope I may marry one of the lower orders, if that be the doctrine of the upper," I cried.

"Don't be absurd and talk nonsense——"

But Colonel Domville himself put an end to any further remark of hers, by arriving. He entered the room, looking superb.

He certainly had improved, and was looking quite ten years younger than when he left us; he had abandoned spectacles and substituted double eye-glasses, which were perched on his nose with a jaunty air. All traces of greyness had vanished in the mystery of dye.

He advanced towards Dolly, who had risen to meet him; taking her hand, he bowed over it, saying,

"I am charmed to see you looking so well, Medora;" then raising her hand to his lips he went through a ceremony much as if he were being presented at Court.

"Good Heavens!" I thought with a shiver, "what is the man's heart made of? Has he got one, I wonder, beating anywhere underneath all that superfine broadcloth, or has it curdled into politics? conventional stone that he is!"

He then shook hands with us. Oh! the long, lank fingers, and polished coldness of his touch, it made me creep all over with dislike, had he been our benefactor fifty times over, as Dolly had suggested. I could not endure to witness his manner to her; for she had a heart, I knew, worth something better than the ossification he had offered her, and which, I was grieved to see, she accepted so contentedly. What don't we accept in the name of fashion, position, and good breeding, falsely so called?

They set me thinking very much, especially one afternoon that I was all alone—which frequently happened now—a few days before the wedding. I began to fret very much at the prospect of losing my sister; what should I do with myself when she was married? Her absence would create a blank not easily filled up, for we had

never been parted. I wondered where I should find consolation, and then I thought what a number of lives there are in the world wearing the sombre uniform of sadness and disappointment. Could I hope to prove an exception? Is not life made up of broken idols? ideals that our hearts are for ever longing to realise, but unable to reach. Would they ever be ours in any future life eternal? And what did that mean, when there are so many who long to bury everything in eternal forgetfulness? How can they, if the dull grey shadows of this life extend by memory until the next?

Suddenly there flashed across my mind those terribly earnest words, "Hungry and ye fed me, sick and ye visited me, naked and ye clothed me." A higher life, or meaning to life, might be found in abrogating a lower, and a strong impulse imperatively bade me cease dreaming and live in acting, so might some poor lives be the richer for my existence. It was a moment in life wherein I was learning the sense of that great word *ought*, whereby the soul goes to acknowledge and understand its obligations. When good impulses visit us, are they not the voice of God in our souls. Precious moments these, when we gaze into realities with clearest vision, and see, as we have never yet seen, nor may never see again; for disregarded, or postponed, the heated lava of our minds takes no form, but cools to our destruction, and we come to regard our noblest thoughts with ignoble shame. What life is without such moments? None. Has not all the good effected in the world come from those fine souls who accepted their impulses as true inspirations, and *acted* upon them in the heat of enthusiasm.

Feeling action of some kind imperative, I wandered out alone into a poor quarter of the town, and found a child sitting in a gutter playing with a rain-puddle; as it was in rags and a likely object upon which I could expend some energy, I accosted it, and we became so far acquainted that he invited me home, and there I saw a glimpse of human misery which appalled me. The house was clean but bare; the father was lying sick unable to work; the mother sat with a babe at her breast, several other children stood about in all directions. She had pawned even the pair of boots off her feet, and they were literally starving. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and, their credit at the small provision shop being exhausted, they had had no food that day. Being Roman Catholics who had sent their children to a Protestant ragged school, they had offended all parties, and could claim but little protection from the spiritual authorities. The woman was crying, the sick man groaning; it was a deplorable sight!

"Had I not better get you a doctor?" I inquired.

She thanked me, and begged that I would ask Mr. Addison to come to them.

I started off, followed by the child, whom I supplied with provi-

sions from a small shop, sending him back to his mother. I feared to give them money, as I thought, in such a position of despair, it was likely to go in drink, and I confess that I could hardly blame them if it had. We are not half lenient enough to this vice of the poor. It is their *only* relaxation, or has been until very lately. Theirs is the dull treadmill of life, which to some minds becomes insupportable. The thirst for novelty, and enjoyment, which, in the rich and cultivated mind finds outlet in society, travelling, and the fine arts, in the poor man turns, in the absence of any other outlet, to drink. He is conscious of that mental agony, depression of spirits. If his mind be finely organised he triumphs over his despondency by taking comfort in religion, and those promised glories that are to balance his present privations, and so struggles on; but if he is formed of baser clay, he sinks by degrees, and accepts his only antidote, by forgetting his woes in drink. Our virtuous indignation is out of place, therefore, where we have not supplemented the public house by some enlightened substitute for brightening the weary monotony of their hard-worked lives.

I reached Mr. Addison's house and was invited to enter by the housekeeper.

"No, thank you—I won't go in; but I should be much obliged if you will ask Mr. Addison to come and speak to me for a moment. Will you say, Miss Mary Prior, if you please?"

He was in the dining-room and must have heard my voice, for he came out as I was speaking.

"What is it, Miss Prior? No one ill, I hope."

"Not at home, but I have just seen a most distressing case; will you come and see the poor creatures? The woman begged I would ask you to do so."

"With pleasure, if you can wait for five minutes; but pray come in and take a seat while you are waiting—I will not detain you long;" and before I could reply I found myself seated, and staring about me with surprise.

There was nothing in or about the room to indicate the house of a gentleman; the floor was bare of carpet; a large table and a few chairs completed the furniture, with the exception of a piano and bookcase, which I had not at first noticed.

I think my face must have worn some traces of its first blank astonishment on his return, as he remarked:

"I see that you don't approve of my abode; not much 'brightness and flowers' here," he added, smiling.

I coloured to think that he had read my thoughts so well, and explained: "I confess I find it difficult to reconcile what I see with what I know."

"You are very good to say so; but if you saw as much of pri-

vation and sorrow as I do, you would be glad to abdicate luxury. Perhaps I carry the point too far ; but then ' necessity has no law.' And now I am at your service."

I narrated the details of the case as we went along. On examining the poor man, he pronounced the sufferer in a hopeless state, and the scene which followed was distressing in the extreme.

"Is it not dreadful to witness such misery?" I cried, as we were walking home after having done all that we could for the woman and her unhappy family. "Why is such misery permitted, I wonder? This was a case, you say, that care and nourishment, given in time, might have saved."

"Oh, yes," he said, sadly. "It seems as if we were none of us half awake yet on this subject. 'The poor shall never cease out of the land;' and why? they are the tools and blessings of life. When we cease to feel that, they become a poison and a curse, revenging themselves on those who should have protected them." He continued talking earnestly for some time on this subject; and as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, like a second Felix, I trembled.

"I declare you frighten me," I cried. "What a dreadful world to be in!"

"It need not be," he said, smiling, "not if you create your own ideal world of right action, never resting satisfied short of the best possible, and walking steadily in it. You will then attract all true souls to you, as you in turn will be attracted, and the kinship of such is, thank God! not limited. The world is very full of them, although they sometimes shine now, as of old, in a darkness that comprehends them not until long after their sun has set—still they are the salt that keeps the world fresh and sweet, preserving it from decay and death."

"I fear that I shall never be among their number," I said, hopelessly; "and yet I long after some high ideal which finds but imperfect expression in my life."

"Then let your longing have free course, and it will lead you to the goal of your ambition. No one ever hungered or thirsted after a nobler state of being, or what is otherwise called righteousness, that did not fulfil their longing in the end. Trust your nature, the divine impulse within you to the very utmost, and obey your heart."

"I am afraid that I have taken you very much out of your way; and your time so valuable as it is," I remarked, when I found that we were opposite my uncle's gate.

"Never mind; you have quite repaid me," he said, as he held my hand at parting. "I like to have a glimpse into a person's soul as well as their face. You have kindly satisfied me with both. Good bye."

SPRINGTIME IN NORTH ITALY
AND THE TYROL.

PART II.

EXCEPT the slender and elegant campanile of the church of St. Lorenzo and two charnel houses under its cloisters, in which skulls, arms, legs, and other human bones, very artistically arranged, are exposed to view, there is not much to be seen in Chiavenna. The road from it to Colico runs along a rich valley of vineyards, mulberry and chestnut woods, shut in by lofty and dark mountains; the turbulent Maira runs by the side of the road, and is soon joined by the Lira, the two rivers frequently overflow their banks and inundate the valley. At Riva, at the head of Lake of Como, are large stone works and brush manufactories. Picturesque barges were waiting to be laden, and men were busy at their work on the quay; while but a short way on, by the road-side stood a little open chapel, its walls lined with the skulls of those who, perchance, had lived and worked where these, their descendants, now did not very many years before! Crossing the Adda, we passed along a road beside the Lake, supported by masonry and frequently covered in with galleries, into the Valteline valley, near the ruins of an old castle built by the Spaniards when they held Milan in the early part of the seventeenth century. Troops of cows and sheep were going through the valley—driven by women carrying large sunshades and smoking long pipes—women, without shoes, were up in the mulberry trees filling white sacks with the leaves, which were carried away in light charrettes for the silkworms of Lecco and Como.

At Colico we took leave of our driver, Franz—without much regret, for he had been but a surly guide during the three days we employed him,—and went on board the steamer, which was to carry us down the beautiful lake to Como. High mountain crags, touched with snow, veiled partially by light ascending clouds, and fronted by hills of rich verdure, on which villages, churches, and villas had perched themselves, bordered either side of the green, glassy water of the lake. We zigzagged from one side to the other, and gained partial views of the towns and villages, while the steamer waited for passengers.

At Varenna—which is, perhaps, more beautifully situated than any spot on the lake—we gained a good view of the division of the lake into its two branches of Como and Lecco;

they separate at Bellaggio, where, and at its opposite town of Cadenabbia, the olive, the orange, and the vine vie with each other in giving beauty to the gardens and marble staircases of the villas that stand close on the shore of the lake.

Above Moltrasio rises the dark Grand Monte Bisbino; and Cernobbio, the last town on the western side before Como, had an interest to us from its hotel, the Villa d'Este, having for many years been the home of the unhappy wife of George IV., Queen Caroline.

Passing between the two square stone piers, we entered the little port of Como, just early enough to go, after we had ordered our dinner at the Albergo San Angelo, to the Duomo and its neighbour the Broletto or Town-hall, the latter a long building—its front striped with alternate lines of black and white marble and patches of red—the former a fine specimen of Italian architecture, with a graceful cupola and a façade rich in marble carving and statues, among them those of the two Plinys, erected by the inhabitants of Como “to their fellow citizens” in the sixteenth century and placed in front of their cathedral. Within the Duomo the rich sunlight, before setting, produced indeed a marvellously fine effect—ruby gold, and turquoise shone on the floor and along the walls, reflected from the magnificent rose window of the western front and from those at the side, lately painted at Milan and presented by the Comaschi to their cathedral, which, begun by means of voluntary contributions, in the fourteenth century, has been continually enlarged and embellished in succeeding centuries by the citizens.

Our waiter at the Angelo, having few visitors besides ourselves to engage his attention, flitted continually round our table, talking very curious English. He told me that he was always glad to speak to English travellers; he had been some years before for a few months in New York, “and,” continued he, “de Inglese can I speak, but de pronungiacion—ah! it is forgotten of me.” After dinner we went along the quay to look at the monument to Como's great philosopher, Volta, hoping, as the moon was nearly at its full, that we should be able to see the statue in her light. She had, however, veiled herself in clouds before we reached the foot of the lofty pedestal on which it stands, and the outline was only shown to us by a few torches carried by some itinerant musicians, whose melodies were received with enthusiastic admiration by the light-hearted Italians.

Our next day's journey carried us from Como to Lecco in a carriage, and thence on by train to Bergamo and Verona. Our driver was good-tempered and intelligent, and gave us a good deal of information during our journey through a country as lovely as any we

had seen in the north of Italy. We left the city by the *Porta Milanese*; near the gate still stands an old tower. Our coachman told us this was believed to have been the exit from a subterranean road made by Frederic Barbarossa in the 12th century, from the castle of Baradello on the height above Camerlata. Of this road, he said, remains are still found in excavating for the new streets of Como. Our way ran through a rich garden of vines and figs, acacias, Indian corn, and tomatas; soft mountains protecting them, and soft lakes bathing their feet. At Cassano we saw a curious leaning bell tower, and near Lecco a large Capuchin convent on a height; opposite to it, on another height, stands a small and very ancient church, dedicated to St. Peter; our driver described it as "*la prima chiesa dopo la venuta di Cristo.*"

The view of the tower and lake as we crossed the Adda over a bridge into Lecco was extremely beautiful; but this was all we saw of this fashionable resort of the Milanese, for our train was nearly ready to start when we reached the station, and we were soon running by rail along the shores of the lake, which accompanied us nearly to cisano, where were the ruins of a fine old castle. At this end of the lake the Adda rushes out on its way by the Lago Pescate to Milan. At Bergamo, a city rich in specimens of mediæval architecture, and said by Italian tradition to have been the birth-place of the hero of pantomime, Harlequin, we changed carriages, and then proceeded through a rich, well-gardened country, with many mulberry trees, to Verona. The line runs by the modern fortifications of Verona for some time before it stops at the *Porta Nuova*, passing the detached forts that the Austrians have erected at short intervals outside the city walls, and the large barracks within them; the handsome streets bearing the names of "*Vittore Emanuele*" and "*Garibaldi*," through which we drove from the station, told that the Veronese had now sent away those who had made their city almost impregnable, and recovered for themselves the old amphitheatre they love so much, and the other monuments of art that had been permitted to fall into decay during the Austrian occupation. After establishing ourselves in the *Albergo delle due Torre*, with its many balconies and picturesque courtyard, we strolled out in the cool, dim evening; the streets were full of people like ourselves, enjoying a moderation in the heat, which had been great through the day. Cooking was going on at many open shops, sausages, cakes, fish were frying, and trattorias were full of merry, but not boisterous guests; boys were offering for sale sieves full of silkworms, and some had, also in sieves, chickens of a week old, soft little yellow balls, that looked scarce fit to leave the shelter of their mother's wing. On we went by shops temptingly displaying old point lace and curious glass till we reached the *Piazza dei*

Signori, where, surrounded by the palaces of the Scaligers, those grand lords of Verona, who governed the city as Capitani del Popolo from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, stands a colossal statue, of the purest white marble, of Dante. This statue, which is almost severe in its simplicity, is to me far more worthy of the poet than the more ornate one at Florence. He turns with a sad and thoughtful expression towards the house of Can Grande, the most magnificent of all the lords of the Scaligeri, who received Dante when driven from Florence into exile; the moon, peeping round the lofty campanile in the Piazza, shone full on the face of the poet, and her cold beams lighted up appropriately his massive and melancholy features.

The sun the next morning filled all Verona with brightness; in front of our hotel, beneath a large white umbrella, sat Ruskin, sketching the high Gothic canopy erected close to the church of Saint Anastasia, over the sarcophagus of the friend of the Scaligers, Guglielmo da Castelbarco; through the open doors of the beautiful church the sun threw his rays, and shone upon the fine marble flooring, the pictures, and the grotesque figures with which it is adorned. In the Piazza delle Erbe, the vegetable market at Verona, every stall was covered with a white umbrella; flowers drooped in the heat, poor fowls, tied by the legs, gasped for water; men in picturesque scantiness of attire lay idle in every shady spot they could find, while their partners of the weaker sex, though burnt brown and shiny, were active and bustling in the sale of their fruit and vegetables. The Adige, running swiftly by, glittered in the sun, and even the tombs of the Scaligeri, generally so gloomy, were lighted up, and looked white and bright as he shone upon them. The cathedral was undergoing restoration, and was a complete scene of dust and confusion. Titian's pictures were curtained, the Maffei and St. Agatha chapels boarded up, the fine screens of slender columns encumbered with rubbish, and workmen were busy scraping from the walls the plaster with which they had been covered, frescoes and bas-reliefs were showing themselves beneath, and we were amused with the energy and activity of a young priest, who had mounted a high ladder to scrape from what appeared to have been a group of the Holy Family, the plaster which still adhered to the wall on which it was painted.

From Verona to Mantua and back again, is an easy day's trip. The line runs near places where bloody battles were fought during the struggle in 1858, between the Austrians, the French, and the Italians,—Santa Lucia, Custoza, and Villa Franca—where the terms of peace were settled, and the war ended in 1859. No signs of warfare were now visible, the rich coloured soil was bringing forth its crops of wheat, graceful vines hung from their supporting

trees, the hay fields were full of mowers, large white oxen were drawing the laden carts, flowers of every colour lay like bright tapestry along the road-side. On reaching Mozzecane, the whole scene changed, and we passed long tracts of country under water. This continued until we arrived at the Mantua station, two miles from the city; and, indeed, it did not cease here, the views we gained from the omnibus windows were of marshes and lakes, caused by the wanderings of the River Mincio, and Mantua, looked a "city of waters" as we drove through the gateway of the long-covered bridge, called the Argine del Mulino,* which was built in the 12th century, between the two pieces of water by which Mantua is surrounded. Along the side of this bridge are twelve curious old mills named after, and each surmounted by the figure of one of the twelve Apostles. The water, which is higher on one side than the other, rushes under the bridge and turns the mills. Beneath the roof of the bridge on either side of its broad roadway are wooden huts, containing stores of rice, corn, and hay.

Little now remain in Mantua of the grandeur which in the days of the Gouzagas gained it the title of Mantova la Gloriosa, save the old buildings which have survived the destruction that time and war have brought to the city. These great palaces with their castellated battlements, high towers, and deep arches are now in most cases mingled with the more modern and ordinary houses, contrasting in their sombre heavy grandeur with the gay arcades of shops shaded by rich bright yellow blinds, which now form the streets of Mantua. We observed that most of these streets bore the double name of a saint, and a wild beast or bird, "St. Tomaso Leopardo," "St. Pietro, Aquila," &c., &c.

The courtyard of the Albergo Aquila d'oro, appeared to be a rendezvous for the visitors and for the master and servants of the inn. In one corner sat "boots," with his blacking-brush and other implements; in another the horses stood in a queer-looking stable, the cook, not quite so tidy and white as a Parisian "chef," occupied another with his larder; while in the middle mine host sat chatting with two or three friends. We gave our orders for dinner. "Sara prouto, tutto, tutto, signore," he said; but we had some doubts of finding it so when we saw him resume his conversation without giving any orders for its preparation. However, he was as good as his word; and when we returned to the inn, after lionising Mantua, we were provided with a dinner of many dishes in a large room with a wall of windows on one side, dividing it from the kitchen; so that we had the questionable advantage of seeing our repast cooked before it was brought to us.

* Argine—a dam, or embankment.

Of all the churches in Mantua, not excepting the Duomo, which which is built of red brick, the finest is the Basilica of St. Andrea. Large and richly ornamented with frescoes, with graceful arches and slender columns, it is surmounted by a grand cupolo. The chapels in its aisles are full of relics, monuments, and paintings, one of these represent our Saviour in a large straw hat, with Mary in the garden. Many offerings lay before the chapel of the Virgin, among them nosegays made entirely of the cocoons of silkworms. A photographer was busy taking views of the interior while we were there; he had with him a little troop of peasants, whom he grouped in different attitudes and combinations for his several views. It was amusing to see how interested they were in the work, and how anxious to look at what he had produced. The wall outside, near the great entrance to the church, is covered with marble slabs bearing long inscriptions to the dead. From the Basilica we went to the really old part of Mantua, to an assemblage of buildings, which, though now gradually falling into decay, still give evidence of what the city must have been in the days of yore.

Leaving the Castello di Corte, built as a palace and fortress for Gouzagas—used by the Austrians as a prison and as a public office, now battered and decaying—we pass on to a magnificent pile of buildings which comprises the Palazzo Imperiale, the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Corte Imperiale. The Gouzagas commenced this, which is considered one of the finest specimens of Italian architecture, the Austrians added to and richly decorated it; now a few of the finest rooms, painted in fresco by Giulio Romano, are given in charge to an old custode, who came gladly to our summons with a heavy bunch of keys; but the greater portion is either left to decay, turned into store-houses and barracks, or let out in lodgings to the poor of Mantua.

"Son qui trenti otto anni," said the old man, as he hobbled along. "Ho, veduto i Rei, la festività—eccoit giardino," he added, opening a shutter, and showing a tangled wilderness of flowers and weeds on a terrace—all that remained of the graceful "giardino pensile"—the Camera del Zodiaco, which looks like a celestial globe turned inside out, retains its bright and beautiful colouring.

"Tutto dipinto da Giulio Romano, sino da tre cento cinquante anni; non é mai, toccato!" he exclaimed, admiringly; but his enthusiasm was most displayed as he took us through the "camera degli specchii," a long ball-room, hung with mirrors of Venetian glass, and painted both on the ceiling and walls by Giulio Romano.

In the centre of the ceiling is a group of "Night" driving through the darkening sky in a chariot drawn by black horses.

From some points of view these horses have the curious appearance of moving as the spectator moves. The old man got quite excited as he pointed this out to me. "Si metta qui, signora, si metta la, vedi, i cavalli scampano, si, si, sempre scampano!"

But I must not linger to tell of the other beauties of the old palace—of the Sala di Troja with Giulio's frescoes of the Trojan War—of the Paradiso with the beautiful busts by Bernini of a duchess of the Gouzagas and her daughter—of the Scalcheria, where the guards met, and where the ceiling was supported by fine and varied colossal figures—we must leave them to the care of the old custode, who hoped—a vain hope—as we parted, that he should see the signora again.

Near the palace is an ancient tower, called the Torre della Gabbia, from an iron cage which projects from it, and in which in olden time criminals thought worthy of being put to shame were shut, and exposed to the public gaze.

The Ponte di San Giorgio shall close my sights of Mantua. It crosses the whole lake, and is nearly three thousand feet long; from it we obtained quite a panoramic view of the city; its towers and cupolas, its castles and palaces, and its modern buildings, all surrounded by water.

Pretty pictures of country life were passed as we drove back to the station. Here a mother with her bambino wending her way—there a troop of dark-eyed merry children leading to the cool fields the oxen that had worked through the day. At the Virgin's shrines, by the wayside, men were replacing with large, fresh, pink roses the flowers that had faded in the heat of the sun—while at frequent intervals troops of sheep and goats came along driven by boys, who looked as if they had walked out of the pictures of Murillo and Salvator Rosa.

English tourists returning from Rome after the Holy week, filled the train which was to carry us from Verona to Venice. With the usual Italian determination not to provide one more seat than was absolutely necessary, we were thrust into vacant places to be turned out immediately by those who had only just left them to obtain, for a moment, the very scanty refreshments provided at the station. At last, the officials found they must put on an additional carriage, and, with quite courtly politeness, they tried to make up for the inconvenience they had caused us. "La signora ne stara meglio," said the guard, as he lifted his silver banded cap, and closed the door of the carriage, which for some time had no occupants but ourselves. The Alps, with ruins of the old castles of the Scaligers, and many pretty modern villages skirted our road for some miles. At San Michel there is a very ancient convent, in which are said to have lived, as nuns, and died, the three grand-

daughters of Dante: Aligheria, Gemma, and Lucia. Passing Caldiero we reached the Sambonifacio station, which has an historical interest from its being near the bridge of Arcole, so celebrated in the wars of the first Napoleon, then on by Montebello to Vicenza, the old Roman city, beautified in later days and made rich in churches and palaces by Palladio, who died and was buried there in the 16th century; then Padua, passed now but visited afterwards, and so across the Brenta, by Dolo, beneath the range of the Carinthian Alps, to Mestre. Here we crossed the long bridge which carries the train over the Lagoon, and, running some miles along the shore, reached the Venice station, where, after a very lenient inspection of our luggage, we seated ourselves in the gondola sent to meet us from Barbese's hotel. On we glided, through many narrow canals, beneath low bridges, always keeping on the left side, our gondolieri shouting a warning cry as they turned with wonderful dexterity out of one canal into another; until at length the grand canal was reached, and we were landed at the garden steps of the hotel, first opposite to the beautiful church of Sta Maria della Salute.

To describe Venice, to speak of her canals and bridges, her churches and palaces, to attempt to paint her gradual decay and shabbiness made lovely and attractive by the beautiful colouring that clings to all within and around her,—all this would extend my paper far beyond its intended limits. I must leave it to others who may write of the "Queen of the Adriatic," and content myself with telling of some of the scenes I saw during our fortnight's stay at Barbese's.

Come with me into the garden the hotel after dinner; the flowers are filling the air with sweetness, the little fountain splashes in the centre; in front run softly the waters of the Grand Canal. The moon has risen, and her light catches the bright ferri da proba of the gondolas as they glide along. Opposite to the Palazzo Reale, where he is dining, the vessel of the Pasha of Egypt lies at anchor. Presently from its deck a rocket springs into the air, at this signal fires of green and red blaze out on the banks of the canal, showing distinctly the graceful buildings on either side, and making the gondolas, most of which have now gay coloured awnings, look like large butterflies skimming over the water. More rockets rise from other vessels; along the canal floats a procession of illuminated gondolas, headed by a barge garlanded with flowers, and carrying musicians who play on wind instruments and sing in chorus as they lead the way.

We will look and listen till the fires fade and the music dies in the distance, and then go to the Piazza di San Marco, to hear another band and to mingle with the gay crowd of Venetians who

walk up and down its gas-lighted arcades, or sit sipping coffee and ices outside Florian's and other cafés, while vendors of caramels and bonbons, boys with miniature tortoises, bright-eyed girls with baskets of bead work, and men with tin gondolas which have been made into inkstands, extol their wares with a musical cry, or pester you so merrily to buy, and reduce the price of their goods so willingly, that it is difficult to withstand their entreaties. From morning to night the Grand Canal, the highway of Venice is a series of pictures; while the rising sun is giving a pink glow to the grand cupola of the Salute Church, and burnishing the golden figure of Mercury that stands on the tower of the Custom House, long lines of gondola barges are floating down the stream, carrying all that is to supply the markets of Venice for the day. Large cans of milk brought from the Lido, fresh vegetables from the Mazorbo and Burano islands, fish packed in queer-shaped baskets hung outside the barge and dipping deep into the water, meat, bread, even water to fill the wells, which are only open once a day for an hour,—everything is brought into Venice and carried to its destination in gondolas; not a horse or cow, scarcely a dog or cat is to be seen within the narrow bridge-connected streets of the city. A little later and the canal is gay with the gondolas of those who use them as carriages. Ladies richly and daintily dressed recline on cushions beneath an awning of striped linen. At this, spring-time, few of the gondolas are covered with the heavy black roof or "falsa" they carry in the winter; in others are nurses with children, officers, senators, men of business. Every one in Venice rides in a gondola, even our omnibusses are represented, large gondolas carrying from thirty to sixty people, constantly ply from one part of the city to another. Still later, as the evening comes on and the short twilight hastens into night, the canal is dotted with fishermen's gondolas, and those of itinerant musicians, all carry a lamp at their prow, and look in the darkness like fireflies or glowworms flitting across the water. We took a gondola one morning to go to the Armenian convent, on the Island of San Lazaro. About an hour brought us to the entrance of the long, low range of buildings. We were admitted at once into the courtyard, and a young "Father" in spectacles soon came to show us over the convent. The fraternity consists of a president, nineteen fathers, and thirty scholars; literature and printing are the chief employments of its inmates, but religion, agriculture, and domestic occupations, are not neglected. Our guide, who was very lively and communicative, spoke fair English; he showed us in the library and museum many rare books and manuscripts; brought us the visitor's album, in which is the autograph of Lord Byron, who spent some time here to learn the Armenian language; took us to

the printing-room, where are presses made in London, and types for printing in no less than thirty-two languages; then to the room where books neatly bound and ready for sale were kept; to the plain but comfortably-furnished cells of the brothers; to the church; and at last to the gardens and fields, gathering for us in the former large bunches of roses; and crossing the latter to the "latteria," where in beautifully clean airy stables were four-and-twenty Swiss cows, fastened each to a post, but with plenty of room to move; these cows never leave their stable. "Restono sempre qui," said our guide, "ma i giovani sono al Lido." The leetel calves are taken across to the terra ferma, but the mammas stay at home." We shook hands at parting, and I expressed a wish that we might renew our acquaintance by his paying us a visit in England. "Non e' possibile, signora! here never—in de next world we may hope."

Another voyage took us to Murano, passing on our way the island of San Michele, on which is the public cemetery of Venice. Two or three funeral gondolas were lying off the island as we passed; they were low and square, quite black and with rowers in black. A portion of the cemetery is allotted to Protestant burials. It is here that James, the novelist, was buried. The wind rose as we neared Murano, and gave us quite a dance over the Lagoon. When we reached the landing-place our gondola was besieged by a troop of half-naked boys, who vied with each other in their attempts to earn a few centesimi by holding the boat steady. They followed us to the glass-works, pleading for money, and were then driven away by men who displayed the same begging propensities—indeed, mendicancy is more prevalent in Venice than in any place I have visited. "Centesimi, signora, centesimi, per l'amor di Dio," is more frequently heard there than the cry for "backsheesh" in Constantinople. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Venice really produces *nothing* to support its inhabitants, and that there are scarcely any trades or manufactures carried on there by which the lower classes can earn a livelihood.

Salviate's restoration of the old glass works at Murano, and also in Venice, has done something towards the employment of the people, but still many thousands of them have apparently little or nothing but what they obtain by begging to keep them from starving. The principal productions of the Murano glass-works are the bright-coloured beads and the bottles and glasses with delicate threads so well known as "Venetian glass." Wonderful dexterity was shown in handling the brittle substance, the beads were all filled, while soft, with fine white sand, to prevent the holes from closing, they were put in the furnace, and it was curious to see how quickly and yet how

delicately the men shook in large sieves the sand out of the beads after they had been baked, and how they drew into long tubes, cut and shaped, the heated lumps of blue, white, and red glass which were to form the many tinted flasks and drinking-cups they made. Salviati's manufactory at Venice produces glass of a far higher description. Here in one department are seen chandeliers and with wreaths of bright flowers and fruits, in another, the delicate works into which the gold besprinkled "*aventurino*" is introduced; while in a third, in various stages towards completion, from the heaps of square-cut glass to the nearly-finished picture, is carried on the manufacture of glass mosaic, now so largely employed in ornamental architecture. Several subjects, both for St. Mark's at Venice and for buildings in England were in progress. Among the latter was a fine full-length figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the gown of an Oxford D.C.L., intended for the South Kensington Museum. We were told it had taken eleven months to make, and that it would cost £140; "and then" added our informant, "we will not be paid, *de colours of de robe* are so rare."

As I have said, I must leave untold the visits paid to churches and palaces in Venice; but a few lines must be given to the marvellous pictures in the Academia and to the Cathedral of San Marco. In the Academia is Titian's grand gigantic picture of the "Assumption of the Virgin;" here, too, are his "Visitation of St. Elizabeth," said to have been his earliest work, and his sad, grey picture of the "Deposition," painted when he was ninety-eight years old, and finished by other hands after his death. And here is, to me, one of his most attractive pictures, the "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple."

Many artists were copying the paintings one day that we were in the Academia, among them was a pale, thin man, on whose easel was a nearly-finished copy of the "Presentation." It was much smaller than the original, but so beautiful that I ventured to tell him how successful he had been in reproducing, not only the colour, but the feeling of the great master in his copy.

He looked up with a flush of pleasure. "Ah, signora, è un opera divina," he said, "quest e per me travaglio d'amore, mi sembra come un' aria di musica; non n'è manca nulla, tutto é in armonia!"

Paul Veronese's grand pictures of "Our Saviour in the House of Levi"—of the "Virgin and Saints"—of "Angels bearing the instruments of our Lord's Passion"—Tintoretto's "Resurrection," and his still finer "Venetian Slave," with many marvellous works by Bellini, Bonifaccio Giorgione, and others, make the galleries of the Academia at Venice a rare and most attractive place of resort.

We went to St. Mark's, now in a state of restoration, under the

care of Salviati (with its dark and dirty, but yet gorgeous confusion, of arches, statues, mosaics, and gilding—its wavy flooring, and its dimly-lighted windows) on the Feast of Corpus Christi, when High Mass and a grand procession of the elements were to be performed. The church was crowded to such a degree that the red cords which were drawn on either side of the line of the procession had little power to keep back those who pressed against them—the air was heavy with incense and smoke—the organ peeled out loudly. For some time the ordinary bowings and genuflexions were carried on before the high altar; then the procession started. Men in scarlet cloaks, with immense candles, surrounded one who carried aloft a silver figure of St. Mark; behind them men in brown with smaller candles—they, followed by men in ordinary attire with still smaller candles—each of these had their satellites in the shape of ragged men and boys with little open paper bags into which they carefully collected the gutterings of wax which the bearers not only permitted, but in many cases assisted them to pick and scrape with pieces of lead from the candles they were carrying. Then came the Patriarch of Venice bearing the Pyx, under a gorgeous canopy, and followed by several richly-dressed priests. As he passed all knelt or reverently bowed the head. A peasant girl, who stood by me, touched me and said: “*S’inchina, signora,*” when she missed in me the sign of adoration.

I asked her afterwards how it was that the holy procession had been permitted to be broken by the men who had picked the wax from the candles. What appeared to me so strange seemed quite intelligible to her. “*Ah, soro poveri; é da vendere,*” she replied. And soon after passing by a chandler’s shop we saw several of the men within waiting while pieces of wax and little ends of candles were being weighed.

Boys were sitting astride on the beautiful lions in the Piazza, old women crouched on the steps, taking snuff out of open pieces of paper that lay on their laps, when presently the golden figures on the Torre dell’ Orologio struck the hour of two. In a moment a rustling, rushing sound was heard, and the whole Piazza was filled with blue and grey pigeons; some skimming low over our heads, others strutting tail erect and tame. A window in the left hand corner was opened, corn in abundance was thrown from it, and the feathered favourites of St. Mark’s soon devoured the food that is daily given to them at this hour, and for which they, with wonderful instinct and unvarying punctuality, flock from all parts of Venice to the Piazza.

To the Doge’s Palace and the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto and the large hospital near the church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, with thirteen hundred beds, where, separated according to their creeds,

but all equally well tended by the kind *suore di carità*, lay in long airy wards, with white marble floorings, sick Jews, Protestants, and Catholics. To all these I can give but this passing mention, and a few words about two more gondola processions must finish all I say of Venice.

The first, a sad but beautiful one, passed along the Grand Canal on its way to San Michele; it was the funeral of a Venetian officer. Two gondolas, filled with soldiers, who stood, preceded the one that bore the coffin; this was hung with exquisite flowers, and had on board many officers and priests. After it came another, with the band of the regiment playing the "Dead March," and then a long train of gondolas, with friends and spectators, moving slowly along, while from every gondola as they passed the sad procession received a mark of reverence—each gondolier doffed his cap and lowered his oar as the funeral boats approached him. The other procession was of a very different character. The Pasha of Egypt, who had left Venice to visit the King of Italy at Florence the week before, was to return to Venice, and to be received right regally at the station. We had spent the day in a gondola, going from palace to palace, till we were well nigh tired, when leaving the Chiesa dei Frari, where is Titian's fine picture of the Virgin and St. Francis over the Pesaro monument, we heard a military band, and on inquiry found it was the troops marching down to the station to receive the Khedive. Orders were given, and very promptly obeyed by our rowers, to make their way to the landing-place before the train from Florence came in. Almost from the start the voyage was exciting, for every gondola in Venice appeared to be making for the same spot; and as we got nearer and nearer to the scene of attraction the crowd of gondolas, open boats, barges, of everything that could float, even rafts made of one piece of timber, carrying reckless, ragged boys, was so great, that I almost regretted having ventured into the midst of them. However, our rowers carried us gallantly and skilfully through every danger, and succeeded at last in placing us almost in the foremost rank of the lines of gondolas drawn up to await the arrival of the Pasha. Royal gondolas hung with satin curtains of bright colours, the gondolier dressed in the same hue, were waiting for him also. He came soon, leading by the hand his little son Ibrahim, both dressed in dark blue, with a crimson fez. The guns fired, the bands played, and the people shouted as the Egyptians walked slowly to their gondolas; a gorgeous golden satin one received the Pasha and his son, the suite took their seats in others of crimson and blue, the servants and the luggage were deposited in two gaily painted steam tugs. Gondolas bearing singers and shaded by green branches floated by the side of the royal boats. Away they started, and then began such a race

as I fancy is now seldom seen in the quiet, sleepy canals of Venice. Our rowers entered fully into the spirit of the scene ; with wonderful quickness, and happily with equal dexterity ; they guided us between closely running gondolas, under bridges, round corners, always keeping the Pasha's procession in sight, till we reached the Grand Canal, and then we insisted on their slackening their speed that we might more quietly admire the beautiful and animated scene. From most of the old palaces hung long silken banners ; the vessels at anchor were dressed with many-coloured flags, every window, wall, and bridge was alive with human faces, and the green waters of the canal were literally covered with gondolas. It was almost a relief when about midway we saw the Pasha's gondolieri, to shorten their voyage, turn into a bye-canal, and we, leaving the crowd to follow them, were able to make our way quietly back to Barbesi's hotel.



LOVE ABIDES.

OH, they were clear and cloudless,
Those days of long ago,
Which shed upon life's springtide
A never-fading glow ;
In that bright dawn of day, love,
Which woke our hearts' first song,
When all the world was gay, love,
And you and I were young.

Our love hath not grown colder
Since first we learned to woo ;
For time can bring no old age
To hearts that still beat true.
Those days have passed away, love,
Yet not for them we long,
Though all the world was gay, love,
And you and I were young.

The charms that years have woven
So deftly round us too,
The joys, which now we cherish,
Then, love, we never knew ;
For ever since that day, love,
New treasures still unfold,
Though all is not so gay, love,
And you and I are old.

W. J. STEWART.

IRISH PRIDE.

By the Author of "Not all Fiction," "Whilst the Snowflakes Fell," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

THE September sunset gleams slantingly over an extensive, undulating park, backed by a glorious ascent of the mountain, and interwoven by a broad stream, that chatters to its green banks, and murmurs softly under the old wooden bridge, against whose moss-grown parapet are leaning two individuals. They are brother and sister—the youngest almost the last survivor of the proud race who for centuries possessed the surrounding lands, and dwelt within the grey castellated walls which rise loftily in the foreground.

De Burgh Towers the massive pile is styled, owned by De Burghs no longer. Its bill of sale and consequent change of proprietorship have just been effected, forbidding the loiterers on the bridge to call henceforth 'home' the abode wherein their fathers lived, and they themselves were born and reared.

A peculiarly Irish fate pronounces the general verdict; and verily as to the fact we must agree, affixing, however, a query as to what distinctive trait of race this fate may be attributed, seeing that Ireland's population is as mixed in descent as that of England, and more so than that of Scotland or of Wales. These luckless De Burghs, *par example*, retraced their name and lineage to the Anglo-Normans, that people characterised by contemporaneous historians as "more Irish than the Irish themselves"—*id est*, more rapacious, ferocious, uncivilised, perhaps more extravagant. At any rate, whether hereditary or acquired in their adopted nationality, this special family had during many generations developed and practised most efficiently a talent for spending money, and as relations seldom left them any, they were much too aristocratic to marry any, and it was very certain they never made any; so it came quite naturally and expectedly to pass, that after experiencing the successive preliminary conditions of embarrassment, debt, mortgage, they finally lost everything—"lost" being here understood in its common but improper Irish definition; for lost (English) means accidental deprivation, whereas the De Burghs saw their possessions float from them piecemeal, with eyes recklessly indifferent even to the present, utterly regardless of what the future might bring—that future which must make the present to some of their posterity.

Sternly the spirit of the old Sinaistic denunciation, "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children," attends and follows humanity. The children in the case under immediate discussion, innocent of the fault, were yet doomed to expiate it. To their parents had appertained the pleasure—such as it was—of wanton expenditure, and running into irretrievable debt. To them seemed fastened the life-long penalty of poverty and dependence. Cold, cruel destiny for the brother and sister to contemplate this fair September evening, as silently they stand side by side, apparently thinking the same thoughts, engaged in the same monotonous occupation of watching the rippling face of the water. What do they see there? What visions, shadowy, vague, is fancy conjuring out of each tiny wavelet? What memories of the past, dreams of the future, are floating through the young minds, whose 'windows' are bent so persistently on the swift, clear current, as now with snowy crest it foams over stone and shingle; now with a fluttering leaf thrown by autumn's despoiling hand on its bosom, it still pursues its way, on, on to its home, in the distant ocean.

Possibly that last picture illustrates rather vividly to one of the gazers the involuntary position he himself occupies on the perilous wave of misfortune; for Frank De Burgh suddenly demolishes his own and his sister's *Chateaux en Espagne*, and breaks the silence by exclaiming:

"Very dull work, this; are you not cold, Cecy? The sun is setting."

"But not set yet," she answers, lifting her eyes from the stream to where, above the firwood, rise the mountains, their summits crowned with the crimson and gold clouds of eventide, "This is the last time, remember, Frank, that we shall ever look at those hills, or lean against these dear old railings again."

"Yes, I know," Frank sighs, but his sanguine temperament reasserts itself quickly. "It may not be the last time, Cecy; what if I find lots of gold in Australia, return rich, and buy it all back again?"

"Buy it all back again." She repeats the words in a gladder tone, a light breaking in the sad, earnest eyes. "Frank, could that be possible?"

"Of course; provided when the time comes its new owner be willing to part with it. Perhaps, though, he may unluckily grow as fond of it as we are."

"Oh, I am sure he will not. Harriet says he quite agreed with Uncle Oliver that it was a desolate, ill kept old place."

"Yes, he is a friend of Uncle Oliver's (happy man), and is, moreover, head of the big agency firm, Lindores and Lindores, that do business for half the landed world, and are swimming in riches.

He was magnificently indifferent about this little cabin and cabbage garden, spending just half an hour, I believe, investigating the whole concern."

"And yet bought everything: furniture, pictures—even the old portraits."

"Wanted ancestors probably. Pity our crest and arms were not auctioned too," said Frank, half contemptuously, half jestingly. "Cecy, do look more cheery. Why cannot you see the fun of it?"

"Because I feel so utterly, utterly miserable!"

"Poor little Cecy! I wish you were coming to Australia with me, or that Harriet could take you to Africa."

"I don't want to go with Harriet. I wish I *could* go with you to Australia."

"But that is past wishing, Cecy. Grandmamma—the *terrible* grandmamma, as Harriet calls her—would not hear of such an arrangement. Now you have taken your farewell look, come."

Entwining his sister's arm within his, he half drew her down a dark pathway, leading to the house where (by the kind sufferance of Uncle Oliver's friend), its late owners had been permitted to stay till Frank's Australian outfit should be completed. All was ready now. Boxes packed, corded, even directed, stood in the wide vaulted hall, whose tessellated floor echoed drearily each footfall, as the two entered and crossed to the drawing-room, a spacious apartment panelled in oak, its time-worn massive furniture carved of the same sombre wood, and upholstered in velvet, faded by years into a misty indefiniteness of hue and texture. Certainly it seemed a queer freak of the buyer of De Burgh Towers, to include in his purchase such cumbrous, threadbare appendages; still queerer to wish to possess a series of old family portraits which had hung on the walls so long that they seemed part of them, and from out whose tarnished frames smiling ladies, coifféd almost as elaborately as nineteenth-century belles, courtly gentlemen in powdered wig and sword, looked calmly, indifferently down on their young ruined descendants.

All the living descendants are assembled beneath the painted ancestral gaze now; for in addition to Frank and Cecile, there stands by the mantelpiece the elder sister, the lately married Harriet. Very beautiful she is, tall, stately, commanding, with waves of auburn hair, rose-tinted cheek, and eyes whose radiance mocks the fire-light. Those eyes—that complexion, hair, and regal bearing had been Harriet's sole dowry, and had won her the admiration of a certain rather elderly, and very cross Mr. Fitzherbert, home on leave from his governorship in South Africa, whom she forthwith accepted and married, simply because he was rich, and heir presumptive to a title.

Riches and a title, that dual consummation of bliss, had formed Miss De Burgh's one ideal, one day-dream, one aspiration in life, in acquisition whereof, and considering such a very fair exchange, she offered beauty and grace. They were literally all she could offer; for besides being portionless, this beautiful being who looks physically as if nature had moulded her for an Empress, is intellectually incapable of standing with credit in the most junior class of the most ordinary national school. Not that she is a fool. Who dare apply that epithet to any one accomplishing a given *role* in life? (Her's had been to get married.) She is only uneducated, uncultured. Of the three R.'s it would be difficult to say which she hated most or practised least. She could not, for any consideration, localise her future home in South Africa, or tell whether it might be soonest reached by sailing round Cape Horn, or directing a train through the middle of India, or following the usual route thither. All she knows is that it must be a hot climate, as she had to order such dozens and dozens of muslins in her trousseau, and she would have preferred moirés and silks. Her brain or mind, or soul, or whatever may be the seat of comprehension and emotion is divided into three compartments, labelled respectively, "self," "dress," "admiration." The first compartment is the largest and best filled, the third, the smallest, for next to that physically peerless self, Harriet Fitzherbert loves adorning same individual. This, the last day she may spend in her girlhood's home, the last of Frank's stay in Ireland, she has devoted to trying on all manner of new costumes, *coiffures*, etc., etc.; and since it became time for her recently acquired French maid to pack away these treasures, she has been cogitating such future matters, as the amount of admiration (masculine), and envy (feminine), her beauty will excite in the colony. Whether the sun there will spoil her complexion, and how being styled "Her Excellency," and "Your Excellency" will sound, at which felicitous speculation she pauses before the mantelpiece mirror to contemplate therein Her Excellency. "Charming!" despite "the broken reflection" yielded by the glass, which displays across its surface a long seam or cleft, received at the hands of the late De Burgh, who looking into it once, when drunk and not overpleased with the representation afforded, instantly administered a sound knock to the unflattering thing, anathematising it unreservedly for making him so ugly. Cleft or whole, however, it could not make Harriet ugly, and in wrapt worship of her fair double, after a good half hour's homage she still stands as her brother and sister enter. She turns slightly.

"Oh, here you are, at last. Such a time as you have been out! I am dying for tea. What have you been doing?"

(The beautiful being's style of conversation is rather exclamatory and disjointed.)

"Bidding everything good-bye, every leaf on the trees, every ripple on the river, every rail of the old bridge, watching *our* last sun go down and moon rise. Haven't we been well employed, Harriet?"

Through the light words the voice rings sadly, but Mrs. Fitzherbert has not an acute ear for sentiment, and as her mental so comes her spoken judgment. "Absurd, Frank! and as to you, Cecy, wait till the terrible grandmamma catches you practising such nonsense and unpunctuality. It won't be good for you, I can tell you."

Cecy shudders to herself, but offers no answering remark, as she takes off her dew-drenched hat, and approaches the fire to dry thereat her equally dew-drenched raiment. Beside the legal, gorgeously apparelled personage, already stationed at the mantelpiece, the new-comer's small, slight form, clad in shabby limp muslin, shows poorly and insignificantly, neither has Cecile's, face any claim to perfection in feature or tinting. It is lighted, however, by eyes lustrous enough to bear comparison even with Harriet's, and it is fair, and soft, and pretty—expressive of some sweetness and a good deal of pride. She is past eighteen, but looks, and is, terribly childish for her years, having been debarred from mixing in grown-up society by her sagacious elder sister, till the latter was engaged to be married; at which happy era—three months since—Cecy was inducted into her first trained dress, her first bonnet, and shortly afterwards, at the wedding festival, found herself for the first time in her life dressed, addressed, and altogether treated as a bridesmaid and responsible young lady.

"Well, what have you been about besides bidding the leaves good-bye, and getting your clothes damp?" propounds Mrs. Fitzherbert, in a tone slightly mollified, as she administers to herself a cup of the delayed tea, and exchanges her standing position on the rug for a recumbent one on the sofa.

"We didn't do much else, except that I was wishing I could go with Frank to Australia, instead of living at The Jointure House with grandmamma."

"Good gracious!" ejaculates Harriet, solemnly. "What put such an idea into your head? As if it was not quite bad enough to think of Frank going out there to lower himself amongst those wretched convicts, and miners, and diggers," indignantly continues the young matron, whose idea of the fifth continent figures simply a huge prison, surrounded by gold mines, wherein the prisoners, chained in gangs, worked daily. She regarded alike all individuals, returned either wealthy or poor from Australia, as ticket-of-leave men.

"What can I do?" interposes Frank. "I have no profession,

very little education, a great desire to be rich, and too much pride to slave at home. You know, Fitzherbert refused my gracious offer to act as his secretary."

"Because you write such a dreadful hand," retorts Harriet, in extenuation of the governor, who had not accompanied his wife in her sisterly mission of seeing poor Frank and Cecile off, breaking their farewell to the Towers, etc., which mission she was accomplishing in the effective manner above noticed. "You would never do for a secretary, a—a man of business, Frank."

And she arranges her rings, remembering thoroughly all the time that Fitzherbert had promptly and resolutely declined his brother-in-law's proposal, on the simple ground that he did not intend marrying the whole family.

"You see, then, Australia is my only resource, and after all it may not be so bad. Uncle Oliver so strongly urges it, and says I shall be sure to return better off—those were his very words."

"Better off. How like Uncle Oliver! he seemed absolutely glad we were sold out. Tiresome, cross, snappish old man. I always found him much harder to get on with than even the terrible grandmamma herself; for to give *her* her due, so long as you dress tastefully, flirt successively and be the fashion, she will keep in good humour. You had better not carry that downcast face to The Jointure House, Cecy; she only tolerates bright, pretty people."

Here Mrs. Fitzherbert rising from the sofa, gladdens her eyes with another broken reflection. Then in a tone of admonition, addresses her brother and sister conjointly. "There is one piece of advice I give you both. Never forget that the blood of the De Burghs and Macnamaras flows in your veins—never forget your pride, *I shan't*."

Having emphatically delivered this valuable council, she summoned her French attendant (who fortunately spoke intelligible English), and swept queen-like from the room, leaving the two so united in affection—so soon to be separated in situation—to linger and talk till the candles burnt low, and the fire of mixed turf and wood cast a faint, fitful glare across the dim old portraits, which Cecile regarded in a more parental light than the grandmother, under whose care she must abide till Fortune's lamp should guide Frank to the nugget big enough to redeem from stranger hands the forfeited inheritance.

CHAPTER II.

THE TERRIBLE GRANDMAMA.

A FORM still erect, a face that in youth beautiful, in age is still handsome and striking, hazel eyes still bright and penetrating, shapely hands still eager for occupation. Such, by looking into the Jointure House drawing room this drear November afternoon, is the view to be obtained of Mrs. Macnamara, the terrible grandmamma.

She is knitting vigorously, and as she knits she talks equally vigorously in a style of conversation rather resembling the triangular pointed pieces that fall from her needles. Her tongue moreover, is a quicker, sharper instrument than even the needles—at least so people say.

Opposite, but with his chair drawn into closer contact with the fire than the lady would permit her yet smooth complexion to venture, sits her brother and present masculine head of her widowed establishment, Oliver Macnamara. Decidedly he is not, nor could ever have been, handsome. His meagre share of good looks, moreover, has been the reverse of increased by a long sojourn in an unhealthy foreign country, where, according to popular belief, he acquired money, according to his own statement “common sense,” and it seemed a consequent right to harass, censure, and admonish less lucky humanity. Being of a sardonic turn, he rather relishes his sister’s little invectives, and rewards her by reading aloud for her benefit such articles in the morning paper as relate to personal casualties or the general drooping and depraved state of the country.

Very tired of both the reading and the conversation, to which for two hours she has been an involuntary listener, stands near a window Cecile, engaged in binding up skeins of white cotton for grandmamma’s work. She has now been two months an inmate of the Jointure House, and has found it nowise a pleasanter place of abode than she prophesied to herself that September evening when she took farewell of home on the rustic bridge. Has she any right to be discontented? Ought she not rather to feel thankful for shelter, protection—any home at all under the circumstances? Compared with others similarly bereft, with the barefooted, ill-clad peasant, with the sickly toiler in city lanes and alleys, hers is a splendid lot? But is it not human nature to estimate human happiness from one’s own individual standpoint, and from this standpoint are we not much more prone to look enviously aloft at those above us in position, or around at those of our own level more prosperous (“lucky” we call it) than ourselves, than with grateful hearts to acknowledge exemption from the want and misery below us?

This poor, scantily-taught, proudly-born Cecily was no exception to humanity's general rule; and instead of gratitude for what had been vouchsafed her, the shadow of loneliness and desolation for what she had lost, was daily falling lower and lower on her spirits—a shadow deep as the November mist that shrouded in wintry gloom the outside world. She could not help disliking the present, she could not help regretting—living in the past, that sunny, careless, past, when she and Frank had kept house at the Tower almost alone (for Harriet did not trouble them much with her company), and the two had led a sort of gipsy existence: fishing in the stream, riding untrained shaggy ponies, wandering long summer mornings in the woods. Memory was fast bringing tears into the thinker's eyes, dimming her vision, and almost dropp'ng upon her work wherein, we must confess, no light-fingered adroitness is apparent in the way the skein is placed round the back of a chair, and slowly through divers vents and entanglements formed into a ball.

Mrs. Macnamara notes her granddaughter's inefficiency, and demands in a tone peremptorily requiring information: "Cecile, what are you doing?"

"Winding the cotton, grandmamma."

"Winding, indeed! In my young days, girls did as they were told properly; they were obedient, and felt a pleasure in being useful. But nowadays, so sure as you ask a young miss to do anything useful, so sure is she to wilfully spoil it. However, I shan't stand such modern nonsense; so rouse yourself, and remember I must have all those balls finished before dusk."

Thus admonished, Cecile contrived to disentangle and pursue her task more carefully for a few minutes. Then, a fresh sense of loneliness waking within her, she asks, very irrelevantly to what her grandmother has been saying:

"Does anybody *ever* come here, grandmamma?"

"Anybody ever come here?" repeats Mrs. Macnamara, testily. "What a silly question to ask; but I shall satisfy your curiosity for once, by informing you that very few people indeed come here. An old woman is not (nowadays) a very well-looked-after member of the community, and your uncle hates society."

"Society, as being interpreted by morning visits and visitors, or a couple of dozen people collected to a mild lunch, with after-piece of trying who shall hit hardest round formations of wood over smooth formations of turf, and, finale, hot temper and cold tea. Shouldn't any man of sense hate it!" growled Uncle Oliver; "and when Cecy is as old as I am she'll be of the same mind."

Which cheering prospect had not, however, the solacing effect on Cecy that might be expected.

"Besides, you'll see plenty of people when we go to town after Christmas," added Mrs. Macnamara. "We shall go up for the first drawing-room, where I am afraid, Cecy, you will not do me as much credit as the four daughters and the three granddaughters I have already presented there; *apropos*, I must initiate you into the proper deportment, behaviour, curtsy, etc., beforehand. It will be good exercise for you of an evening, and Uncle Oliver can act His Excellency."

"Excellency—humbug!" retorted Uncle Oliver. "Tell the girl simply what to do, or give her one lesson at most, and you may depend on it that in anything involving exercise of vanity, show, dress, dipping and curtsying, or other 'trap' for gaining notice or admiration, a woman—especially one akin to the Macnamaras—will do the part to perfection."

"How like a man that reasoning is!" snapped grandmamma. "Always telling us we 'make up' too much, while at the same time there is nothing so unpardonable in masculine eyes as awkwardness in a girl; lack of beauty may be excused, but an ungraceful movement is criticised and condemned without mercy. I foresee there will be trouble with Cecile; she is much shyer, more ill at ease than Harriet."

"But much more what the French call *gracieuse*," says Uncle Oliver, perhaps out of sheer opposition.

"Don't put nonsensical ideas into her head, Oliver. How could she be *gracieuse*, running wild in the country! and she need only look in the glass to be aware of her inferiority to my pretty Harriet. Ah! she *was* a beauty!"

"Yes, a good-looking animal," responds Mr. Macnamara, less enthusiastically. "Cecy, put on your hat, and take a run up and down the avenue; it will expand your muscles for the great training to be carried on this winter by Mrs. Macnamara, for the physical development of the new filly, prior to entering her fairly upon the matrimonial racecourse to win the best *parti* of the season. With what beautiful national appropriateness the farce of the 'Court Presentation' will follow the tragedy of being 'Sold out,'" he added, unheard, however, by Cecile, who departed to put on her hat, a good deal relieved, it must be owned, by the intelligence of the projected change to town; anywhere away from the dreary Jointure House. How thoroughly dreary it and all around it looked as she commenced her solitary promenade! No blue mountains nor rippling river meeting her sight as in old times; nothing but a rather circumscribed lawn, just now brown with autumn leaves and skirting it the plantation of Derrycarne, the country seat of the Macnamaras. This family mansion was, at present uninhabited, and its unpicturesque, low square architecture showed gloomily

through the trees, which made a very pervious screen in their wintry bareness. Larger, of course, but nearly as ugly as the ugly Jointure House itself, did her mother's ancient ancestral home look to Cecy's eyes now. Now—but she was destined to view those old grey walls again through a very different medium than that which clouded her spirit to-day.

CHAPTER III.

COMING OUT.

THE Dowager Mrs. Macnamara was a daughter of a younger branch of the old stock, whose name she still bore. Immensely "old" it was, running quite back into fable-land and extending its genealogical tree roots into the very primary strata of Milesian aristocracy. The days of Milesian glory, however, are, it is needless to say, long since over. The mornings of whiskey, the noons of duelling, the nights of claret, which formed, so to speak, the *renaissance* period in Milesian social prominence, departed likewise, and to the simple rank of country gentry obliged to observe the laws and exist after the manner of other mortals, were the descendants of the ancient Namara reduced when it devolves upon us to record a page in their family annals.

The dowager was wont to boast, she had lived her seventy years as became her great name and ancestry. At seventeen, in the fresh bloom of her remarkable beauty, she had made her début at the Viceregal Court. Of course (for those were the good old times, my dear), dozens, hundreds, of rival admirers, all sorts of conditions of men, from his grace to his reverence, instantly worshipped, fought, died at her shrine. At eighteen, in the midst of these triumphs and to the general consternation and despair of the masculine world, she married her cousin. The Macnamara, as he was styled the head of the Sept. He was a handsome, worthless individual, a good many years senior to the fair coquette, who accepted his addresses from no tenderer sentiment than pique at some fancied slight, she had received from the one her heart really preferred amongst her train of suitors. At thirty she was left a widow with four children; daughters, alas!—all; and all inheriting the high looks, high spirit, high temper of their race. Very regretful that Heaven had denied her a son to succeed to the entailed estate, which passed away to a more distant kinsman, Mrs. Macnamara still contrived to perform her duty, as a woman and a mother, towards the less feminine quartette by marrying off the sisters as quickly, eligibly, or ineligibly as she could.

She had herself introduced each in turn to whatever excellence led at Dublin Castle, and in later years untiringly fulfilled a

like parental office for successive granddaughters. Finally on this day (or night) of grace, 28th January, 186—, she is preparing to do the same for Cecile De Burgh—actually prepared, indeed, for she has already got into her *morie jupe*. Her velvet train has been fastened on. Lappets and diamonds adjusted, and majestic and sufficiently terrible, she descends to the sitting-room, where Cecile, arrayed in the regulation white of coming out, has been for some time ensconced. Her pulses beating very fast, and her colour varying like an April day, as this dreaded presentation for which grandmamma has been drilling her all the winter, draws nearer to realisation. She is sure—quite sure—she will curtsy badly, fall back on her train—do everything wrong, in fact—just as grandmamma has predicted.

But there is no help for it, the hour is come, and Uncle Oliver, looking horribly sardonic and meagre in his court-dress announces "The jobbed affair is at the door, madam," by which his audience understand the hired carriage is arrived. The maid assists in carefully arranging trains. The two ladies are safely stowed into the vehicle, Uncle Oliver's lank person occupies the small additional space left over and above the feminine paraphernalia, grandmamma sees once more she has the cards ready for the chamberlain, the door is slammed, and they are off—quickly enough for two or three minutes till they get into the more crowded thoroughfares, and are blocked, stopped, passed at intervals by the long line of carriages all proceeding to the same destination.

By slow degrees Dame Street is ascended. The courtyard of the castle reached, and at last, after such a wait, comes the Macnamara's turn for being admitted; and from the flickering rays of gas and lamps outside they enter into a blaze of light that fairly dazzles Cecy's eyes, as with her train carried anything but *comme il faut* on her arm, and feeling overwhelmingly shy, nervous, and miserable, she mounts the broad staircase beside composed grandmamma, and keeping close to the parental protection, stands silently amidst the groups of gorgeous uniforms, civil and military. The sweep of silk and velvet, the sheen of satin, and glimmer of pearl, which, past all enjoyment of the gay show, remind her of the approaching ordeal, special warnings whereof every instant recur as names are called, and, like the fading tints of a rainbow, bright forms vanish from the circling throng.

Presently Mrs. Macnamara touches admonitorily the trembling hand. Our little *débutante's* train is down as if by magic, the crowd traversed somehow, the inner sanctum reached—full stop—misty vision of a tall man, wearing a blue ribbon and glittering star, standing in front of a gilded diademmed chair. She is named. Her cheek receives the prescribed salutation; a few backward steps,

the silk lowered momentarily before representative royalty is again on her arm. The crowd again engulfs her, the viceregal presence is past, and it is over.

Cecy allows herself to breathe and raise her eyelids and look around at the ebbing and flowing tide of rank, fashion, and beauty, all so new and strange to her. Grandinamma, however, seems to know some people, and Uncle Oliver exchanges, dry, brief acknowledgments with various withered contemporaries. Her ears confusedly receive such phrases as "Rather a good drawing-room!" "How well" or "How badly so and so looks to-night!" At last her faculties are suddenly roused, and concentrated in an introduction made to herself. It is Uncle Oliver speaks this presentation, and he does so in his most sardonic tones:

"Cecy, here is your cousin, Fred Macnamara. Fred—Cecile; you had better shake hands, I suppose."

Cecile glances up shyly—too late to catch Mr. Fred Macnamara's angry frown at his elder relative's unceremoniousness—just in time to see the former's handsome face relit with its habitual gay, careless expression.

"Most happy to make the acquaintance of a cousin of whom I have heard so much!" he says, more gracefully than truthfully, considering that up to this moment he has been barely cognisant of the said cousin's existence.

Cecily, however, is too delighted by the unexpected kind tone to analyse the words, and her wretched timidity temporarily thawed she looks bright, and smiling, and pretty.

"Got through the presentation capitally, didn't you?" goes on Fred, in his slightly conceited *blase* manner.

"No, very badly, I'm afraid," and Cecy glances nervously at Grandinamma.

"Nonsense!" laughs Fred. "It's a horrid bore, of course, but must be got through, you know."

"Yes."

Cecy laughs a little also; but she is unaccustomed to the calm, fashionable, criticising stare wherewith Mr. Macnamara is at present honouring her, and she asks, confusedly: "Are your sisters here to-night?"

"No; on this occasion my august family is represented by myself *solus*. My elde-t sister, Fan, considers amusement a waste of valuable time. No 2, Lily, is not to make her *début* till the second drawing-room. But you will make their acquaintance presently. I, at any rate, shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon you to-morrow, if you allow me."

"Oh, thank you," flutters forth Cecily. She has time for no longer acknowledgments, as the surrounding crowd is dispersing.

Plumed heads, swords, trains, gold lace, float off and disappear. Uncle Oliver gives Grandmamma his supporting arm, Cecy is escorted by Fred, murmuring all manner of pretty things as only Fred can; the carriage is announced, the trio are replaced therein, and *en route* again.

"How many inches survive of your dress, Cecy?" demands Uncle Oliver.

She assures him it is *all* in the carriage.

"Fan? gloves?—wonderful, I declare, for a beginning! Wish, tLough, we had not come across that goose Fred; not a grain of sense in his whole composition; moreover, only a younger brother, wouldn't pay at all—eh, Sarah?"

But Mrs. Macnamara is too fatigued and sleepy to acquiesce or assent. The glare, and heat, and standing attitude of long duration, tell irresistibly on even the strongest constitution aged three score and ten. However, this physiological fact Grandmamma is slow to acknowledge.

"I don't know why I feel so tired," she enunciates, inquiringly, as she regains the threshold of her hired home in Mount Street.

"It is because you are too old for the sort of diversion you have just gone through," responds Uncle Oliver, unflatteringly. "You should have stayed at home, and let me do the same."

"Stayed at home! Fancy a drawing-room without *us*! or *my* granddaughter not properly introduced!"

"Oh, 'Irish Pride,'" chuckles Uncle Oliver.

"Irish pride! nonsense!" wrathfully repeats grandmamma, who hates this rather mystic and favourite expression of her brother's, which he has a fashion of applying in a descriptive manner to all his family except himself. "What is peculiar about *Irish* pride, I'd like to know."

"That it is the only thing in the country that never grows tired, or sleepy, or dies of old age," replies Uncle Oliver, as he lights his candle and marches off to his room.



PERSIAN DRINKING SONG.

BY HAFIZ.

Boy, bring me quick a cup of wine,
 In wine I hasten love to smother;
 And, as I quaff those draughts divine,
 Straight bring another—and another.

For wine is Love's sole remedy,
 And, boy, I am a suffering brother;
 From love I live in agony—
 I've drained my goblet—fetch another!

Like liquid fire throughout my frame
 It courses than the lightning quicker;
 Another goblet of the same:
 Another of the fiery liquor!

The roses fade, bright cheeks grow pale,
 Existence is becoming prosy;
 Since all around us seems to fail—
 Boy, bring once more the liquor rosy.

The nightingale—poetic bird,
 Her song suspended in a twinkling;
 What matter, so by us are heard,
 The winedrops in the beaker tinkling?

Sleep makes me blind to Time's sad lapse,
 And wine is Sleep's prolific mother;
 I fain would slumber; so, perhaps,
 Dear boy, you'd better fetch another.

Inebriated should I be
 (Or drunk would say a plainer speaker),
 Then quickly fetch, to sober me—
 Best antidote—another beaker.

Another, and another still;
 Thus, Hafiz, I, your poet, sing it.
 It may be good, it may be ill,
 I know not: all I say is, Bring it.

CHARLES DAVIES.

FACT AND FAITH.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON THEIR RELATION.

It is often said that we are living in an age of transition. There is, between the times of our fathers and the times in which we live, a distance which cannot be bridged over by years alone. The events which have happened during those years form the most momentous chapter in the yet unfolded history of the world. They separate us entirely from our fathers. There is scarcely a link left by which we can directly bring ourselves face to face with the days of mail-coaches. Discovery has opened up vast mines of knowledge which has been scattered far and wide. Curiosity has been excited, a new interest in life has been awakened. Ideas have become more comprehensive and more varied; and when men and women of to-day look back upon their youth it is generally in surprise at the wonderful effect which their experience with life has had upon them.

It is far easier to survey the past and complacently to contemplate our progress than it is to speculate upon the future. No person could possibly doubt the progress of human knowledge. But there are many that will doubt whether knowledge means happiness. Buddha, after years of deep thought, came to the conclusion that the origin of all evil was ignorance; that when perfect wisdom could be realised, misery and all human ill would vanish. The world is generally supposed to be older in knowledge and thought than it was when the illustrious founder of Buddhism sat beneath Bodhidruma, the tree of intelligence, but probably none would undertake to say that it is happier or better.

When people impatiently ask for the beneficial results of the spread of knowledge, they should gauge the extent of that knowledge and not expect too much. If we compare what we already know with what we have yet to learn, our acquired knowledge appears not great. Besides, there are very few who come up to a high standard of knowledge. It is true that there is among Englishmen of our time great mental activity. But that activity is directed mainly to the ordinary business of daily life. There is, indeed, much to be learnt. People may see, if they will only observe, the working of the vast machinery of a complex social system; they may see "that the world is governed by the combination of interests;" and that each individual has responsibilities to discharge as well as duties to perform. But it too frequently happens that individuals do not observe the inevitable laws which

govern their daily lives. That and all other observation and thought seems to be reserved for those whose business it is to think—for scholars, poets, and philosophers. And among these leaders of thought opinion is so various and conflicting that those who would fain be followers are often left in hopeless bewilderment, while the mass pay no regard to the conflict of theories, and contentedly maintain their mental repose.

“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of all wisdom,” sang the Psalmist. This is the germ from which all true knowledge springs. From this point the world takes a different aspect, chaos becomes order, uncertainty vanishes. It is from wilfully ignoring this vantage-ground that so many thoughtful men of the present day lose themselves in the ocean of speculation. Buddha knew not of the Living God. When, led on by the raging thirst for light which racked his soul, he forsook the world to dwell in caves, to roam over mountains and rocks and through lonely forests—for ever pondering over the unfathomable mysteries of being—how gladly would he have hailed these words. It is not too much to say that the founder of the religion of more than a third of mankind would have accepted with joy the solution of human doubts and fears offered by our Holy Scriptures.

But the leaders of the philosophy of this waning nineteenth century do not base their theories of things upon this postulate of wisdom. They care not to rest in the security of God’s Word. On the contrary, they turn round on that which has been their friend and guide, and seek to disown it. The every-day philosopher will doubtless have noticed that the man who may have been the means of saving his friend, of guiding him through dark and troublesome times, is generally discarded when the danger is past. Then the saved man emerges into the world of success; and he likes not, in the time of fortune, to be reminded of the time of misfortune by the presence of the man who brought him to his present date of security. He wishes to protect his feeling of self-sufficiency, and he would be sorry that others should think, or that he should be reminded that he is indebted to another for the enjoyment of his present position.

Indeed, the Bible has already shared, in some degree, the usual fate of books. It has inspired all the scientific philosophy of the western world; it has presented to man a picture of the origin of things which he was able to comprehend with more or less facility. But when the mind of man had grown with increasing knowledge that picture was found to be inconsistent in parts with possibility. And then learned men of science, all flushed with their discovery, hastened “with full-blown pride” to lay bare the *errors* of the Bible, forgetting the law of the progressiveness of the human mind,

and that the Word of God was given to man as he was capable of receiving it. The same with books on science. Treatises were written twenty years ago, which excited wonder and stimulated inquiry as much as those of the present day. But if these volumes are re-perused at the present time the case is quite different. Instead of firing the intellect and arousing the spirit they probably call forth only a languid smile of contempt. On each page the reader conceives that he finds inaccuracies, and in passing his animadversions upon these blemishes he forgets that the books were the means of putting him into possession of his present intellectual treasures.

Modern schools of philosophy have diverged in different degrees from the doctrines of their fathers. But the domain of religion is not regarded by any of them as holy ground. Indeed, Max-Müller's description of their attitude towards religion is only too generally true: "with others it stands on a level with alchemy and astrology, a mere tissue of errors or hallucinations, far beneath the notice of the man of science." Everything which cannot be demonstrably proved as fact is unworthy of credence. A belief in the supernatural is childish; the idea of a father watching over and guiding the lives of his children on earth is rejected by all of them as growing out of the want of self-dependence in man; the fit and proper guide of our lives is our reason.

What has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the great inventions and the great discoveries which are so much the boast of these profound reasoners? Was it all reason? Was it not the imagination which led men on, and the reason which followed, classifying and arranging? Did not the conception spring from the imagination, and not from the reason? When it is said that our wisdom has increased, and that our minds have widened, let it not be thought to be all due to the reasoning faculty. Without imagination ideas could not exist. Reason brings ideas within the compass of the human understanding. But the human mind without imagination is like the steam engine without the steam.

When it is urged as a reason for discarding the Bible that it is nothing better than a beautiful poem, that what are given as facts are often merely metaphors, that imagery and fact are so intermingled as to be undistinguishable; when this plea is put forward by men who professedly deal with nothing but scientifically-proved fact, they should remember that it is the imagination which soars away from the poor capacity of human comprehension, and enables man to anticipate the discoveries of succeeding generations. And what does the word *imagination* denote when used in this sense? Does it not mean faith in the existence of facts not yet known—the dark gropings of the finite in its struggle to approach the infinite?

Let men of science say what they please, they *have faith* in the Infinite—the Divine. They have within them, in common with all mankind, a faith given them by their Father in heaven, to enable them to seek Him and to realise His presence in everything they see. Max. Muller calls it the 'faculty of faith' and gives good reason for doing so:—"As there is a faculty of speech, independent of all historical forms of language, so we may speak of a faculty of faith in man, independent of all historical religions. If we say that it is religion that distinguishes man from the animal, we do not mean the Christian or Jewish religion only, we do not mean any special religion; but we mean a mental faculty, that faculty which, independent of—nay, in spite of, sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names, and under varying disguises."*

And this view has received the confirmation of one of the foremost champions of modern science:—"There must ever remain therefore two antithetical modes of mental action. Throughout all future time, as now, the human mind may occupy itself, not only with ascertained phenomena and their relations, but also with that unascertained something which phenomena and their relations imply. Hence if knowledge cannot monopolise consciousness, if it must always continue possible for the mind to dwell upon that which transcends knowledge, then there can never cease to be a place for something of the nature of Religion; since Religion under all its forms is distinguished from everything else in this, that its subject matter is that which passes the sphere of experience."†

Mr. Spencer, in that rational and catholic spirit which characterises his entire work, endeavours to show that it is possible for theologians and scientists to quit their several battlements, and to meet in the neutral ground which lay between them: for each side possesses part of the truth, and it only requires that each side should recognise and appropriate the part of the opposite side to establish the truth in its entirety. This is a consummation to make the mind burn with desire to witness. Both religion and science declare as their object the well-being of mankind. Their antagonism weakens the hands of both; their union would make a wondrous power. Müller has shown that religion may really and truly be considered and studied as a science. Spencer has shown that science must ever contain an element of religion. Then why should they not combine? From having so long considered them antagonistic, this may appear impossible. And yet there are good reasons for believing that such a combination will ultimately take place.

* "Science of Religion," Lecture I., Max Müller. Want of space alone prevents us from giving at length the reasoning upon this point.

† "First Principles," part i., cap. i., 4.

The great Aryan family of mankind has ever retained, under the altering influences of the different climates to which they have roamed, the exercise of the highest faculty, the faculty of faith. That family has spread over Europe, and across the Atlantic to America; and wherever it has gone it has carried with it that worship which Max-Müller thus describes: "But if that had to be characterised by one word I should venture to call it a worship of God in Nature, of God as appearing behind the gorgeous veil of nature, rather than as hidden behind the veil of the sanctuary of the human heart."*

The Teutons, the most vigorous part of the Aryan family, are only realising what had been conceived by their fathers, only working out the natural result of their religious predilections and vindicating their natural genius, by leading discovery and science, and pointing the way where vast truths may yet be found. Nature presented the same face to the primitive Aryans as she does to the Aryan nations at the present time. The ancients beheld the wonders by which they were surrounded, and gave utterance to their awe of the Hidden Cause of so much grandeur. Their thoughts crystallised into the forms of language, and gradually expanded with the expanding ideas of succeeding generations, till at last the dream of the poet, the yearning to know something of the Being "behind the gorgeous veil of nature," the faith in facts unknown, was rewarded and realised. A long, long preparation was required for the human mind to receive the light which science has given to it. It was necessary that man should struggle for light, and thus prepare himself to receive it. But the glorious time has come when all the world may know that it is given to the Teutonic element of the Aryan family—the family of worshippers of God in Nature—to teach all mankind of the wondrous ways in which God rules the Universe.

But although this may be the lofty part reserved for the Teutonic element of Aryan blood, in the acting of the great drama which we call the history of man, yet it must not be denied that there are appearances which seem to contradict such hopes. We have seen, as the result of the increase of scientific knowledge, that the Bible has been degraded from its own peculiar and holy place, and that it has been subjected to searching criticism. We know too well that it has been discarded by many as a fable. And we know, too, that when the received religion was thus cast aside scientific knowledge was all the time growing. The material absorbed the attention of thoughtful men, and very naturally atheism increased. It may be that the new light let in upon the

* "Science of Religion," Lecture iii.

human mind was so great and dazzling as to destroy the proper balance of man's faculties. But, if we want to gain a truer insight into the present state of religion, let it be remembered that the natural genius of the Aryan family finds its proper theme in the works of nature and its proper worship in the adoration of their Author. Let it be remembered, too, that the received religion was based upon Semitic religion—Semitic religion as developed in the Old Testament. It will then be seen that it was not unnatural, when the light of science waxed brighter, that the Mosaic part of the religion of the Bible did not correspond to Aryan feeling. The Aryan mind felt itself at home in the realm of science, and recoiled from the religion of the Old Testament, which was adapted to the genius of the Semitic World, the worshippers of "God in History."* The genesis of the earth was found irreconcilable with the deductions of science; faith was shaken, and soon the mind oscillated from the spiritual to the material. But when the mind of man shall have recovered itself, when it shall have re-oscillated from the material to the spiritual, when the natural want of man for a religion shall have re-asserted itself,—then the present condition of the domain of science will be looked upon as transitory, and all mankind—the most advanced searcher into the great world of the unknown, as well as the humblest and poorest among men—will recognise that religion is a necessity, and that man's only true resting-place, his only true consoler, his greatest helper and surest guide in his great onward journey, will ever be found in the universal and mighty religion of Christ.

Those who think that this is impossible—those who think that Christianity is necessarily opposed to science, form but a very poor conception of their religion, a very limited and narrow view of its scope and meaning. We will borrow the eloquent language of an eminent living philosopher to express the relation between Science and Christianity—a philosopher who has founded a new science, a science which has rendered the word "pre-historic" little less than a meaningless term, and by the aid of which the history of man has been mapped out from the very first utterance of the workings of the human mind. He says "*Humanity* is a word which you look for in vain in Plato or Aristotle; the idea of mankind as one family, as the children of one God, is an idea of Christian growth; and the science of mankind, is a science which without Christianity would never have sprung into life. When people had been taught to look on all men as brethren, then, and then only, did the variety of human speech present itself as a problem that called for a solution in the eyes of thoughtful observers; and I therefore date the real beginning of the science of language from the first day of Pentecost.

* Max Muller thus distinguishes the religion of the Semitic world.

After that day of cloven tongues a new light is spreading over the world, and objects rise into view which had been hidden from the eyes of the nations of antiquity. Old words assume a new meaning, old problems a new interest, old sciences a new purpose. The common origin of mankind, the differences of race and language, the susceptibility of all nations of the highest mental culture,—these become, in the new world in which we live, problems of scientific, because of more than scientific interest. It is no valid objection that so many centuries should have elapsed before the spirit which Christianity infused into every branch of scientific inquiry produced visible results. We see in the oaken fleet which rides the ocean, the small acorn which was buried in the ground hundreds of years ago; and we recognise in the philosophy of Albertus Magnus, though nearly 1200 years after the death of Christ, in the aspirations of Kepler, and in the researches of the greatest philosophers of our own age, the sound of that key-note of thought which had been struck for the first time by the Apostle of the Gentiles: ‘For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead!’*

And the vigorous Teutonic element of the Aryan family, which has caught the sound of that “key-note of thought,” and which has boldly trodden a portion of the toilsome path which leads to the height of human knowledge—this element of mankind seems, of all others, the best adapted to give to Christianity the fullest appreciation, and by its intense force and vitality to realise the wonderful, the divine wisdom of the Nazarene, and to spread it far and wide over the earth’s surface. To the Teuton is confided the advance of science and the cultivation of the human mind, and to his care is confided the sacred ark of Christianity. So far from being antagonistic in their nature and their objects, the great and lofty destinies of both are to be worked out conjointly and by the same hands—the one assisting and blending with the other in the common object to elevate and to save mankind.

* Max Müller.—“Science of Language,” Lecture iv.

TURKEY :

ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND RESOURCES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART VI.

MAMMALIA.—(Continued.)

THE tiger, notwithstanding its wide distribution, extending from Southern Asia to the cold plains of Tartary, is not apparently a denizen of Turkey in Asia. Its place is taken by that great spotted feline, known as the "nimr" or "namer" of the Old Testament, which has infested the Syrian mountains from olden times, and is still known to the Arabs by the same name of "namr." This variety of leopard, or rather of panther, is considerably below the stature of a lioness, but is very heavy in proportion to its bulk. The spots are rather more irregular, and the colour more mixed with whitish, than in the other pantherine felinæ, except in the instance of the *Felis uncia* or *Felis Irbis* of High Asia, which is shaggy and almost white. It is a nocturnal, cat-like animal in its habits, dangerous to all domestic cattle and sometimes even to man. Russell says he heard of persons being attacked by panthers in the night between Latakiah and Tripoli. Paul Lucas also makes mention of an encounter he had with a tiger (no doubt a panther), in the Kastravan mountains. The animals, Russell adds, which were brought to Aleppo from the mountains were rather larger than the panther described by Buffon—that is nearer four feet in length. The panther met with in Amanus and Taurus, and which may be said to belong to all Asia Minor, having been seen on Mount Ida, above ancient Troy, is apparently a larger species than the Syrian Nimr. It abounds in Amanus, and we have counted no less than six individuals disturbed during a morning's shooting in a wide and grassy valley, at the foot of Amanus, which also abounded in gazelles and bustards. Leopards are also said to be met with in the Kurdish mountains.

A maneless variety of the hunting tiger—distinguished by some naturalists from *Felis jubata* by the title of *F. venatica*, the "Faadh" of the Arabs—is not uncommon in the forests of the Lower Tigris and Euphrates. A specimen, exhibiting all the docility of the Persian Yuse, which is even trained to hunting, was domesticated at the Baghdad Residency. We have met it when shooting in the forests, when alone and perfectly quiet, sitting

within a few yards distance, in little open glades, scratching, or rather playing, with its paws, and purring like a cat.

The Lynx ("vashak" of the Turks, "ris" of the Slavonians, "lingheon" of the Dacians, "rissos" of the Greeks, and "wushak" of the Arabs) is met with in most mountainous forest districts. The fur, Russell tells us, is much esteemed, and fetches a high price in Aleppo: the skin on the breast and belly, where the hair is long and finely spotted, being most valued. "Judging," says the same writer, "from the skins brought from Russia, the animal would appear to be larger than those of the nither parts of Taurus, but in respect to the length and softness of the hair, and beauty of the spots, the lynxes I have seen alive from Marash seem not inferior." The black-eared lynx, or Persian lynx, is also by no means uncommon on the woody slopes of Amanus. There is a village in Cilicia, named after this animal—Kara Kulak—its Turkish name. Mr. Tristram caught a specimen of the hooded lynx (*Felis chaus*) in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea. It is this species which probably led Buffon to say that the lynxes of the Levant are not spotted.

It is a curious circumstance that the cat, now domesticated throughout Turkey, where it presents some beautiful varieties, as in the case of the well-known Persian and Angora cats, and which was treated by the Egyptians as a sacred animal—"pasht"—and even sent for interment, after being embalmed, to Bubastis,—nowhere mentioned, in the canonical books of Scripture, as a domestic animal. This has been attributed to its being deemed unclean. In Baruch it is noticed only as a tenant of pagan temples.

The wild cat ("yaban kedi" of the Turks, "divlia matschka" of the Slaves, "matz" of the Albanians, "mischka" of the Dacians, "galè" of the Greeks, and "kuth" or "kutta" of the Arabs) is met with all over the country, but does not appear to be by any means common.

The common squirrel ("teyyun" and "zindjab" of the Turks, "veveritza" of the Slaves, "veverita" of the Dacians, "skiouros" or "ververitza" of the Greeks) appears to be superseded, south of Taurus, by a species of a yellowish-brown, rather than red below and grey above. The date forests of the extreme south have also their particular squirrel, the *Tamia palmarum* of Lesson, and *Sciurus palmarum* of Gmelin—the palm-squirrel par-eminence.

Jerboas are so common in some parts of Syria as to put the traveller to inconvenience by the number of their holes. Russell was the first to describe the jerboa of Syria accurately, and to notice that it was a spurred animal, as Shaw describes to be the case with the jerboa of Barbary. The jerboa figured by Bruce has

been admitted by naturalists, as being that of a distinct species—*Dipus Brucii*.

The common marmot is met with in Taurus and Kurdistan, but Tristram describes the marmot of Palestine as *Psammomys obesus*, or the fat *Psammomys*. A little short-tailed marmot, less than the common species, which has not yet obtained a place in systematic nomenclature, was found on the top of Mount Hermon.

A species of gerbil exists apparently under a similar unfortunate state of obloquy. The writer first met with this little animal under peculiar circumstances. He was roving in the tamarisk forest of the Amran, on the river Euphrates, when he saw a specimen suspended by a thorn on a very slender twig. It had evidently been accidentally transfixed by the thorn, and, being unable to regain its footing, it had perished by a miserable death. Although found in a tamarisk wood, it was certainly not the *Gerbillus tamaricinus* of Pallas, which that naturalist described from a species found on the Caspian Sea, and which is only six inches in length and its tail five. The gerbillus of the Euphrates measured with the tail seventeen inches in length. The skin was destroyed by insects, so it is impossible to say if it was not an African or Indian species.

The hamster ("rtschak" of the Slavonians, and with other field mice, the "far burri" or "jird" of the Arabs) is met with in the gardens around towns, where it devours all kinds of vegetables and fruits. Russell tells us that there is nothing remarkable in the rat of Syria, ("jirdûn" of the Arabs), or in the common mouse (Far). The open country is, however, overrun by a variety of field-mice. The "buyuk-ova-setjani" of the Turks, and "pontikos-tès-gès" of the Greeks, is said to be the shrew-mouse, and the "tekunitza" of the Slavonians—*Mus muscitellus*; but the Syrian species have not yet been well determined. In such years as are accompanied by little or no frost in the winter, these little animals make dreadful havoc in the cultivated fields. The peasants are on such occasions encouraged to destroy them by a premium of so much a head. The short-tailed field-mouse (*mus terrestris* of Linnæus, but *arvicola vulgaris* of modern systematists) is particularly noted as one of the most pernicious of all small rodents, and becomes at times a real devastator, from its numbers and ravenousness.

There is much reason to believe from this fact, and also to be deduced from the numerous passages collected by Bochart from the Greek and other writers (*Hieroicoicon* i. p. 1018), relative to the terrible devastation made by these small rodents, that although the term "achbar" would seem, where used in the Old Testament (Lev. xi. 29; 1 Sam. vi. 4, &c.; Isa. lxvi. 17), to apply to

several animals, yet that the mouse tribe was meant by the term "field ravager," and not the jerboa, to which Bochart would confine it. The jerboa, although little isolated colonies of them or of an allied species, are to be met with occasionally, as at the foot of Mount Aræus, is an inhabitant of the wilderness, more than of cultivated lands. Colonel Hamilton Smith concluded that all the texts in 1 Sam. vi. refer to the short-tailed field-mouse, which, he adds, is most likely the species noticed in antiquity and during the Crusades, for had they been jerboas in shape and resembled miniature kangaroos, we would expect William of Tyre to have mentioned the peculiar form of the destroyer, which was then unknown to Western Europe; whereas, they being of a species or appearance familiar to the Latin nations, no particulars were required. But in Leviticus and Isaiah, where the mouse is declared to be an unclean animal, the species most likely to be alluded to were the hamster and the dormouse, both of which are still eaten, in common with the jerboa, by the Arabs in times of dire necessity.

Considering the immense quantity of wild onions that grow upon the plains of Mesopotamia, there can be little doubt, but that some species of arvicolæ, such as have been met with in Russia, living solely on wild onions, leeks, and garlic, must also dwell in these regions.

A species of beaver is met with in the rivers Euphrates, Tigris, Karun and the Khabur—the central river of Mesopotamia,—in which last it appears specially to abound. It is quite a peculiar species; the tail instead of being large and broad to assist the animal in constructing dams, is short and pointed. Hence it neither builds huts or constructs dams, but it burrows in the banks, taking care to make the entrance of the holes, below the surface of the water, so as to avoid detection, whilst the chambers are above, out of reach of the floods.

Layard tells us (*Nin. and Babyl.* p 296) that these peculiar beavers were formerly found in large numbers on the Khabur, but in consequence of the value attached to the musk-bag, they have been hunted down almost to extermination by the Arabs. Sûfûk, the great sheikh of the Shammar tribe considered the musk bag of a beaver the most acceptable present, he could send as a *majun*—charm or specific—to a Turkish pasha. Muhammad Emin, sheikh of the Jeburs, also assured Layard that for several years not more than one or two had been seen. Yet whilst Layard was on the banks of the river, being early spring, a good deal of rain fell, the river rose and the Jeburs killed four beavers and captured three young ones alive, they having been driven from their holes by the swollen stream. The Arabs ate the flesh, which was cooked also by

Mr. Layard himself and his companions, but they deemed it to be coarse and tough. They were kept for some days on milk, but they eventually died. Their cry resembled that of a new-born infant. It would appear in this case that the banks were not sufficiently elevated to allow of the chamber being above the floods. It is difficult on the greater rivers to distinguish between the holes made by beavers and otters, and those made by warans, or large lizards, the otter being most abundant, but all alike being liable to be under water at time of flood.

The porcupine, ("kipri" or "kirpi" of the Turks, "thej" of the Slaves, "esch" or "urik," of the Albanians, "aritsch" of the Dacians, "skantzochiros" of the Greeks and "kunfrud" of the Arabs), is, as its names show, known throughout the country. Its quills abounded in the caves and sepulchral grottoes at Seleucia Pieria, and among other ruins. Russell says that it is brought to the Aleppo market at times by the peasants, but rather as a curiosity than for the kitchen, though it is sometimes served up at the tables of the Franks. The species appear to be *Hystrix cristata*, common to the south of Europe and to Africa.

Hares, ("tavchan" of the Turks, "zetz" of the Slaves, "liepur" of the Albanians, "epurele" of the Dacians, "lagos" of the Greeks, and "arnet" of the Arabs) are common throughout the country. Russell says they are so plentiful in the environs of Aleppo, that it was no uncommon thing to see the gentlemen who went out coursing return with four or five brace. The native system of hunting them is with the Turkoman greyhound, assisted by the hawk. Two kinds of hare are known to the natives in Syria, the largest is the Turkoman hare, the other is the common hare of the wilderness. The latter, if hard run, will take to holes in the earth or in rocks. Colonel Hamilton Smith also distinguishes two hares in Syria, one of which he calls *Lepus Syriacus*, or Syrian hare, and the other *Lepus Sinaiticus*, or the Desert hare. They are both distinguished from the common hare by a greater length of ears, and a black tail with white fringe. Mr. Tristram also noticed the two species, and he further notices, (p. 242), a hare, as being shot in the lower valley of the Jordan, of a species quite distinct from *Lepus Sinaiticus*. There is also a third, if not a fourth species, found in Egypt, and represented on the monuments.

The arnebeth of the Old Testament (Lev. xi. 16, and Deut. xiv. 7) is prohibited from being used as food, because it chews the cud. It has, indeed, been rejected as food by many nations of antiquity besides the Jews. It is still rejected by the Armenians, and it is eaten but sparsely by the Muhammadans.

The rabbit, ("ada tavchani" of the Turks, "pitomi zetz" of the Slavonians, "bute" of the Albanians, "kuneli" of the Greeks) appears

to be known, yet is very rare. The Arabs have no name to distinguish it from the hare, yet like that animal it is valued for its fur. But it is forbidden by the law of Moses, and repudiated as food by the Mussulmans.

The rabbit may, indeed, be said to be represented in Syria and Palestine by the shaphan or cony of our version of the Old Testament. But the shaphan is not a rabbit or a cony, but, as Bruce justly pointed out, the same as the ashkoko, the gaman, not daman, or 'lamb of Israel,' the wabber or wab'r of the Arabs, and in scientific zoology is one of the small genus *Hyrax*, distinguished by the specific name of *Syriacus* or *Syrian*. This curious little animal is neither a rodent, like hares and rabbits, nor a ruminant it is anomalous, and most nearly allied to the great pachyderms of systematic zoology. Externally it is somewhat of the size, and form and brownish colour of a rabbit, but it is of clumsier habits, without tail, and cannot dig, being by nature designed to reside, not like rabbits in burrows, but in the clefts of rocks.

Their timid, gregarious habits and the tenderness of paws, make them truly "the wise and feeble folk" of Solomon; for they dwell in colonies, in the crevices of stony places, and in every locality, they are quiet, gentle creatures, loving to bask in the sun, never stirring from their retreats, moving with caution, and shrinking from the shadow of a passing bird, for they are often the prey of eagles and hawks; their habits are strictly diurnal, and they feed on vegetables, roots, and seeds. Mr. Tristram describes them as rare in the present day in Palestine, and as excessively wary. The only chance of securing one is to be concealed patiently, about sunset or before sunrise, on some overhanging cliff, taking care not to let the shadow be cast below, and there to wait till the little creatures cautiously peep forth from their holes.

Wild boars ("*yaban domuzu*" of the Turks, "*nerast*" or "*divlia zviuia*" of the Slaves, "*agriochirois*" of the Greeks, and "*khanzir*" of the Arabs) are met with throughout the country, and not being eaten by the Muhammadans have multiplied exceedingly in some places. There are few marshes of any extent south of Taurus in which wild boars are not to be met with. They lie in the marshes, sometimes in dried-up water-courses, huddled in holes under the overhanging bank, and they leave their lairs at sunset to feed, returning at break of day. They may then be seen returning to their homes, young and old, by dozens. At other times they lie in troops in grassy plains or under cover. But they are also met with one or two together, even close to villages, in search of food.

Not only the Hebrews, but other neighbouring nations have always abstained from swine's flesh, as the Muhammadans do in the present day; nor is it in request with the Christians—at least

in Asiatic Turkey. It is, however, certain that domestic swine were reared by the Jews. The parable of the prodigal son, and Christ's miraculous cure of the demoniac, when he permitted swine to be possessed, furnish ample proof that during the dominion of the Romans they were kept around the kingdom of Judah; and the restrictive laws of Hyrcanus on this subject indicate that the Jews themselves were not altogether strangers to this unlawful practice.

The wild boar of the east, though commonly smaller than the old breeds of domestic swine, grow occasionally to a very large size. It is, however, doubtful whether this species is the same as that of Europe, for the farrow is not striped. It is most likely that it is identical with the wild hog of India. It is passive when unmolested, but vindictive and fierce when roused. In the time of the Crusades, Richard Cœur de Lion is described as encountering one of great size, running it through with his lance, and while the animal was still endeavouring to gore his horse, leaping over its back, and slaying it with his sword.

The horse ("sus" in Hebrew, "sukh" in Turkish, "haysan" in Arabic) is designated by a great variety of figurative names in the Old Testament, as "parash," a saddle and chariot horse (Isa. xxi. 7-9); "parashina," Persians or horsemen; "rechesh," the swift; "rachab," cavalry, etc.

The horse is supposed to be derived from High Asia, and not to be indigenous to Arabia, Syria, or Egypt. They are not mentioned among the presents which Pharaoh bestowed upon Abraham, and occur in Scripture for the first time when the patriarch Joseph receives them from the Egyptians in exchange for bread (Gen. xlvii. 7). Yet in the sculptured battle scenes, which are supposed to represent victories of Sesostris or of Thothmes II. and III. over nations of Central Asia, it is evident that the hostile armies, as well as the foreign allies of Egypt, were abundantly supplied with horses, both for chariots and riders.

All the great original varieties or races of horses in Western Asia appear to have been known in scriptural times, and the Hebrew prophets themselves have not unfrequently distinguished the nations they had in view by means of the predominant colours of their horses, and that more correctly than commentators have surmised. Taking Bochart's application of the Hebrew names, the bay race (adom) emphatically belonged to Egypt and Arabia; the white (labonim) to the regions above the Euxine Sea, Asia Minor, and Northern High Asia; the dun, or cream coloured (serukim), to the Medes; the spotted, piebald, or skewbald (berudim), to the Macedonians, the Parthians, and later Tartars; and the black (Shachorim) to the Romans; but the chesnuts (amutz) do not belong to any known historical race.

Bay or red horses occur most frequently on Egyptian painted monuments, this being the colour of the Arabian stock ; but white horses are also common, and in a few instances black—the last possibly only to relieve the paler colour of the one beside it in the picture. There is also said to be an instance of a spotted pair, tending to show that the valley of the Nile was originally supplied with horses (probably painted), from foreign sources and distinct regions, as, indeed, the tribute pictures further attests.

Russell tells us that already in his time Aleppo, famous for horses in former times, was no longer so, the breed having degenerated through neglect. There were still, however, some valuable horses to be found in the possession of the wealthy classes. The Turkman horses being of a larger size and a stronger make, are preferred by the Osmanlis to the Arab horses. The Arab horses are of a more slender make, beautifully limbed, more hardy, and reckoned much fleetier. The Arabs, Russell adds, are no more to be trusted in matters of horses than the horse dealers of other countries. Niebuhr has given some account of the celebrated Kohlani race of horses, and Arabs may be found to swear in the Teskar, or attestation, of the genealogy obtained at the Mahkamy, to an immaculate descent from any particular race that may be desired.

It is well known that the Turkish regular cavalry is daily degenerating throughout the empire. The Turkish government has unwisely neglected a branch of their national armies, to which they owed most of their victories, and at one time, their superiority over all their neighbours. The abolition of the Spahilikis and other military tenures, has contributed much to this result, and has led to the deterioration of that excellent breed of horses which once distinguished the Ottoman light cavalry. No effort is now made by the government to keep up the race, and as to the Bashi Buzuks and other irregular cavalry, their scanty pay is not sufficient to allow them to procure even second-rate animals.

The Bedwins divide their thorough-breds into five races, descended, as some declare, from the favourite mares of the Prophet. The names, however, of these breeds vary amongst different tribes. According to Burckhardt the five are, the Taneyse, Manokia, Koheyleh, Saklawi, and Julfa. He probably received these names from the Arabs of the Hedjaz, who are not less acquainted with the breeds of horses, than the Shanmar or Mesopotamian, and the Anezeh or Aneyza or Syrian Bedwins.

It appears, however, from Mr. Layard's account, that Suttum, Sheikh of the Boraij, one of the principal branchers of the Shammar, or Mesopotamian Arabs, and who, he says, was better acquainted with the history and traditions of the Bedwins than almost any

Arab he ever met, described them as all derived from one original stock, the Koheyleh, which in course of time was divided, after the names of celebrated mares into the following five branches: Obeyan, Sherakh, Hedba Zayhi, Manekia Hedrehji, Shouaymah, Sablah, and Margúrb. These from the Kamse, or the five breeds, from which alone entire horses are selected to propagate the race. From the Kamse have sprung a number of families, no less noble, perhaps, than the original five, but they do not stand in the same high repute. The same writer enters at length into details concerning the Arab horses, in his *Nin. and Babyl.* p. 527 *et seq.*



THE LATEST FACTS ABOUT BACON.

PART II.

THERE are some records also of Bacon's career outside the Star Chamber. He did real service to his sovereign and his country by his endeavour to promote the union of England and Scotland; and Hume has compared the speeches of the monarch and his minister with a show of that favour with which he was wont to look upon James the First. In Lord Mostyn's valuable collection there is the speech of Sir Francis Bacon "concerning the generall naturalization of the Scottish nation, anno 5 Jacobi," which Mr. Spedding has printed, together with other documents relating to this period, in his tenth volume.

But the political actions of Bacon were not always of a beneficial nature, any more than his official. It seems perfectly consistent to read in his history of Henry that "enclosures at that time began to be more frequent and this bred a decay of people, and, by consequence, a decay of towns, churches, tithes and the like," and that "in remedying of this inconvenience the king's wisdom was admirable, and the parliament's at that time"—that is to say, by the promulgation of an ordinance by which lands devoted to husbandry should be maintained and kept up for ever—and then to turn to an earlier portion of his career, where he introduced two bills against enclosures in Elizabeth's parliament of 1597-8, and spoke warmly in their favour.* But what becomes of this consistency when we hear that he was appointed by letters patent, dated 19th May, 1615, with Sir Henry Yelverton and others, a commissioner "for contracting and compounding with lords of manors for grants of license to enclose and empark lands, and for liberty of free warren."† It seems, indeed, that he constantly hid himself behind his duty to his sovereign, and it is to some such acts as these concerning the occupation of land, when the dissolution of the monasteries brought about such a revolution in the system of landholding, that we are now approaching so nearly a grave political question which has called forth from the Government Statistical Department our modern Domesday Book.

What the nature of this "contracting and compounding" was the reports do not tell us, but it seems to point without much difficulty to the raising of money. James had parted with his Parlia-

* Mr. Spedding has published his speech : vol. ix., page 82.

† House of Lords Papers, 3rd report, page 15.

ment in June of the preceding year with great indignation, and with no supplies. It was therefore a matter of importance to introduce every means to raise money; and patents and benevolences were vigorously used. At a former period of his reign, when the same difficulty as to money had arisen, we have a document from the Duke of Northumberland's collection which illustrates another mode of putting funds in the Exchequer. "Sir Francis Bacon, the Solicitor General, signified to the Lords that the commissioners for causes ecclesiastical in the time of Elizabeth imposed two several fines to her Majesty's use, amounting in all to £150, upon John Bisse, of Pegledge, for his notorious adultery: statement of further proceedings in the matter the lords of the council, after mature advisement, had, and for a perpetual settling of his Majesty's jurisdiction, authorities, superiorities, and pre-eminences, spiritual and ecclesiastical, decreed that the plea in question shall be ceased and pronounced void in law, and the parties thereunto against the king shall be condemned in costs, and the same fines levied with all convenient speed; and that Sir Francis Bacon shall, nevertheless, make a general argument for his Highness's jurisdiction in all cases ecclesiastical whatsoever."*

We get an insight, by such documents as these, into the manner that Bacon took up the cudgels for the court in its fight for divine right. In 1610 the Commons had striven ineffectually to obtain some of the advantages of the abolition of the Papal power which they felt was, under the show of religion, gradually making advances to usurp the whole civil power (Hume). But Henry VIII., in overthrowing the Pope's authority in England, had appropriated it to himself; Elizabeth regained it from her Romish sister; and James was not the man to let such an arm of his power pass away unheedingly. The Lords defended the barrier of the throne, and twice rejected the bill of the Commons. Closely following upon these transactions is the case against William Talbot in the Star Chamber.† Bacon's charge in this matter is to be found among the collections of the Duke of Devonshire (III. 43), and Lieut.-Col. Carew (IV. 374), but his speech seems little in accordance with the spirit of his pamphlet on church matters, written towards the end of 1603.

Among the documents referring to Bacon, which it is convenient to mention now, is one which will show his action during that memorable episode of Irish history, known as "the plantation of Ulster," and the subsequent calling together of the Irish Parliament, after a recess of twenty-five years. No wonder that the

* This bears date, Feb., 28, 1612-3, *vide*, iii. 61.

† Mr. Spedding, vol. xii.

ing was tumultuous, and that James's first Irish Parliament prorogued without transacting any business whatever! The next referring to this is among the Carew manuscripts. It

"Charge of the Partie Parliament in Ireland which brake off from Parliament then assembled, and after came over to certify and excuse the same, by Sir Francis Bacon, S.G., before Majesty in Council, when the delinquents were converted."*

There are also the following papers which do not call for any special placement, but are noticed with reference to Mr. King's splendid collection. "The cause of the Marches of Wales: the report of Sir F. Bacon in maintaining the council of the counties over the four shires. The effect of the argument of Sir John Hutton and Harris in opposition and reply to Sir F. Bacon. And the third and last argument of Bacon."† A brief of Sir F. Bacon's information of intrusion against Walter Myers and others for cottages built upon Pickering, Nash, and Sampthorpe parishes, Surrey, dated October, 1666.‡ The judgment of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, concerning the manor of Cranborne, dated May 22, 1617.§ A letter from Francis Verulam, Chancellor, to Dr. Corbett, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, dated July 12, 1620, as to a lease of lands in Moulton.|| Letter to the Duke of Buckingham, dated 1619, Nov. 13,—news, Lord and Lady Suffolk valued at £40,000 and imprisoned—Bingely fined £2000 and sent to Fleet—Sir Edward Cook did his best and he (Bacon) never

him do better.¶

We now have to refer more especially to the time when he was a member of the Privy Council in 1666, became Lord Chancellor in the following year, and in 1618 Lord Chancellor. Among documents relating to this period is a council letter, signed Francis Bacon and dated 1617, directing inquiries about the decay of cloth manufactures in Somersetshire.** Another case, which bears witness to the trade of this period, is from a letter of Bacon's dated Nov. 24, 1617, in the collection of the Honourable G. M. de la Roche of Dropmore, Maidenhead, recommending "the king to stop Sir R. Houghton's alum works, but not to use them." The letter of itself is almost unexplainable, but in conjunction with another one of the same collection it tends to show the position of the king in the matter. On July 20 1620,†† Lord Suffolk writing to the Duke of Buckingham, complains of harsh treatment from the

iv., 374.

Marquis of Westminster's Mss., iii. 214. Spedding, vol. vii. See also Marquis of Salisbury's Mss., iii. 179. § *Ibid.* || ii. 122. ¶ iii. 196.

* Phelip's Mss., i. 57. Vide "Craik's British Commerce Book," ii., cap. vii.

† The reporter queries this year.

alum commissioners. That the king eventually turned the monopoly of alum to his own benefit, we have evidence as we proceed further. By statute, 21. Jac. cap. iii. all monopolies are declared unlawful, but tacked to this general enactment were provisos barring its operation to various patents and monopolies and among them of alum (Craik's Commerce Book ii. cap. vii.) and in the Calendar of the House of Lords for 1640 (iv. 42) appears a petition for redress against certain persons "who formed the alum works of his late majesty."

Bacon assumed the office of Lord Keeper in 1617 and there have been preserved no less than three copies of "the effect of that which was spoken by the Lord Keeper of the great seal of England at the taking of his place in Chancery in performance of the charge his majesty had given him when he received the seal." Following this, in the same collections, are copies of his speeches to Sergeant Hutton on being appointed one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, to Sir John Denham on his being made one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and to Sir William Jones on his appointment as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.* There is a curious letter, described in the fifth report, from the Earl of Arundell in Scotland to Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, praying for a decree as to the possession of certain lands of his uncle of Northampton, and soliciting from the Lord Keeper a speedy hearing of a "cause dependinge befor you between me and one Parkes."†

In 1618, he received the higher dignity of Lord Chancellor, and in this office he appears at his worst. The celebrated case of "the gold and silver thread" patent, is amply illustrated from the calendar of documents in the House of Lords, given in the third report. In April, 1618, a commission was issued to the Lord Chancellor and others to "examine, find out, and punish abuses in the making or importing of gold and silver thread" (p. 16), and following quickly upon this are copies of warrants for the impeachment of certain persons for breach of the patent. Another commission was issued in October of the same year, and in April, 1619, summonses were sent to certain persons to appear before Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michell as Commissioners, and in the same year a document setting forth the grievances of Michael Sellar, wrongfully imprisoned by the same.‡ It is needless to trace the history of this wretched business through all the stages that the report on the House of Lords' papers allows of; but I

* i. 62; iii. 213; iv. 374. † Miss C. Griffith's Papers, v. 409.

‡ This is only dated 1619, or it might remove Mr. Spedding's distrust of Mr. Gardiner's date of June, 1619. Vol. xiv., p. 206. (Vol vii. of "Life and Letters.")

think Mr. Spedding's account, given in his last volume, might be cleared of many of the surmises by a careful examination of these set of documents. The remaining questions connected with Sir Giles Mompesson are equally set forth among the House of Lords' papers. The tale is ended with a warrant of the House of Lords, to search for Sir Giles Mompesson, and for papers, &c., signed by the same man, who, whatever might have been his opinion at the Council-table concerning the Patent touching Inns,* after Parliament had brought the matter to a terrible point, had declared the patent of gold and silver thread to be "decidedly beneficial" in face of the notorious abuses attaching to it—"Fr. St. Alban. Canc."

In evidence how near the vengeance of the Commons was approaching, Sir Giles Mompesson, two days before the warrant was issued, writes to Buckingham, "praying him to influence the king to direct the Commons to set down their charges in writing that he may have opportunity of answering them and preserving his good name."†

We have come now to the close of Bacon's official career; and scattered among eight (at least) different houses of the countrymen of Bacon, the philosopher, are copies of a document wrung from the guilty conscience of the criminal minister. "The humble submission and supplication of the Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Francis Bacon, to the Right Honourable the Lords of Parliament assembled."‡

Let us turn now to the points which bear upon those portions of his career which I have, at the commencement of these papers, termed personal. Little is to be discovered among the sources I have been using relative to his connection with the unfortunate, though criminal, Earl of Essex. This subject occupies the largest share, perhaps, of public opinion, and it is one of the principal points seized upon in the recent controversy. We have the letters from Antonie Bacon to Essex and the Earl's answers, confessedly written by Francis Bacon, to serve the cause of his friend with her Majesty, in the first report, page 47, the second, page 51, and the third, page 300. Connected with the name of Antonie Bacon also, there are four copies of the apology of the Earl of Essex in 1598 to Mr. Antonie Bacon.§ Among the manuscripts of E. P. Shirley, Esq. || is "Francis Bacon's counterfeit letter to the Earl of Essex, beginning "Her Majesty proceeding thus by gradation," and the Earl's answer beginning, "Mr. Bacon, I thank you for your kind letter." Dr. Abbott, at page 152 of the *Contemporary Review*,

* Spedding, xiv., page 153. † House of Lord's Papers, iii. 18.

‡ i. 62; iii. 22, 204, 214; iv. 372, 373, 353; v. 410.

§ ii. 8.; iv. 373, 596; v. 363. Spedding, vol. ix. || v. 362.

quotes a letter from Bacon to Lord Henry Howard, bearing on the trial of Essex, and cannot arrive at the date any nearer than that it was after 29 November, 1599. Among a series of papers and letters in which Essex is concerned, I find a copy of Mr. F. Bacon's letter to my Lord H. H. beginning, "My Lord, there be very few besides yourself,"* and again there is a letter mentioned from "Fr. Bacon to Lord Howard--December, 1590 or 1599," among the manuscripts of the Marquis of Bath.† The papers relating to Bacon's connection with Essex closes with a contemporary letter to the ancestor of Lord Bagot from Robert Adderley. It is dated 1600, June 9th,—“Sir, of Thursday last, my Lord of Essex was at York House before the lords of the Council and other Lords, the Queen's Attorney and Bacon; who showed himself a pretty fellow and answered them all well without any touch, but only in some disloyalty towards her Majesty,” . . . the letter continues describing curiously the Earl's conduct.‡

We next come to his connection with Buckingham. A letter dated, 6th Dec. 1619, to the Marquis from his secretary, Sir Robert Naunton, gives Bacon's opinion of Yelverton's conduct of the case of the Merchant Strangers, which Bacon himself had communicated in a letter bearing date 9th November.§ In the same collection,|| which contains many letters not printed by Mr. Spedding or Stephens, is a letter from Buckingham, stating “that Corten, having been earnest to make a match between Christopher Villiers and Sir S. Harvey's daughter, His Majesty desires that he may be allowed to put in security for the payment of his fine,” and another letter, undated, begs “to favour Sir Thomas Monck's suit in chancery as far as he lawfully may.”¶

When we view the last acts of the official career of this great man a heap of documents calendared in the House of Lords papers tell their own tale of the gradual approach to his downfall. But we have to search into private collections for the first intimation of the coming storm. Mr. Spedding dwells much upon the favour in which Bacon was held, both by the King and court;** but among the Phelps MSS., already frequently mentioned, is a curious letter to Sir Edward Phelps from Robert Newdegate,†† showing that James was aware of his Chancellor's misdoings, and was not

* Lord de Tabley's Papers, i. 47. The reply is also among this collection.

† iii. 185.

‡ iv. 334.

§ Spedding, xiv. 47.

|| Hon. G. M. Fortescue, ii. 57. Mr. Spedding appears to have used only such of this collection as have been printed for “The Camden Society.”

¶ *Ibid.*

** xiv. 165.

†† It may be mentioned that the date is given in print, 1609, an evident mistake for 1619. *Vide* report of Commissioners, page xviii. Lord Chichester is mentioned, who was not raised to that peerage until 1612.

careful about the terms used. The writer mentions that "the King has this summer received great complaint against my Lord Chancellor, and to the number of 500 articles; the King said if they were proved he would make him an example to all ages, and moreover, he said he would hang him; begs him to burn the letter."

Of the numerous petitions against his conduct there is to be shown a goodly number. The petition of Christopher Aubrey, mentioned by Mr. Spedding as the first sign of the charge against the Chancellor;* of Lady Anne Blount;† and of John Wrenham, are all in the Philip's collection.‡ In the House of Lords there are the petitions of Christopher Aubrey, William Pargiter, and Montagu Wood;§ also a long petition from the Company of Grocers in London.§ Nor did the petitions end with his impeachment. In 1624, April 7, there is one from Philip Page, ¶ vouched for by a second document sent in on May 14th;** and as late as 1625-6, March 21st, appears another petition, that of Mary Sole.††

Mr. Spedding has indulged in a contemplation as to how Bacon might have met the charge if he had been allowed to defend himself, irrespective of King and Court, and perhaps the following document may assist such an object. On May 8th, 1621, Sir Ralph Hamby petitions that "his examination touching the charge of corruption against the late Lord Chancellor may be kept secret, and not furnished to his adversaries, who have endeavoured to procure a copy of the same from the Clerk of the Parliament."‡‡

Concerning the conduct of his impeachment, we have first "my Lord Chancellor Bacon's letters to ye Lords of Parliament, 1621, asking time to advise with his counsel upon the charge of bribery," and a copy of his letter to the House of Lords, on March 19th, in Miss Griffith's collection§§. The calendar of the House of Lords Papers afford a running narrative of the facts. There are the names of witnesses sworn on March 20th and 21st; draft of interrogatories to be administered to the witnesses on March 21st, names of the witnesses examined, copy of examination of Sir Thomas Perient and Philip Holman, and list of persons to be sent for as witnesses also on March 21st, list of witnesses sworn on March 22nd and on May 28th, a writ of certiorari for record of proceedings in Parliament¶¶. Bacon gave up the seals on the 30th April, and there is a copy of the

* xiv. 312.

† This is original and signed. Vide also Calendar of S. P. Domestic Series, James I.

‡ i. 57; iii. 285. § iii. 20. ¶ iii. 27. ¶, *Ibid.* 30. ** *Ibid.* 33.

†† iv. 7. ‡ iii. 23.

Marquis of Bute's Papers, iii. 205. Not mentioned by Mr. Spedding.

§ § v. 409. ¶ ¶ iii. 20, 24.

Latin entry on the close roll of the circumstances, under which the great seal passed from Francis Viscount St. Albans to Lord Keeper William."*

The remaining references to Bacon in the reports of the Historical Manuscript Commission relate to early copies of his works and to his correspondence, chiefly after retiring to Gorhambury.

Of his correspondence, there is a collection of several letters, thirty-nine in number, in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland,† the last of which was written after his fall to an unknown person, beginning 'Sir, clouds of miserie darken so much such as are not in the sunneshine of prosperitie.' With reference to this collection it is to be noted that the Commissioner's envoy states there appear to be variations from the texts as printed by Mr. Spedding. The Marquis of Westminster has fifty-four letters written on various occasions;‡ and the Marquis of Bath a copy of "Letters by Lord Bacon" occupying twenty-seven leaves,|| and the Duke of Bedford a true copie of the Lord Chancellor Bacon's letters of state from the time of his being Solicitor until his death.§ There are three letters relating to Sir G. Chaworth which Mr. Spedding apparently has not seen, as he does not in any way notice them, though they evidently contain information on the subject of the Petty Writs, which ended in an arrangement whereby "Bacon retained the patent and Sir G. Chaworth had some interest in, though he was not joined to it."¶ The first, dated July 13th 1623, is to Lord Cranfield and asks for a day for hearing the complaint of Sir George Chaworth, apparently, says the report, for an annuity granted by Bacon.** Lord Cranfield's answer to the above, promising a speedy hearing, follows, dated the next day from Chelsey. The next is a letter from Bacon, acknowledging the Lord Treasurer's last letter and stating that "neither to blame he nor Sir G. Chaworth but Sir Arthur Ingram, who made as if the matter were easy: If he (St. Alban's) gets his own arrears he can pay Chaworth.†† This letter explains the one printed by Mr. Spedding from Meantys to Bacon.‡‡ The last is dated October 6th, of the same year, addressed from Bedford House to the Lord Treasurer. He states that his course of physic has kept him from visiting the Lord Treasurer: asked Mr. Mewtis to attend as his deputy, asks for the same measure of favour as he signified to him

* Miss C. Griffith, v. 410. † iii. 120. ‡ iii. 214. || iii. 184.

§ ii. 2. There is also a letter from Andrews to Bacon, temp. Eliz., mentioned at iii. 300, and one from Bacon to Cranfield, 1619, about commissions for debts, at iv. 299, not mentioned by Spedding.

¶ Spedding, vol. xiv. page 390. ** Earl de la Warr, iv. page 286.

†† *Ibid.* ‡‡ vol. xiv. 387.

by Sir N. Foscue (Fortescue) Sir G. Haworth's dealings are so haut and unfriendly, "I crave of your lordship that you will leave him to a legal course before your lordship for a better judge I desire none as he will."*

The last series of letters which I have to note relate to Bacon's poverty after his fall. The first is to Lord Cranfield, dated 1st October, 1621. After felicitations to Lord Cranfield on his elevation, he says that his requests lead only to the comfort of a private life, wherein he shall think himself happy when he is not of want; makes three requests to his lordship: first, that he would so take remembrance of Bacon's former service that he may be sure of his pension of £1,200; the second is also about a money matter; the third and chief, that Cranfield would assist in furthering what Buckingham was endeavouring for the payment of Bacon's debts and increase of his income.† The next is a letter to Lord Cranfield, which Mr. Spedding places in the list "setting out the documents which are entered in Stephen's catalogue, but not now to be found." It is dated February 9th, 1623, and says that "a long wasting disease in the summer bath disarmed him to fight with a cold winter, so that he was unable to stir abroad and wait upon the Lord Treasurer, both to deliver the Duke of Buckingham's letter and otherwise: he mentions that Sir H. Vane has given him a courteous answer from the Lord Treasurer regarding a suit which Bacon had made to the King, and says that he has asked his cousin Finch to wait on the Lord Treasurer."‡ This is followed by another letter, dated February 16th, thanking him for what he heard from Finch, and praying him to hasten his certificate, and to make it favourable, for in these things there is a latitude of favour. He adds that he has observed that benefits bestowed upon men in prosperity are like seed cast upon a pavement, and always lost, but bestowed upon men in adversity they are like seed sown in a ground new broke up to take fast hold.¶ There is a further letter, dated 23rd March, saying that as Middlesex has now some breathing time from Parliament business, he asks him urgently to despatch his business.

To Mr. Spedding's collection of letters relative to the sale of York House to Cranfield, the following from Buckingham to Cranfield may be added: "Since answering your former letter I have

* Earl de la Warr, iv. 278. This has the seal of Bacon as an esquire.

† Earl de la Warr, iv. 285. This is not mentioned by Mr. Spedding, and may be one of those entered in Stephen's catalogue, to which nothing corresponding has been found.—Vol. xiv. page 593—two letters without date to the Lord Treasurer.

‡ Earl de la Warr, iv. 287. Spedding, vol. xiv., p. 591.

¶ iv. 288. Not mentioned by Spedding.

received a third from you concerning York House. Its tiew that Sir John Epslie, a week ago, spoke with me about it, and asked me whether I still desired it or not; for, said he, if you do, I am promised by my Lady Greslies meanes to get it you. I bad him do it; but since you go on the more solid way for my ends, I will forbid him meddling any more, and for that purpose I am contented to write that letter to my Lord of St. Albans, tho' he will discover me when I shall be in possession of the house; at which time he will also discover his own base folly, for I am far from quareling such a poore afflicted mau as he is."*

It may not be inappropriate to close this long list of correspondence by a reference to two letters from Lord Keeper Williams to Lord Cranfield, both betraying a trace of satirical banter when referring to the misfortunes of the fallen Bacon. They are both in the valuable collection of Earl de la Warr.†

I find mention of many of his works scattered through the reports, but space will not allow of a detailed list; and as it is not always possible to state the date of publication, it would serve no good end to point out their several locations. Mr. Philips has an early copy of three of his essays, viz., on Revenge, Adversitie, and Innovations,‡ and Earl de la Warr has a petition from Mons. Jurnall to the Duke of Buckingham, in which it is stated that he was employed by the King "to translate the whole works of Viscount St. Albans and others of your best writers," which shows that James appreciated somewhat those works which could not find a kindly hearing till a later age, when St. Albans was forgotten, but Bacon remembered.¶

Dr. Abbott states that he has endeavoured to view Bacon's character as a whole, and not in two halves, as Lord Macaulay does; and to the biographer this view is, of course, the proper one. For those who wish to find the career of this great man mentioned in history, however, the tarnished name of the statesman need never approach the lofty position of the philosopher, "the degrading trappings of civic pomp" need never be regretted; for, while the latter attach themselves to Viscount St. Albans, they cannot affect a name which has lived through all, which has bid defiance to the mandate of the sovereign, and still shines unadorned, but by its own greatness, the immortal name of Francis Bacon.

G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.R. Hist. S.

* Spedding, vol. xiv., pp. 334, 347. Reports, iv., 306.

† iv. pp. 277, 305. ‡ i. 58.

¶ It is stated in a letter from Chamberlain to Carleton (Calendar of State Papers, James I., Domestic Series), "that a fool could not have written such a work, and a wise man would not" in reference to *Instauratio Magna*.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

WITH rusty old sword in the cabin,
Of the groaning and storm-tossed bark,
Old Ponce de Leon sat stabbing
At the ravenous rats in the dark ;
For the lamp's last oil was low burning,
And the wick gave a flickering glare,
Now dying and now returning,
As hope might fight on with despair.

By the table Don Pedro sat starving,
His garments so tattered and torn,
No Jew would have offered a farthing,
No beggar would ever have worn ;
But beneath the old rags there lay many
Good golden bright ducats in store ;
No one else of the crew had a penny,
But he had a thousand and more.

By his side was the scourge of the sinner,
" Father Francis," with pitiful face,
With nothing to eat for his dinner,
No excuse for reciting a grace.
In vain for the wine that makes merry,
The sick or the dying might ask ;
There was only one pint of old sherry,
And the father hid that in his flask.

Said de Leon, " My good friends and trusty,
My patience is nearly played out,
I'm hungry and thirsty, and rusty —
Shall we put the old vessel about ?
Nine months for the ' Fountain of Youth,'
We have searched the Lucayas in vain,
And I feel rather older, in truth,
Than if I had spent them in Spain.

" Yet I grieve when I think of the glory,
The honour to Catholic Spain,
My name, ever famous in story,
My life to live over again.

The Fountain of Youth.

The council, the court, and the battle,
 Love, music, dice, wine, and guitar,
 And all for one dip in the Fountain,
 For which we have travelled so far."

Said Pedro, "Before that we started,
 I knew the adventure was rash ;
 Humanity made me faint-hearted,
 I was never accustomed to wash ;
 But I thought of the great golden mountain,
 That might yet be discovered in time ;
 So one plunge in the wonderful Fountain,
 And all the red gold may be mine."

"Keep on !" shouted Francis, the friar,
 For ever and ever we'll tack ;
 My dreams shall not prove me a liar,
 And my glorious youth shall come back.
 Give me time, and my foot shall be planted
 On the neck of the monarch and slave ;
 And never a pleasure I wanted
 Untasted this side of the grave."

Hark ! a shout, and a footstep comes flying,
 Ponce de Leon calls fiercely, "How now ?"
 When the steward, he enters half crying,
 "There is land on the starboard bow !
 There's smoke, too, above the trees rising,
 And some voices we heard, as we think,
 And it wouldn't be very surprising
 If we picked up some victuals and drink."

"Man the boats, search the woods and the caves,
 Take the bloodhounds, but mind where they bite.
 We don't want to kill the poor slaves ;
 It's sufficient to give them a fright.
 What, only one woman, you say ?
 Old, ugly, and dirty, and white !
 Won't answer a word 'yea,' or 'nay ?'
 She must be a most wonderful sight !

"Speak up !" said de Leon, politely,
 But never one word would she speak ;"
 He gave her a sword prick just lightly,
 She only replied with a squeak.

Said Pedro, "Let me try my hand,"
And he pulled from his store a doubloon ;
She sank with a groan on the sand,
And remained a long time in a swoon.

Father Francis whose voice was all honey,
Said, "Why make the poor woman cry ?
Why expect to succeed with your money,
When there's nothing the woman can buy ?
Her strength it is quite superhuman,"
Here his flask he produced with a wink ;
"But I never yet knew an old woman,
Who'd not break a promise through drink."

She drank, and her eyes opened staring,
She stood on her feet ! She could walk !
She was lively beyond all comparing—
In fact, she did nothing but talk !
"Was this Bimini ?" "Yes," with persistence,
She cried, "and I know it too well !"
"Was the Fountain of Youth in existence ?"
"As certain as Heaven and Hell !"

"By the powers above and infernal,
I should very much like to be told,
If the Fountain gives youthdom eternal,
Why, the deuce you keep ugly and old ?
You cannot have tried it, for never
Could youth so unnatural be !"
"*I don't want to be youthful for ever.*"
"Why ?" "Come to the Fountain and see."

Through mangrove and muddy slush wading,
They splashed on the difficult track,
And just as the twilight was fading,
They were all rather taken aback.
The "Fountain of Youth" was before them,
And the water was blacker than ink ;
And although you might try to ignore them,
There were smells which amounted to stink.

"It's dirty," said Pedro, quite crusty,
"Which nobody here can deny ;
But, then, my old garments are rusty,
And they not so nasty as I

It's a difficult job we must handle,
And not to be turned into fun ;
But the game is at least worth the candle,
And the washing has got to be done !"

"What !" shouted the hag, "will you venture
Without hesitation or doubt ?
Do you know if the water you enter
You never again can come out ?
Look again, can't you spy out the devil ?
There he lurks in the dirtiest pool !
If your soul is not free from all evil,
You had better not be such a fool.

"Don't you know that to live on for ever,
You must first pass the portal of death ;
All connection with earth you must sever."
Said de Leon, "You may just save your breath,
In *this* world the whole of my trade is,
I'll follow it up like a man,
Put the vessel about for old Cadiz,
And live just as long as I can."

J. T. W. B.



RETROGRESSION IN LOWER LIFE.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

IN an able, spirited, and pointed article in the *New Quarterly Magazine* for January last, Miss Frances Power Cobbe has drawn attention to what has long seemed to many reflective minds a clear and demonstrable fact—namely, that modern society, in its presumed most advanced and civilised phases, is slowly but surely slipping backwards towards mediævalism and primitivism. It requires, we apprehend, but little thought to convince one, that whether or not Miss Power's opinions and illustrations be always correct, her main proposition is unassailable on the ground of its strict self-evident truth. Painfully plain in the highest degree to the mind unfettered by any of the prevailing tendencies in art and religion must be the contemplation that amid all our great advances and with our teeming stores of knowledge, there should yet be found a strong craving for the unreal, and for ideals which are alike childish and contemptible when compared with the more manly and satisfying actualities which the art, science, religion, and occupations of to-day present to the seeking mind. Nor is it a task involving any difficulty, to trace the obvious result of this modern backsliding upon the manlier section of society. Contented as those free of thought and of judgment might have been, to have accepted what in art, society, or religion, was good, and to have ignored, in the hope of future improvement what was weak or childish, such minds have now only one course open to them. They must renounce the "tyranny of vestments and bells, and banners, and thuribles," and seek a more reasonable religion, which shall give them that faith and hope in good demanded by every reasonable soul. They will eschew, as unworthy their notice, the manias of everyday life, which, to the detriment of mental culture and the safety of the inner life, warp and destroy the nobler traits and feelings, and lower the general tone of modern existence. They may perhaps err in seeking the unattainable in knowledge; but they can never be disappointed with that share of good which in their eager search after the truth they will surely gain. And thus much of what society terms the unbelief, the scepticism, and the materialism of our time, is merely the natural reaction of minds, which, disgusted with the artificiality of society at large, seek in nature alone the consolation that is

denied them from the ordinary sources of mental health and comfort.

Thus much, we opine, is clear and obvious in the general relation between cause and effect in the great social movements which characterise, and we may say, revolutionise, our day. It has occurred to us, however, that the subject of retrogression in human society may have a parallel in lower forms of animal life. In other words, that the lower animals from a physical point of view may be found to evince phases in their life analogous to those seen in the mental disposition of man. If the parallelism be found to exist, there can be little or no difficulty, we presume, in finding for modern backsliding of Miss Cobbe a truly physical cause. If the lower animals, uninfluenced by other causes than those derived from their surroundings, exhibit phases allied to those seen in man, then we may presume that causes of physical kind may either be at the root of, or in the greater part may influence the growth of modern tendencies.

An appeal to biological science at large will furnish us with an authoritative general assent to the statement, that all living beings, plants, and animals alike, appear to exhibit in the course of their existence characteristic periods or phases of development. Thus to every organism there has been a period of its birth ; to each similarly has come, or is yet to come, a period of maximum development, when its species, both as to numbers and physical excellence, attains its highest level ; and, judging from the history of the past, there also comes to each living form, a period of minimum development, when, both in its numbers and its strength it fails and decreases—and when, as a result, the years of the species become numbered, and it passes out of existence, never again to reappear. This much biology will affirm, and this much palæontology will prove. Whilst, if further argument be needed to support this general statement, an appeal to physiology will furnish us with proof of analogous kind. The life of the individual repeats, in a condensed shape, the history of its race. What is true of the birth, growth, full development, and decline of one member, is true of the entire species. Nay, even the daily life of an individual, symbolises in no unmeaning way the life and existence of the race at large. The constant molecular waste which is the inevitable accompaniment of life and vital action, and which demands and requires constant renewal and repair, foreshadows somewhat the life of the being as a whole. The repair of the early years more than counterbalances the waste, and provides for growth. In the full development of its powers the waste and repair of the being are equalised. It resembles a nicely-adjusted balance which fluctuates daily, but always rests at last in perfect equilibrium ; whilst in the aged of a species the waste

more than counterbalances the repair. The body feeds upon itself ;
- and, if left to nature, slowly dies out of existence, not merely for want of material, but also because there exists no power to appropriate or use the proffered pabulum.

Whilst this great law of birth and extinction appears to be universal in its occurrence, it does not necessarily follow that its operation evinces a uniform rate of progress. Each species does not in other words, exhibit the same phenomena in the same period of time. On the contrary, it needs no argument to show that the "rate of progress," if so we may term it, of a species, in its entire existence, may vary to the very utmost from that of its neighbours. Causes derived from the environments of species will operate in some cases towards their longevity, in other cases towards the shortening of their existence and quick extinction ; and, as we shall presently note, whilst one group of organisms may exhibit a persistence of the most wonderful kind, others, and often their near allies, may appear to be born but to die. Thus the class of Zoophytes (*Hydrozoa*), contains an extinct group of forms named *Graptolites*, which seem to have had an amazingly short—speaking relatively, of course, to the idea of geological time—existence. They came into being during the Upper Cambrian period, and died out before the close of the upper Silurian epoch. Their fossil remains occur only in the strata included between these two periods, and they must, therefore, in a relatively short time have attained their maximum development and have arrived at their decline. And no forms also present better examples of sudden development—often to a great extent—and extinction, than the extinct reptilian groups, characteristic of Mesozoic rocks.

On the side of persistent longevity we may site the example of these molluscs named Brachiopods—the shells of which occur as characteristic fossils in the early Cambrian rocks, whilst they still hold a place in the category of the modern zoologist. Human ideas fail to conceive or express the length of time that these molluscs have been represented in the fauna of the globe ; and their history is all the more remarkable since we find that they attained their maximum development in the early Silurian seas. Thus, since the latter period—which ranks next in point of age to the Cambrian—and during the long succeeding æons, these molluscs have been slowly dying out, until in existing seas they are represented by a very few genera and species. One genus of brachiopods—*Lingula*—may be noted as still further exemplifying a persistent form. This genus is one of the earliest to appear in a fossil state, and whilst hundreds of its neighbours have been developed and become extinct, it still lingers in existing seas as if under protest at the decay of its congeners.

development and retrogression is a worthy escutcheon to be inscribed over the door of every human heart. We may not avert the fate which awaits us, or stay the motions of the balance, as, once past the meridian, it leans more and more heavily to the side of decline, in individual or in race. But it is given to both to cultivate the things which most shall strengthen the higher and lower life within—that spiritual existence which cries for satisfying; which no doctrine of nihilism can ever destroy, and which, when duly fostered, will enable man to rise superior to all the changes and chances of his race, even when time and space shall know him no more.



INTUITION AND INDUCTION.

IN my paper on the Ethical Influence of Science, I discussed briefly the *manner* of that influence, and tried to show that the Ethics of Religion and the Ethics of Science were mutually complementary. I propose now to examine more closely the characteristics of these two systems, so as to gain a clearer view of the relation in which they stand to each other.

Terms like 'good' and 'bad,' 'right' and 'wrong,' though used of late in a certain sense to express utilitarian ideas, are primarily the expression of ideas belonging to a very different mode of thought. The essence of the meaning usually conveyed by these expressions lies in the idea of estimating the quality of actions without any reference to their consequences, by a standard, that is, quite distinct from humanity and outside of it. It is specially characteristic of this judgment or classification of actions, that it requires no long mental process, no balancing of considerations as to possible consequences, but is a direct and immediate perception that a given action does or does not comply with the mental standard of rightness.

This power of immediate insight into the quality of an action is one manifestation of that power which is called intuition:—"the direct beholding of an object or truth; immediate knowledge of the thing itself." As to the origin of this power there are different opinions, but its existence is unquestioned. Nor is its influence confined to the sphere of ethics. On the contrary, it is a power which, under various aspects, has shaped the whole course of human development.

There may be perceived, on careful consideration, two orders of intuition. There is the intuition, whereby a man, when an object is presented to his view, immediately perceives its quality and classifies it accordingly. This intuition is universal. The standard may be defective, oftentimes indeed is lamentably so, but the power of perceiving agreement or disagreement therewith is never absent. But before a truth can thus be judged of, it is necessary that it first be embodied either in word or deed. For want of such embodiment truth frequently lies vague and ill-defined, and consequently useless, in the minds of the many. It is only when some individual of superior insight gains a clear perception of the truth, and expresses it, once for all, in a few clear words or in some decisive action, that the truth gains general recognition, and becomes an active influence.



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This power of perceiving and giving expression to a truth hitherto concealed from the eyes of others is one of high order and rare occurrence. It is manifested in various ways; ethical and religious truth is expressed, for the most part, in words; truths of government, on the other hand, are usually expressed in actions.

In order that intuition may exert its full influence, the co-operation of both these phases of it is necessary. While, as we have seen, the lower phase requires the guidance and stimulus afforded by the possessor of the higher, and without that higher phase would but grope in the dark; so the higher phase, in its turn, not only presupposes the lower, but is dependent upon it for its very existence. For the vague tendencies and yearnings of the mass exert unconsciously a controlling and guiding influence on the intuition of the higher order, moulding and directing the shape which the truth takes in the enlightened few. Hence it is that while the great ethical and religious movements of mankind have been successful by reason of the numbers of those who have acknowledged their principles, we nevertheless see a small number of individuals stand forth prominently as the leaders of those movements. Historical science, too, recognises the importance of the chieftain, in the early development of government, as a leader capable of gathering up and carrying into effect the vague desires of his community. Examples of leaders in various spheres of action have been collected by Mr. Carlyle in treating of his typical hero. The quality characteristic of the hero is, in fact, that which has been above expounded as characteristic of the higher phase of intuition:—the gift, namely, of perceiving clearly what is right to be done. And the examples which Mr. Carlyle gives show very clearly how universal is the manifestation of such men of intuition, such heroes, not confined to any one time or country or sphere, but, under varieties of form, traceable equally in all.

Not, indeed, that all are of the same depth of insight or attain the same degree of influence. Intuition has developed with the development of mankind. Between the great ethical and religious leaders, and the wild savage whose superior sagacity raises him to chieftaincy among his fellows, there is an immeasurable chasm. Yet the principle is the same. Out of the method of thought which in primitive times worked as a mere uncontrollable impulse on the mind of the savage, bringing him blindly to one step after another, was gradually evolved that which worked at a later period in the mind of prophet or statesman, laying past and future bare to his mental gaze, and inspiring him with ideas that should guide whole nations through times of greatest difficulty.

We will now trace more in detail the development of Intuition in Ethics. Our present ethical system, though it has received

many late accretions of Aryan thought, is based upon the teaching of the Bible; that is, upon the intuitive doctrines of the highest of the Semitic peoples. We have, therefore, now to inquire how these doctrines arose.

The Semitic race has always been powerfully swayed by a belief in the moral order of the world; that in the course of history the hand of God might, more than anywhere else, be traced. The destiny of nations and of individuals are alike held to come to pass by the direct fiat of the Almighty. Among the Jews this belief attained its highest point, manifesting itself first in the endeavour to form a pure theocracy; and afterwards, when this was found impracticable in the formation of a body of men with the special object of guiding the nation according to the Divine will—in concurrence with the human monarch, if possible; but, if necessary, in opposition to him. This body of men is known to us under the name of Prophets. From the earliest days of the Jewish monarchy they possessed a complete organisation of schools or colleges, devoted to the training of men to carry out their particular aims. These men had widely different spheres of activity. There were some whose insight extended little, if at all, beyond the most ordinary occurrences of daily life; there were others whom the people consulted in cases of individual mental perplexity; there were others again (with whose writings we are familiar), who aimed at guiding the entire nation, both morally and politically. These last possessed the gift of intuition in its highest degree. To say that to them moral truth was revealed is no mere figure of speech. Before their mind's eye past and future lay unfolded, to a degree never known before; and which will assuredly never (in the same manner) be known again.

Nevertheless, we may trace a gradual development of intuition even here. Simplest and lowest is its intuition of the course to be pursued in single cases. Higher than this is the perception that one course of action is applicable to a whole class of cases. Of this stage we have examples in proverbial sayings. These were each, no doubt, originally called forth on some particular occasion; but their general applicability to all similar cases being at once perceived they immediately received their peculiar prophetic shape.* The perception, moreover, of such general courses of action was the first stage towards the formation of a moral code; which is, in fact, nothing more than a collection of such general courses of action as are found most suitable to the needs of a community.

* Incidentally it may be noted that the universality of proverbs affords a proof of the universality of the intuitive spirit to which they owe their origin.

Further than this, again, lay the perception that beneath these general courses of action lay certain great principles or motives. The commencement of this stage is marked in the Old Testament by those prophetic books, which, in theological language, present a 'greater spirituality.' As soon as intuition began to deal with the principles of action it was seen that any given action might spring from a variety of motives, some commendable, others reprehensible. And in view of the great moral influence which a man's motives have upon him, it became in the eyes of the prophets of far greater consequence that action should spring from right motives, than that the action itself should entirely square with a moral code. Hence, it came to pass that the later prophets made no attempt to revise or add to the code already existing. They regarded it as a quite subordinate matter; and they did not scruple even to set themselves in opposition to it, whenever its influence threatened in any way to interfere with the due appreciation of principle or motive.

This, the last stage of Semitic intuition culminated in the New Testament when the teachings of the prophets were finally gathered up into the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."* This law, as the final result of the intuitive method, it behoves us to consider carefully. Long ago Bishop Butler pointed out that in its strict literal sense it implied an equality on the degree of love exercised towards oneself, and towards one's neighbour. Assuming, what few will be disposed to question, that a man has certain claims upon himself, the Christian law, as we may call it, asserts that our neighbour has claims upon us, neither greater nor less than our own, but in exactly the same degree. If then, we accept Bishop Butler's exposition, we find that intuition has given us in one short sentence a clear enunciation of the motive that should sway our actions—our duty, namely to our neighbour—and also a guide to the due apportionment of our activity between ourselves and him.

If, however, we should think that the bishop laid undue stress upon the literal sense there is yet the great fact left, that that we call "duty," the claim of society upon the individual, has been clearly stated by intuition, and that in the form of a self-evident truth which none can deny without being false to his own perceptions. And surely the declaration of a fundamental principle of life, so that it could not fail of general recognition, is an end not unworthy of centuries of activity.

To this one great principle of action intuition has since added

* The clause, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" is not discussed here, being personal rather than ethical in its shape.

nothing. It might seem, therefore, that it only remained for this principle to permeate gradually the whole body of society. But at this point the Semitic intuition came into contact with Aryan thought as developed in the civilisation of Greece and Rome. Very different was the Aryan to the Semitic. With lofty powers of intellect capable of apprehending ideas of the most abstract character, the Aryan delighted at the same time in attempting to embody, or in some way make visible to the outward eye what was already present to his consciousness. To take an illustration from our present subject. In paintings and statues he strove to embody ethical principles. Thus the statues of the gods were not merely statues of this or that particular deity, but realisations in human shape of some virtue, more or less akin to the conception of that deity. Thus these statues became, so to speak, personifications of the principles of justice, integrity, modesty or chastity.

When, therefore, the abstract idea of duty to society* had to be expressed to the Aryan mind it needed some personification—some ideal man in whose life the doctrine might be seen at work, to whom later teachers could point as the realisation of their teaching. In *whom* that ideal was found I need hardly say. Suffice it to say that henceforth the law became this : To act so that Christ should approve our conduct.

To those who have considered how slowly human nature changes, it will not seem strange that this ideal did not at once obtain recognition. There were many hindrances in the way ; some arising from imperfect and varying modes of expressing the ideal (theology, as we call it), others arising from the imperfect state of society itself. Yet gradually and surely it did leaven all classes, till nominally, at least, it was acknowledged by the whole of modern civilisation.

Yet it did not work alone. As intuition neared its end, another method of thought was gradually gaining strength, destined in course of time to strengthen and supplement the teaching of the former. This—known to us as the Inductive method of modern science—we reserve for another paper. This one we will conclude by briefly collecting our results.

We have seen humanity progressing under the influence of a peculiar power of perceiving truth in all spheres of life. We have seen this power in the sphere of ethics, guiding the Semetic race (in the person of its representative nation) to the knowledge of the great motive of action ; and, lastly, we have seen this principle embodied in a person, transmitted from the Semites to the Aryans, and now forming the basis of our own ethical system.

THE MONARCHS.

IN the old time of earth,
 Three monarchs held their sceptres over men :
 One was a mighty giant ; at his birth
 The thunder peal'd and echo answer'd then
 Woe to the sons of men !

War was his name ; his reign was heaven-cursed,
 He drew his sword and all the lands were aw'd ;
 Dread was his voice, and not a mortal durst
 Before him linger when he rode abroad.
 Woe for his fiery sword !

Yet was his power divided, and a king
 Of gentle presence ruled on *diverse* throne ;
 Peace he was call'd, and did his coming bring
 Joy to the hearts of men ; in clarion-tone
 Shout him a welcoming.

And on a day of smiling after tears,
 Came a fair being on the wings of light,
 To gain dominion over hates and fears,
 And reign with Peace in Heaven-bestowèd might.
 Hail to the right !

Now, over some, stern War is monarch still,
 But his fell power is shaking, and shall fall ;
 While Love shall have at length his perfect will,
 And Peace possess dominion over all—
 Beyond recall.

HALL KEYWORTH.

H O R A C E D R A P E R.

BY J. T. W. BACOT.

Author of "Mary Burroughes," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LOVE CHASE.

DR. SHARPER was sitting in his parlour, on the morning of the 27th of July, reading his correspondence, preparatory to the full enjoyment of his daily paper. The last letter he opened was from Alfred Huntingdon. It was very short, and it struck the Doctor as being rather less friendly in tone than he had expected. It ran:—

DEAR SIR,—Circumstances compel me to alter my plans, and I shall be unable to accompany you in your proposed visit to Eichelskamp.—Yours truly,

ALFRED HUNTINGDON.

"That's rather curt," said Dr. Sharper, to himself, as he took up his newspaper and began to read.

He had not gone far before a faint whistle of astonishment burst from his puckered lips.

"Oh, that is the unexpected circumstance is it? No wonder he won't go, poor devil; and, by Jove, I won't either. Why, the girl is there! I will write to Doctor Schlagenweit, and put of my visit."

A knock at the door interrupted his meditations, and a servant girl announced—

"Thomas, the waiter from the 'Hoy.'"

"Oh, it's you; what's the matter this time?" exclaimed the Doctor. "You have not got another case of delirium tremens in your establishment?"

"Now that is very odd, sir, that you should ask me that question, for between you and me and the post, as old friends, I may say, I have come up about that very case of delirious trimmings that you had to call in Doctor Wheedle and Spicer to, when you did not know what to do."

"What do you mean, Thomas? Do you suppose that when three medical men meet in consultation, it is because—bah! what is the use of talking to you? Go on with your story your own way."

"Yes, doctor, its about that young man as was saved from your hands by a Providence—"

"Providence be——"

"Oh don't, doctor! please, don't be so irreligious."

"Go on," groaned the exasperated doctor.

"Dear me, where was I? About that young man you thought you cured with your medicine—which he never took!"

Dr. Sharper scowled, but said nothing.

"Which he never took!" repeated the waiter slowly, as he raised his eyes solemnly to the ceiling; "he has come back to Silverbeach, and has put up at our house."

"Has he! Well, what is that to me! What do you think he has come for, Thomas?" he inquired with some eagerness, as his curiosity mastered his apparent indifference.

"For villany!" replied the waiter solemnly.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I don't know, doctor, whether you ever noticed a nice young girl who lives here, and was a servant up at Greytings when this Mr. Gregory was shot?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"That young man wants to corrupt that young girl's principles; he wants to marry her! There's villany for you."

"I don't see that exactly, Thomas, unless he has a wife already."

"Of course he's got a wife, and, I daresay, a dozen of them. But it isn't that exactly. What I say is, that he has no call to come down here interfering with my young girl!"

"Oh, I see! you were thinking of a wife in your old age, were you, Thomas?"

"Perhaps I was, sir. Would you mind my asking you a personal question, Doctor?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Well, sir, supposing you were a married man, and behaved bad to your wife, or she behaved bad to you, and suppose you ran away and left her on the parish, or she left you in jail on account of some of your little games, and suppose you could not find her when you came out with your head shaved—"

"Curse your suppositions, you impertinent fellow!"

"Now don't be so touchy, Doctor, please. You told me I might put a likely case to you. All I want to know is at the end of seven years might you marry again?"

"Thomas, you are putting your own case, that's clear enough. All I can tell you is, that you could not be punished for bigamy; and if the first wife ever turned up again, she could claim you; I don't really think it would be worth her while."

"Thank you kindly, Doctor. Now I can get along about Mr. Gregory. He is carrying on a pretty game. Bless you, he's robbed a bank for one thing!"

"How do you know?"

"Because he sleeps in the next room to mine. They don't now he's got money, or they would not put him up there. It does happen that there is a knot out of the wooden partition that separates our rooms, and, curiously enough, there is a small hole in the paper just where the bit of wood is out. It's only just a pin hole; but if you happen to put your eye against the hole from my side of the room, I'm blessed if you can't see right over the whole of the other room. I have always considered it a hoptical delusion.

I never could understand it, and it was only last night I was sinking it over. 'It's unaccountable,' I said to myself; the hole isn't the size of a pea, and yet you can see the whole room, 'Can you cough?' says I. I never tried whether you could see every bit of the room, and I thought I would just make the experiment. Doctor, you might have knocked me down with a feather; there as my young friend, Mr. Gregory, a counting of his money, and there was five hundred pounds if there was a penny!"

"That's very odd," said the Doctor.

"It is nothing to what came afterwards. He began a talking himself. 'Much obliged to you, Captain Draper,' says he; 'I do hope you won't fret too much about your deceased relative! I may thank old Sharper,' he went on, 'for letting out that he saw you in New Zealand. What a sieve that old fellow is!' he said. I felt quite ashamed to hear him speaking so disrespectful of you, sir."

"Thank you, Thomas; you are very kind indeed. Is he drinking hard now?"

"No, not particularly, he's not exactly ever quite sober, and isn't ever drunk. What's to be done, Doctor?"

"I don't know; but I shall run up to town and see Captain Draper. Look here, Thomas, I don't advise you to spy through a keyhole or make any more optical experiments; but you had better keep your eye upon the young man, and if you should make discovery of any importance you might let me know. I shall be away a week, and my address will be the Charing Cross Hotel. You write to me there, and I will send you a line if I have any actions to give you. What's your other name, Thomas?"

"Please direct Thomas only, sir; you might say — Thomas — Thomas, Esq. I merely mention it, sir; the young lady I spoke of might like to know I had correspondents in London who tied up to me. Women are very weak, sir!"

"Indeed they are, Thomas."



"Cares for nothing but looks—do they, sir?"

"That's about it, Thomas."

"Comes hard on plain chaps like you and me, Doctor, don't it?"

"Get out of this," shouted the Doctor, in a passion.

"Well, good-bye, sir, and please don't be so violent," said the waiter as he took his departure.

"I certainly will call upon Draper," mused the Doctor.

"There is mischief brewing somewhere, and, besides, where does the young fellow get his money?"

On the following day he departed for London, and the first visit he paid was to Captain Draper. Unluckily he was out, and so the Doctor left his card and promised to call again on the following day. It was a pity that he gave up his continental trip, for he would have had as a companion his old friend, 'Mrs. Croony,' who had been his fellow traveller from Cassel on the previous year: not that she needed his protection now, for her mistress, Mrs. Masterton, was on board, and so was Mr. Blimber. That worthy gentleman had particular reasons for his journey, for he had been permitted to make his love declaration to Miss Flora.

"I fancy Mr. Blimber," remarked Mrs. Masterton, as they lounged on the deck of the Rotterdam boat, "that we shall have Mrs. Huntingdon and Florence coming home with us. Geoffrey Huntingdon left Berlin, suddenly, for London, a few days ago, and, of course, there will be no Alfred Huntington to see them home now. I suppose that was the business that Mr. Geoffrey Huntington came up about—it's a most sad affair."

"Who was she?" inquired Mr. Blimber.

"She was a Mrs. Chichester, and is still, for that matter. It must have been an awful blow to Mrs. Huntingdon and Florence!"

"Probably," suggested Mr. Blimber, "her mother will keep it from coming to Miss Huntingdon's ears. It is an awful thing to sully the purity of a young mind by alluding even to such disgraceful affairs. I don't suppose that dear Flora would even be able to comprehend it if she heard it."

"Oh, Flora is different, of course," replied Mrs. Masterton. "I have always kept Flora so very ignorant."

"Ah, dearest Mrs. Masterton, there are few mothers like you. Ignorance is a woman's best safeguard. I look on our dear Flora as simplicity itself, and I will do my best to keep her simple. There's a deal of sense in some verses I cut out of a newspaper one day. It was something about advice to persons going to marry, or else I would not have bothered my head with them. They were something like this—

"Be to her faults a little blind,
And to her virtues very kind;
And clasp a padlock on her mind."

Not that dear Flora has any faults, but I suppose naturally she has a mind?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Blimber, a fine mind; quite undeveloped!"

"Mrs. Masterton, you enchant me. I shall be the happiest man alive!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEAD AND ALIVE

FRANK LUMSDEN had been gone a week, and had left his young wife disconsolate at Gravesend. She had more to grieve for than the absence of her husband; for her father, who had long been ailing, and on whose account partly she had remained in England, had during the last two days become seriously ill. "One desperate grief cures with another's languish," and this evening Anne could think of nothing but her father, for she knew that he was dying. She hung about his bed, and whispered words of love and hope, and forced a smile of cheerfulness, as she spoke of what to-morrow would do for him; but when Captain Mowbray turned his restless head upon his pillow, Anne sank down behind the curtains, and clenched her poor little hands and bit her lips to restrain her sobs, and let the silent tears trickle down her cheeks unheeded.

It was about ten at night when her father woke from a troubled sleep, and called her.

"Anne, he said, in a faint voice, "I am dying! No, don't cry; not yet, at least. God help you! I have something to tell you. I thought to die with the secret, but I cannot keep it any longer. Come here; put your arms round my neck, and tell me that you love me, and don't turn from me when I tell you I am not your father!"

"Not my father! You are dreaming, papa! I never had a father but you, and God knows no child ever had a kinder one."

"No, Nannie; I have loved you more than any one I ever saw in the world—more I believe than I ever loved your mother, but I am not your father."

"Don't papa, don't say it!" cried the poor girl; "I don't want to hear it. You have always been my father—I will have no other—I will not let you go!"

"Hush, Anne, it shall be so still; while we live we will remain father and daughter, but you must let me speak. I shall get no peace until I tell you all the truth."

"Then do speak, papa. It can make no difference to me. Tell me all. I am quite calm now."



Captain Mowbray took her hand and placed it between both of his.

"It is about twenty-three years ago, Anne," he said, "since I first saw your mother. She came with her father to take a passage in my ship from New Zealand to England. Her father's name was Chalmers, and she was Mrs. Horace Draper."

"Was she any relation to the Captain Draper we know? Frank called him Horace!"

"No, I think not. Her husband must have been a very different man. Your mother was confined on board, Anne. She had twins—a boy and a girl. Off the "Falklands" the ship sprung a leak, and we had to take to our boats. We had to stop a long time on the island, before we could get a passage, and Mr. Chalmers died there. I was with him, Anne, when he died, and he begged me not to desert your mother. He told me he suspected that his daughter's husband was a scoundrel, and that he had married your mother under some assumed name. I promised to do the best I could, and if possible to trace out Horace Draper when we reached England, and I kept my promise. I traced the ship, and found some of the man's fellow passengers; but I never saw Horace Draper from that day to this. We waited another year, Anne, and then your mother and I were married. I loved her, and she had no home, and no friends; so what could she do?"

"But the children? what became of them?"

"Cannot you guess, Anne? Her children became mine, and I gave them my name, and I tried to be a father to them; but for all that the man Horace Draper is your real father. Now, Anne, can you forgive me?"

"What have I to forgive, papa. You took compassion on the fatherless, and have been more than a father to me."

"I have something more to tell you, Anne. I must speak of your brother, Henry."

"Oh, do! I never liked to ask you—I feared there was something wrong; but it was not so, was it?"

"I will tell you the truth, Anne, and you must bear it as you can. When your poor mother was dying, she told Henry part of her history. It would have been better, perhaps, if she had told him all. She only told him that her first husband had treated her badly, and that I had taken compassion on her when she was deserted and starving; but she did not tell him that he and you were not my children. She was afraid your brother would break loose altogether if he knew I had no right to control him. He and I had never got on very well together. He had some faults I never could excuse. Don't cry, Anne. He was young, after all, and did not see the thing in the proper light; but he robbed me—not

ice nor twice, and I forgave him for his mother's sake. Now comes the worst, Nan; a little while before your mother died I found a cheque had been presented at the bank, with my signature, for one hundred pounds. I had never signed it—you can guess who did. He left the house and enlisted."

"And then he died?" exclaimed Anne. "Did he say nothing, papa, before he died? Did you not forgive him?"

"Anne, I forgive him now."

"Oh, too late—too late!"

"No, it is not too late, for your brother is alive."

"Henry alive?" exclaimed the girl. "Where is he? May I see him?—may I tell him you have forgiven him? Oh, papa, surely he has repented long ago?"

"Where is he, now?"

"I don't know."

"I will tell you who does know. That very Captain Draper who went with you down to Southampton. Do you remember his first visit here? It was to tell me of a person sick down at Silver-sage. It was a man calling himself Gregory. It was your own brother, Henry. I had not forgiven him then, Nan, and I refused to listen."

"I will write to Captain Draper at once."

"Nan, you don't see the mischief you will do. You forget Frank. Your husband thinks you are my child, and believes that our brother is dead. We must be careful, child. I think, Nan, could sleep now, I feel so tired," and the old man closed his eyes, and Anne sat very silent thinking.

"Why not tell Frank?"

The answer came to her brain like a flash of lightning.

"Tell Frank that you are illegitimate, and that your only brother is a thief!"

A wild look passed over her face, and she stole very quietly from the room. She went noiselessly upstairs and fell down by her bedside and tried to pray; but before the words could form themselves, she fell senseless to the floor.

A knocking at the door aroused her, and she heard the servant say that her father was worse. A sudden flood of tenderness came back as she thought of the poor old man lying there alone. He had meant it all for the best, and he had been so good to her! She hurried downstairs, and found him lying very quietly, but with an awful look of misery on his face.

"I thought you had gone, Anne," he moaned. "Can you forgive me?"

"Best and dearest," she replied. "I have nothing to forgive. It is God's will, and His will be done!"

And then Anne kissed him.

"Anne," he resumed, "you are a good girl, and God will bless you. Hold on, Nannie!" he cried, as a sudden flush passed over his face; "it will all come right. I see it all! Land at last!"

He fell backwards on the bed, and Anne tried in vain to raise him. He was dead! And then she gave a bitter cry, and prayed that God would take her also.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BREAKING-UP.

THE school days of Florence and Flora at Mrs. Schlagenweit's establishment were nearly at an end. It was the 29th of July now, and on the following day both Mrs. Huntingdon and Mrs. Masterton were expected to arrive at Eichelskamp, to say nothing of Dr. Sharper and Alfred Huntingdon. The evening of the 30th was to be devoted to gaiety, as Dr. Weber always gave his grand breaking-up entertainment on that date, to which half the town was always invited.

On the 1st of August the holidays commenced, and Florence and Flora were to say farewell to Mrs. Schlagenweit and Eichelskamp. Both the girls felt it would be painful to leave the place, and each would have been glad to say a little longer to say good-bye to one who was absent, and whose return to Eichelskamp was not expected for some weeks.

Florence would have liked to take a last farewell of Edward Chalmers, and Flora would have preferred a farewell which might have led to future meetings.

Since the memorable sleighing party, Edward had only been twice at home, and then only for a few days on each occasion; but both the girls felt that the place lightened up when he was present, and darkened when he took his departure.

Florence thought she only cared for Edward Chalmers as a friend, but she was always thinking about him; she was for ever contrasting him in her mind with Alfred Huntingdon, and the comparison, somehow or another, was not to the advantage of her cousin.

Mr. Chalmers, she said to herself, would never have asked her to marry him, and so made her miserable for ever; he never would have persevered if he had been told that she could only consider him as a brother. To-day, for the first time, there came a thought which sent the blood to her face: would she have told Edward Chalmers so?

She stamped her little foot with impatience as she did her best to drive the thought away, and then she tried to wish that she had never seen Alfred, or Mr. Chalmers, or anybody else, and half-persuaded herself she was glad that she should never see Edward again.

For poor Flora, the absence of Mr. Chalmers was a serious grief; she considered him the best-looking young man she had ever seen. For his sake, at all events, when he was present she had disdained Lieutenant Eberstein as much as that gentleman would permit. At times she really did not know whether the lieutenant was in the room or not when Edward was present, and the unfortunate man was aware of it.

The heart of the lieutenant almost failed him sometimes, and he said he would give her up; but then again Miss Flora was very cautious, and he threw himself again at her feet, to be again trampled upon.

At times he thought with tenderness of "little Margaret," to whom he had once all but engaged himself, and wished that his Flora, as he still called her, had half the goodness of Gretchen, or that she had a greater share of Flora's beauty. And then poor Eberstein would sit down and read his letters; there were many letters, for Flora was effusive. She liked writing, and above all he enjoyed the trickery so unavoidable in a clandestine correspondence.

But having written once to Lieutenant Eberstein she found it difficult to stop; it was equally difficult to alter her style. It is impossible to sign yourself "Your own Flora" in November, and to subside into "Yours truly" in the following June without an outbreak or a quarrel, and Flora hated scenes; so it unluckily happened that she continued to call herself Lieutenant Eberstein's "own" when she wished the poor man at Jericho. But she would have liked to get her letters back first. She had quite made up her mind to marry Mr. Blimber if she found that Edward Chalmers did not care for her. No doubt, if she had to make a choice between Mr. Blimber and the lieutenant, she would have preferred the latter if he had been equally rich; but then the money was altogether on Mr. Blimber's side, and Flora knew the value of money very well. But there did not appear much chance of putting Mr. Edward Chalmers' sentiments to the test; he was too much occupied in London.

There was some delay about the New Zealand appointment, as Mr. Fortescue had not made up his mind whether he would himself return to the colony. He had returned from Madeira in improved health, but his medical advisers had not consented to his resuming

work, so Edward Chalmers waited in London until the matter was decided.

On the very day, however, when nobody expected him, and Florence and Flora had given up all hope, the door of Mr. Schlagenweit's dining room opened, and in walked the young gentleman himself.

"Always as a ghost do you come, Edward," exclaimed the doctor; "but we are glad to see you. Sit down, and drink your own health, for you are not looking well. What brings you back so suddenly?"

"My visit is a hurried one, and must be short too, father; but it is important business, and I thought I had better come down and speak to you. Pray do not go," he continued, as Florence and Flora prepared to leave the room; "it is no secret—it is only that my proposed journey to New Zealand is likely to come off at last. Mr. Fortescue has decided not to go, and I have been again offered the appointment. If I say 'yes' I am to start in August. Now then, father and mother, shall I say 'yes'?"

"It is not as if you had volunteered, my son; it seems a duty that has come into your way. I should say 'go.'"

"Thanks, father! And now, mother, what do you say?"

"What can I say, Edward? I did so hope that the advertisement about the next of kin would have led to something, and that there would have been no necessity for this parting. Has nothing been heard yet, Edward?"

"No. Mr. Pounce can find no trace of the missing Alice. It would be useless waiting for years for money that may never come. No, dearest mother, let me go and make my own way in the world."

Mrs. Schlagenweit began to cry, and, to conceal her tears, she got up hastily and left the room.

Dr. Schlagenweit followed her, and Edward was left alone with Florence and Flora.

"I have not asked your advice," he said, laughingly, "for fear you should say 'go' a little too readily; but I should like to take your votes. What would you say, Miss Huntingdon?"

"You must do your duty, Mr. Chalmers; no one can look for a blessing who shrinks from that. I must go now; but we are not saying good-bye—we shall see you again?"

"Oh, certainly; indeed, I rather wanted to see you for five minutes alone, for I have a most important message for you from your old friend Captain Draper."

"I shall be in the library in half-an-hour's time, Mr. Chalmers. I intend to write several letters this evening; you will be sure to find me there any time before seven."

As she left the room, Edward turned to Flora.

"Your opinion, Miss Masterton, if you please. Go or stay?"

"How can I answer you, Mr. Chalmers? Men are so hard, and some women too. Your father, and others too, think only of duty. Your mother cannot say 'go;' how can I? How could she, poor woman! think of anything but her love? Do not ask me, Mr. Chalmers."

"I wish I hadn't," was the ungallant thought that flitted through the young man's brain. "Miss Masterton," he said "you speak too seriously. What is a voyage to New Zealand, after all?"

"What is a voyage to New Zealand?" said Flora, who looked dreamily at Edward, and spoke as if her thoughts forced themselves into words without her choice, and almost without her knowledge. "Nothing—nothing to those who go; but to those who remain behind?"

"Then, Miss Masterton, you would not be sorry if you were in my place: to take the voyage, and leave your friends grieving for you?"

"I?" said Flora; "why talk of me? What are places to a woman? For a dear friend's sake I could with equal pleasure travel round the world, or remain at quiet Eichelskamp for ever! Alas! women have so few friends; when they think they have found one, he asks her to bid him go. How can you ask me, Mr. Chalmers?"

And here Flora was so carried away by her own eloquence, that out popped her little hand, which Edward took.

What he would have said in reply it is difficult to conjecture; but he was saved all trouble by the return of Dr. Schlagenweit, who exclaimed, joyously:

"Your mother is better, and will be here presently.

"Heaven be thanked!" said Edward, piously.

"Bother Mrs. Schlagenweit!" was the only form of thanksgiving which occurred to the mind of Miss Masterton.

Florence was in the library writing, when Edward Chalmers opened the door. He walked across the room, and took a chair opposite to her.

"Now, Mr. Chalmers, your news?" said Florence, smiling. "Why," she exclaimed, as the smile faded away, "surely it is not bad news? Captain Draper is not ill?"

"No, Miss Masterton. I misled you; I did not care to speak out before the others. What I have to tell you is about the 'Horace Draper' who married Alice Chalmers in New Zealand."

"Have you found him, Mr. Chalmers? I am so glad—no, I mean so sorry! You see, I knew it was Captain Draper's brother

all the time ; but I promised not to tell, for the poor man cried so, and said his brother might be transported if he were ever traced. I could not bear to prevent you from getting your legacy, but I had known Captain Draper all my life. And now, Mr. Chalmers, you will forgive him, and this wretched brother, and me too—for I know I was to blame!”

“Forgive you, Miss Masterton? Will you forgive me? I think when I have told my story you will hate me. And yet you are the one person in the world whose good opinion I most covet. Please, don’t leave me,” he said, as Florence rose from her chair. “Do not be offended with me—I will not pain you; I could not help saying what I did, because I am afraid I shall make you hate me, and now you will at least understand what it must cost me to repeat my wretched tale.”

“Must I hear it, Mr. Chalmers? I would assist you if I could, but surely your father and mother would be better able to advise you.”

“No, Miss Masterton; it is not so. I shall never see you again after to-morrow. I beg you to listen to me.”

“Then I will do so.”

“One favour more: will you meet me at the dawn of day to-morrow here in the library? There must be no listeners about; I shall not detain you long, and then we need never see each other again.”

“Not to say good bye, Mr. Chalmers?”

“Ah, Miss Masterton, I am afraid that you will never wish to see or speak to me again.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OLD STORY.

It was with a beating heart and nerves strangely agitated that Florence entered the library on the following morning at four o’clock. She had not seen Edward Chalmers since her interview with him in the same place on the previous day. She had pleaded headache, and had kept her room. She had done nothing, however, but to think about him, and of what he had said. It was that, and not what he had yet to say, that troubled her. He had told her that he cared for her. Of course it was wrong of him, but, then, how could she be very angry with him? he was confused, and said perhaps more than he meant; and then Florence blushed, for she knew it was not more than he had meant. No, she was not angry. He would never say anything of the kind again, and if he did she would remember to be very reserved and dignified. He

never could be anything but a dear friend to her; and if he was in any trouble now she would help him. Edward Chalmers was already in the room when she entered.

"Thank you," he said, "Miss Huntingdon, for your trust and confidence in me, I shall not abuse it; pray sit down. I will be as short as I can, for it is very painful for me to speak."

Florence looked very grave and serious.

"Tell me everything, Mr. Chalmers," she said; "and if I can assist you I will."

He sat down opposite to her and rested his head on one hand so as to shade his face, as if he were ashamed to look at her.

"Miss Huntingdon," he began, "I told you I had found Horace Draper, who was supposed to have married Alice Chalmers in New Zealand. You remember that Captain Draper promised to write to his friend, Mr. Alfred Huntingdon, to inquire whom it was that Mr. Fortescue had seen with him and mistaken for Horace Draper?"

"Yes, I recollect."

"Well, Captain Draper never wrote, and he had very good reason for not doing so."

"He knew, of course, it was his own wretched brother, I suppose?" said Florence.

"Captain Draper, Miss Huntingdon, never had a brother."

"Never had a brother, after all?"

"No; I will tell you how I discovered all this. You remember that I lost my chance of seeing Mr. Fortescue and of showing him the portraits, by stopping for the sleighing party. Captain Draper never intended me to see Mr. Fortescue, nor him to look at the portraits; but I have seen Mr. Fortescue again, and he has seen the photographs?"

"Why, you have not got them, Mr. Chalmers; you returned the photograph and the water-colour drawing to me."

"Yes; but before I returned them to you I took copies of them. Miss Huntingdon, that drawing of your father was done by this very Mr. Fortescue. The photograph I took of it had reproduced every line and mark in the original, and in the corner there remains, what we overlooked, the initials, G. F., and the date."

"But then, Mr. Fortescue must have known my father, and if so, why did he call him Horace Draper?"

"He must have taken the name when he went to New Zealand—and Captain Draper knows it."

"I don't understand it," said Florence. "Was there another Horace Draper in New Zealand? I mean, the one who married Alice Chalmers."

"Forgive me for telling you, but you must hear the truth. I had rather cut my tongue out than say it; but your father married Alice Chalmers under the false name of Horace Draper!"

"For mercy's sake, don't say so!" cried the girl, as she started from her chair.

"I must—it is true. Hush Florence—Miss Huntingdon, I mean—be firm—I want to save your father—will you not help me?"

"Help? yes, what I can do? Go on Mr. Chalmers; I will not cry any more."

"You can help—you can save your father. I don't see how I can do any good without your assistance. There are others that know of this marriage, and there is one at least who thinks he is in the position to prove it."

"Who else knows it?" asked Florence, nervously.

"Doctor Sharper, Mr. Fortescue, and the lawyer, Mr. Pounce, know a great deal; but there is one person who not only is aware of the secret, but who is likely to turn what he does know to a most mischievous account."

"Who is he?"

Do you remember ever hearing of a young man called Gregory?"

"Yes, he came down to Greylings when papa was there, and there was an accident there. My cousin told me he met him afterwards, and I recollect that he said he was trying to trace out Captain Draper."

"Exactly, Miss Huntingdon. That young man does not know that your father was the Horace Draper of whom he is in search, but he does know that Alice Chalmers was really married to Horace Draper. Until within a few days he was able to prove it. He possessed the marriage certificate!"

"Has he not got it now?"

"No, that is part of my story. I met this young fellow, Gregory, several times at Mr. Pounce's; he also had seen the advertisement about money coming to the Chalmers family, and he called frequently at the lawyer's office when I was there. Mr. Pounce told me he could make nothing of him; all that was clear was, that he thought he could give valuable information; but he insisted upon payment before he said a word. I believe Mr. Pounce did offer him twenty pounds at last. The other day I met young Gregory in the street. He was excited, and had been drinking, but he was not drunk; he laughed when he saw me and stopped. 'Come with me,' he said, 'Where we can have a quiet chat. I want to tell you something about that legacy business.' I hesitated at first, but I thought I ought to throw no chance away, so I went with him into the nearest tavern. 'Look here, old

'ellow,' he said. 'Your'e in luck. I took a fancy to you the first lay I saw you, and I will do you a good turn. I never did that much for any body before, without meaning to get something out of it. Perhaps this will bring me luck, too! There you are,' he went on, as he took a paper from his pocket; 'and Horace Draper is sold!' 'What do you mean?' I said. 'Just what I say. Old Pounce wants to know if Alice Chalmers was married in New Zealand, and he has offered me twenty pounds to prove it. Now, Captain Draper does know it, and he offered me a hundred pounds not to prove it. Well, I sold the Captain the proof of the marriage, or at least he thinks I did. He has got a copy, at any rate; but this happens to be the original certificate, and what do you think I mean to do with it? Why, I mean to give it to you—take it,' he continued; 'it's no use to me. I've done with the whole thing, and I'm off to Alabama!' And off went the unhappy wretch without another word."

"And has Mr. Pounce got the certificate now?" asked Florence, sadly.

"No; do you think I would have told you all this unless I had seen some way to help you? Here is the certificate! Keep it safe, and if your father is threatened he may at least rely upon one thing, that the charge cannot be proved."

Florence took the paper and placed it inside the bosom of her dress. She rose up as if to leave the room, and then she suddenly hesitated, and sat down again.

"Mr. Chalmers," she said, "you will lose this legacy; you will have to go to New Zealand, and your poor mother, who is so anxious? How can I take this paper?"

"Miss Huntingdon, you must not refuse me. You think of my prospects, of my mother; oh, just for one moment think of me. I am going away—I shall never see you more; let me take away the memory that I have done you a service. You will not be able quite to forget me then."

"Forget you, Mr. Chalmers?" said Florence, as she rose again from her chair, with her eyes sparkling with excitement, while her face was colourless. "Never! I will never pray to Heaven but I will remember you."

"God bless you, Miss Huntingdon, and now good-bye!" he held out his hand, and she took it. He pressed it passionately, and said once more, "Good-bye, Miss Huntingdon. I may call you Florence once!"

Her face flushed crimson for a moment, and then she was paler than before, if that were possible. She put her hands up almost beseechingly.

"No, Mr. Chalmers; let me think of you as the noblest and

kindest man that ever lived. You must not call me, Florence, but the sweetest remembrance I shall ever have will be, that you might have done so, and that you refrained out of very pity for me."

Edward Chalmers turned away his head, and Florence left the library without another word.

CHAPTER XXX.

QUITE A MISTAKE.

EDWARD CHALMERS left his father's house as he had entered it, without attracting any observation, immediately he had finished his interview with Florence. He had slept the previous night at his old friend, Eberstein's quarters, and he had now got more than an hour to spare before it would be necessary for him to take a final parting from his family. He thought he would pass the time in searching for some papers he had mislaid.

"She is a very odd girl, that Miss Masterton," he said, to himself, as he strolled through the deserted street. "What made her make such a mystery of it? What can she want to know about New Zealand? and why did she slip that note in my hand last night? How precious close poor Eberstein was about it too! And yet it was not the sort of note to make a man jealous. I suppose, poor fellow, he is rather taken with Miss Flora, and I know he has been talking about going to New Zealand lately, and settling there. I shall not be surprised if that is the reason why she wants to know so particularly about the place. Let me see, what was it she did say?"

He took a little note from his pocket-book, and read it over again.

He had passed the previous evening at his father's house, and besides the Doctor and his wife no one had been present excepting Flora Masterton and Lieutenant Eberstein. It had been a very quiet party, and Edward had most of the conversation to himself. He did nothing but talk of the many advantages of the colony, and of the success that attended every man of any energy. He was full of plans and speculations about the opening up of new lines of commerce between New Zealand and the thousand islands of the South Pacific.

Dr. Schlagenweit even was astonished at the amount of information which his step-son possessed.

"My son," he said, "how came you to know so much of New Zealand?"

"Only by reading. I think I have made notes from every book ever published about the place, and their name is legion.

Don't you remember, Eberstein, how you laughed at me for sitting up all night last time I was down here, making extracts from Dr. Thompson's story of New Zealand? Ah, my good friend, you said nothing would come of it. Who was right, eh? By-the-bye, you have got those notes, have you not?"

"Yes," replied Eberstein.

It was the only word he had been able to say all the evening, for Flora did not even look at him. He croaked out the "Yes" like a raven.

It was 10 o'clock when Edward and Eberstein took their departure, and it was when leaving that the little note had been slipped into young Chalmers's hand. He had read it when he got time, and as there appeared to be no secret in it he took it into Eberstein's room and read it over to him; and then Eberstein had been very grumpy, and told him he was sleepy, and to get away and not bother him at that hour of the night.

"Nothing in it to annoy Eberstein," was the conclusion Edward came to, as he read the little billet over again. It ran:—

The notes can be of no further use to you: let me have them. Forgive my childish ignorance, and remain my friend.

"It is queer that she should want my notes. She had much better get the book. However, if she does want them she may as well have them; that is, if Eberstein can find them."

"Well, my boy," he said, as he entered Eberstein's parlour, "how are you? In a better frame of mind, I hope, than you were last night? Do you know you almost swore at me?"

"Look here, I may as well tell you I was hurt. The fact is I used to admire that little Miss Masterton, as I daresay you guessed, and it was not very pleasant for me to sit silent all last night, when you went on about New Zealand, and Miss Flora had eyes for nobody but you."

"There you are wrong, Eberstein. She is deeply interested in New Zealand, but not in me. I never paid her any attention in my life; and I will own to you that if I ever did fall in love it would be with some one more like Miss Huntingdon than Miss Flora."

"So I reckoned, my friend, and that's the reason why I thought you need not have paid Miss Flora so much attention last night. Never mind, I am not cross now. I have changed my mind, and if she went down on her knees and asked me to go to New Zealand with her, I would tell her to go to Hong-Kong, as you say in your English song. Still, that is no reason why she should not have the notes about the interesting colony. I think I know

where they are. Don't you wait ; I will follow you to your father's house in ten minutes."

"Then I won't say good-bye to you now. I shall be sure to see you there?"

"Oh, yes ; I will wait in the hall and give you the notes, and when you have done your leave-taking I will see you off from Eichelskamp. Here, old fellow, stick this pink in your button-hole. Do you know the language of flowers?"

"No."

"Well, a pink means mischief!"

Edward laughed and hurried away to his father's house.

Eberstein looked after him for a moment and then went to his own room. He sat down and took up a little note which he too had received on the previous evening from the fair hands of Miss Masterton. He had now to smooth it out, for it was crushed and crumpled. It began :—

EDWARD!—I could not say all : let this speak for me—you need not go into exile alone ! If I may hope, wear a pink in your button-hole to-morrow morning. Your own if you wish it so.

Eberstein put down the note, and opened a secret drawer in his cabinet. It was filled with all the little charming epistles he had ever received from poor Flora.

"Your own, if you wish it, eh?" he said, savagely. "Yes, anybody's own you please, my dear mees, but never, never more mine ! And now I will put up Edward's elegant extracts, and I hope she will profit by them."

He folded up some papers and tied them with a piece of blue ribbon, and wrote on the wrapper, "How to get to New Zealand!" then he relocked his cabinet, put on his hat, and followed his friend to Dr. Schlagenweit's.

The carriage was waiting when he arrived to convey Edward to the nearest railway-station.

Eberstein told the maid-servant who opened the door that he would not go in, and directed her to give the packet of papers to Mr. Chalmers.

Edward was leaving when the parcel was handed to him.

"It is time to say farewell," he said. "Good-bye, Miss Masterton, if I should not see you again ; but the world is very small, and probably we shall meet in the future."

Flora thought it very probable indeed, considering that he wore the pink signal in his coat.

"Give my kindest regards to Miss Huntingdon, and tell her how sorry I am not to be able to see her again. And now, father and mother, adieu and farewell!"

His father and mother followed him to the door. Suddenly he stopped.

"One moment!" he exclaimed, "I have not given my message!"

He ran back to the room he had just quitted.

"I had nearly forgotten," he said, as he handed her the packet.

A beautiful blush lighted up Flora's face, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

Before she could say a word Edward was gone. As the carriage rolled away, Flora rushed to her bedroom and locked the door.

What did this parcel contain? Surely a love declaration. "How to get to New Zealand!" Oh, how thoughtful of him, and how considerate to label his love message so cunningly, and what a long letter it must be!

She imprinted one kiss upon the envelope, and then she tore it open.

Horror of horrors! what did she see? Every single love letter she had ever written to Lieutenant Eberstein!

To Mrs. Schlagenweit's great astonishment, when she went to see what was the matter with Florence, she found that Flora had also taken to her bed.

Dr. Schlagenweit was called into consultation, and he paid a professional visit to both ladies.

"I fear," he said, to his wife, "it is the measles. Both the young ladies have red, watery eyes and heavy colds. Miss Flora, indeed, did nothing but sniff."

"It is very awkward," said Mrs. Schlagenweit. "Mrs. Masterton and Mrs. Huntingdon may both arrive to-day, and then you're two friends may come at any moment."

"I have just got a letter, my dear, from Dr. Sharper, to say he is detained in London, and that an unfortunate event will also interfere with the promised visit of Mr. Alfred Huntingdon. I am afraid that will be a disappointment to Miss Huntingdon."

"I suppose so, Doctor, but I really cannot say. I don't know whether you ever noticed anything, but I have had a dreadful fear sometimes that Edward liked Miss Huntingdon, and that if it had not been for this Mr. Alfred—somebody, we won't mention, would not have been quite indifferent to my son."

"My dear," replied the Doctor, "she did not even take the trouble to come down and see him off."

"Of course not. How could she with the measles?"

"I only know, my love, that when I was a young man I would

have come to you if I had been covered with measles, scarlatina, and small-pox."

"I have no doubt you would, Dr. Schlagenweit; men generally do think of nothing but their own selfish gratification!"

"My dear!" exclaimed the astonished Doctor.

"Oh, don't dear me!" cried the exasperated lady; there's the party to-night, and these people coming, and the measles in the house. It's too bad!"



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A STRANGE DOWRY.

BY MRS. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER XV.

"MERCHANT.—'O, 'tis a worthy lord.'

JEWELLER.—'Nay, that's most fixed.'

MERCHANT.—'A most incomparable man ; breathed, as it were,

"To an untirable and continue goodness.'"

Timon of Athens.

COLONEL DOMVILLE and Dolly were in the drawing-room on my return.

"A nice young lady, you are!" she exclaimed, gaily, as I entered. "We saw you taking a walk all alone with Mr. Addison. We have discovered you, and signify our disapproval of your choice."

"I never saw you ; where were you ?" I inquired, rather taken aback, not at their discovery, but at her assuming such a tone before Colonel Domville.

"Of course you did not see us ; how could you, when you were hanging on his words, as they say in novels ? He was holding forth in a most emphatic manner. What on earth was he talking about —preaching you a sermon, or making you an offer ?"

"Hardly a desirable connection in the latter case," said Colonel Domville, superciliously.

Resenting his interference, I retorted, rather warmly : "Mr. Addison is a gentleman, and a man cannot be more, although he may be, and very often is, a great deal less, while pretending to more."

"My dear young lady, when a man sinks his social position to hunt after Utopias he is either a fanatic or a fool, and, as such, is a most undesirable acquaintance, except in a professional capacity,"

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said Colonel Domville, loftily. "Besides, I consider a man with his tendencies a dangerous character."

"In what particular?" I asked, in amazement.

"He has socialistic proclivities that are highly objectionable, atheistical, and disreputable. Equality and fraternity with the vulgar may be all very fine as theories in the abstract; but they are notions altogether impracticable, and quite beyond my comprehension, olfactory or other."

Here he drew out his scented pocket handkerchief, as though to banish the idea which had brought with it its own ill odour.

Seeing that I looked still doubtful as to his meaning, he continued:

"He is one of those who adopt the working man, and make him unbearable—a gentlemanly Communist, in fact. He has working men to dine with him, I hear, and I know not what other absurdity."

Here a series of short derisive laughs marked Colonel Domville's sense of his infinite superiority over such misguided humanity.

At once I understood the reason for the carpetless floor and meanly furnished room.

Contrasting it with Colonel Domville's ridicule, I became so angry that I said, as calmly as I could:

"I cannot see that he is so very wrong, after all, for are we not told somewhere that when we make a feast, or in other words give a dinner party, it is not our fine fashionable friends that we ought to invite, but the poor. But then he must expect small mercy for carrying out the idea, for wise men always were, and ever will be, the laughing-stock of fools."

"Mim;" exclaimed Dolly, "I am ashamed of you! How can you so thoroughly forget yourself! By what right, pray, do you espouse Mr. Addison's cause so warmly? Your conduct is open to but one construction.—She must be in love with him, I think," she said, turning to Colonel Domville with a sneer, hitherto foreign to them, on her pretty lips.

"I think it is you who are forgetting yourself!" I cried, passionately. "How can you discuss such a subject as my being in love before, or with, a third person? I shall not take the trouble to contradict you. As for my apparent rudeness to you, Colonel Domville, I am sorry that you should, or Medora for you, have thought it necessary to apply a general remark to yourself individually."

"Do not take the trouble to apologise, pray," he said, with mocking politeness; "the impertinencies of the schoolroom are always pardonable. You will improve, no doubt, in manners, when you have seen a little more of the world, and have caught the tone

of good society; as Rochefoucauld says: 'Young people, at their entrance upon the world, should be either bashful or giddy—a composed self-complacency generally turns to impertinence.'

Not daring to trust myself longer in their company, I left the room. I felt terribly hurt, not so much at Colonel Domville or his quotation, for I expected nothing less where he was given the opportunity of inserting one. It was Dolly who pained me; she seemed to have caught the tone of his cold, heartless mind so entirely.

On my way upstairs I heard my uncle calling me.

I went up to his cabin, which was an old curiosity shop in itself; and everything was arranged with a sailor's proverbial nattiness. At either end of the small mantel-piece stood bronze effigies of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. They had been originally common white plaster images, but my uncle had hardened their brittle constitutions by several coats of black and brown paint, finally bronzing them with a mixture that he had picked up from an advertisement. So delighted was he with a preparation that possessed the magical power of converting whatever it touched into bronze, that everything in the house was threatened with a baptism of the objectionable fluid until my aunt became furious, and obliged him to limit his experiments to his own sanctum, now under description. A bust of Nelson stood in one recess over his book-shelf; a musical clock that looked forth from the steeple of a church, with an elaborate landscape in the background that shone again with varnish, and was set off by a handsome frame, stood in the other. His library consisted of a Bible, Shakespeare, a few standard works, a Walker's dictionary, and Navy Lists for the last half century. His pipes were ranged on a rack above the mantel-piece, where hung also his sword; while, adorning the walls around, were several sets of bows and arrows, a matchlock, and sundry other weapons, each with its story. But chief treasure of all was the cabinet containing his fossils, pretrefactions, Hindoo gods and goddesses, anklets, bracelets, armlets,—a perfect *olla podrida*, in fact, from all quarters of the globe.

"I called you up to read the paper to me, if you will," he said, as soon as I was seated; "but before we begin I want to have a chat with you. I wish you tell me how long this engagement-business is going on. A fortnight, didn't your aunt say? We have got over one week of it, thank God! What a confounded bore that Colonel Domville is: don't you think so, now?"

"Yes, rather."

"Stanhope would have been a much better fellow for her; he's better off, to begin with, and I know Miss Medora is a young

lady who has a very strong eye to the main chance. Why couldn't she have married him?"

"I declare one would think, to hear you, that ladies had nothing to do but to make their own proposals. It is a great pity we can't," I said, laughing.

"My dear girl, I think you all do, directly or indirectly. I am quite sure that your aunt proposed to me."

"How dare you say such a thing of dear, good Aunt Jane, the quietest woman in the world?" I exclaimed.

"Well, if she did not exactly say the words, she inferred as much from her manner, which led me to understand that she expected me to do my duty and ask her; so it came to the same thing in the long-run."

"The Duke has quite an armful of despatches," I observed, it being a fancy of my uncle's to put all his letters ready for posting under the Duke's arm. "Why did you not ask me to post them? I was out this afternoon."

"Where did you go?"

"I then told him of my little excursion, which led to my recounting the passage of arms I had just had with Colonel Domville, and the dire disgrace I was in at present."

"Bravo, Mary!" he cried, laughing immoderately. "I expect you called him by his right name. I am glad that you did not mince matters, but called a spade a spade when you saw it."

"But indeed, uncle, I am very sorry; I forgot myself. I know it was a rude, unladylike speech to make, and you shouldn't laugh."

"I like the impudence of the dressed-out fop—to laugh at Addison! I tell you what it is," said my uncle, rising from his chair to fill his pipe, "I have heard a great deal, one way and another, about Addison, and I think that, laugh at him as they like, he knows what he is about. He is a deuced good fellow, let me tell you, and has done more by these Saturday dinners of his to keep drunkards out of the public-house than all the parson's sermons put together. They talk sermons, while he acts them and says nothing about it, but is a jolly good fellow all the time."

"How did you come to hear anything about him?"

"Well, you know my economical turn of mind——"

"Ah, indeed I do—penny wise and pound foolish, picking up all the old rubbish you can at auctions," I said, laughing.

"Don't be saucy, miss, to your good old uncle."

"Forgive me—I am very penitent. Now tell me your story."

"I must light my pipe first."

Then, seating himself, he began:

"Being of an economical turn of mind, I went one morning in

search of a cobbler, as I wanted a pair of slippers repaired, and found my way into a poor quarter of the town in the direction of Addison's house, where I came upon the very thing I wanted—
“John Stubbs, shoemaker; repairs neatly executed.” So I walked in and inquired for Mr. Stubbs, and was informed that he had gone to dine with Dr. Addison.”

At that moment we were interrupted by a knock at the door.

“What is wanted?” cried my uncle, who never suffered intruders into his sanctum without an invitation.

“If you please, sir, it's Mr. Stubbs with your slippers, and he wants to know if you have any more orders,” said the servant.

“By Jove! the very man we were talking about; show him up. Now, Mary, we'll make him tell us all about it himself.”

Presently an ungainly, though respectable-looking man entered.

“Well, Stubbs, you've just come in the nick of time. We were speaking of you. Talk of the devil, you know.”

The man grinned his knowledge of the sequel, and handed my uncle his slippers.

“You've made a capital job of them, but never mind them now. I want you to tell me all about your dinner parties at the doctor's. I have heard something of them from your wife, enough to make me wish to hear more.”

“Most folks is surprised, sir; but the doctor, he's been the makin' of us. Lord, sir, afore he come we was always a drinkin' and spendin' Saturday afternoons a lounging in and out of the public-house, drinkin' up the week's wages, I may say, afore the food for the next week was bought. But then, sir, after a hard week's work a man feels low and tired-like a comin' home and findin' things sixes and sevens, with the missus a washin' up and scouring for the Sunday, and nothin' comfortable-like. So, for company and drink we are glad to go to the public; but it ain't the best of places for a man, and the doctor, he know'd that well enough; but he never not once said: ‘Don't go to the public, Stubbs,’ in them words, but as plain as a man could speak he kept us from goin', by givin' us somethin' better worth havin'.”

“How did he get you to stay away?”

“Well, sir, it was one Saturday, some time back now, that he left word with our missuses that he would be glad if we'd come to his house as soon as our work was over, as he wanted us particular; and as he never said what for, we thought of course it were for a job o' some kind, and some of the men they talked big, as though they'd had enough work for the week, 'specially as we'd all agreed to have a rare bout of drink—about eight of us—that afternoon at the public. ‘But,’ says J, ‘dang it! come along; he's a decent cl.ap, and ready with the physic when any on us are

taken bad. So if it is a job he wants, his carpets shook or his windows cleaned, we'll do it.' So we went; and when we got to his house we was axed into the dining-room, and there we saw a fine table laid for dinner, and presently the doctor he comes in and says: 'Well, my men, I daresay you are wondering what I want with you, but maybe you won't object to a good dinner after your week's work.'

"We was all taken aback like, but then I says: 'Thank ye, sir, ye knows as butcher's meat ain't to be had for the likes of us every day in the week, and it is not for us to say no.' 'Well, then, my men, suppose you just come now and eat some with me. You see I expected you; you needn't feel backward, for I am but a working man like yourselves, only I happened to be born a gentleman, which makes me feel all the more anxious to be friendly with you, since I have been given some chances in the world over you. And now I hope you will feel yourselves as much at home as I am glad to see you.'"

"And of course you fell to with a will after that," said my uncle.

"Lord, sir, though we felt a bit foolish-like at first, the doctor he were that pleasant that it was the rarest time I've ever spent. He gave us such a fine dinner of roast beef and beer, and says I to one as sat next me, as was like to take too much: 'Now, Jim, mind your manners, for you're not in the public, but dining with a gentleman.' And, Lord, sir, 'twas better than a sermon, for there was a man as was practisin' the lovin'-kindness of the Lord, not a preachin' of it; for he wasn't too proud to sit down and eat his dinner alongside of us, and took fine care as our plates shouldn't be empty until we had had our fill. And after the dinner was over he made us all stay, takin' of us into his garden, where we smoked our pipes, and afterwards he talked with us about every-thing; and then he sent us home, sayin' as we were welcome to come every Saturday, if we would only leave the wages with our missuses to be able to pay the score at the shop, and have things comfortable for us for the next week. And, Lord, sir, only to hear the women how they blesses him for it! Ever since then there's a sight o' fellows as goes in turns to the doctor every week to dinner, and he's been the savin' of us. You see, sir, he didn't cry out and make a noise about the evils of drinkin', and worrit our lives a pointin' out as the public leads to hell-fire—we knows that well enough. He never once twitted us with the public, he only gave us somethin' better in its place, and showed us how to be happy without makin' beasts of ourselves. You should come one evenin', sir; he teaches us a sight o' things worth knowin'. He's a rare hand at the music; I mind when I first heard him sing that I said

to myself, 'That's the language they speaks up there in Heaven yonder, and he ain't above lettin' us hear it.'"

"Well, Stubbs, you ask the doctor to let me come and dine with you all one night. I should like it."

"So you would, sir. Any more orders, sir?"

"No; here's your money; and I'll not forget to give you a call soon."

"Well, Miss Mary, what do you think of that story?" asked my uncle, as soon as the man had left the room.

"It is a singular, but not a bad idea—an idea that I can admire, but fear that I should never be able to practise."

"My dear child, I don't suppose you could. Poverty and vice are ugly customers, but unselfishness is their cure. Had we only a few men of Addison's stamp among us these miseries would soon be lessened. True superiority is a grand influence that must always command respect, and none are more keen to appreciate, or ready to yield it than the poor, as you see. Let men who have the proud privilege of calling themselves gentlemen only strive to cultivate a right relationship with those who have not had their chances, as Addison said, and it is my belief we should soon cease to hear the lot we do about democracy and other devilments. What, after all, is democracy? Nothing more than the fruit of the tree of selfishness,—rich men too selfish to care what becomes of the poor man when they have got what they can out of him; poor men, covetous and angry with the rich for amassing wealth at the cost of their lives, leaving them often with nothing but the jolly outlook of the parish beadle to soothe their declining years, and a pauper's grave for their one memorial of a life of toil. So, seeing that the rich only think of themselves, the poor, small blame to them, are following their example, and the result is class antagonism instead of friendliness. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' is the cry between them, and there's the devil to pay for the answer. But, there, it is no good talking of what will never be better until they are all hanged with their own rope," said my uncle, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Mr. Addison cannot be so very poor if he is able to do all this."

"I believe that he has some private means, but not very much. Why? Have you any intention of——? and he smiled a provoking smile.

"How can you be so detestable?" I exclaimed, growing red; for I divined his meaning.

"Not at all. I shall be very happy to give my consent; I am very fond of him, and I am sure that you have heard quite enough to make you put him on a pedestal. Girls must always perch a

man on a pedestal of some sort before they can fall down and worship him. It is astonishing how they love height."

"But I am not in that way disposed," I said, as I took up the paper, anxious to put an end to the conversation.

"Whatever you do, Mary, be sure that you always stick to the truth," he said, doubtfully. "I am sorry to say that I don't think I quite believe you."

"Indeed you may," I repeated, warmly, not relishing his insinuations.

"Very well, my dear; it must be so if you say so. I suppose you know your own heart best."

Which of course I did.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Tis a morn for a bridal; the merry bride-bell
Rings clear through the green wood that skirts the chapelle,
And the priest at the altar awaiteth the bride,
And the sacristans slyly are jesting aside
At the work shall be doing."

The Lay of the Brown Rosary,—E. B. BROWNING.

A WEEK later and Dolly became Mrs. Reginald Domville.

When we were alone together for the last time, and I felt that the hour of our parting had come, we were both inexpressibly sad. It was the night before the wedding-day. Dolly had thrown herself into the easy chair that stood by our dressing-table, and I found her buried in thought.

Kneeling beside her, I hid my head on her shoulder. Our hearts were too full for words. In those silent moments memory seemed enlarged, and we could only remember what true, dear friends we had been to each other. The past had treated us kindly, and we could not part from it without regret, both deep and tender. The future lay before us doubtfully. Would it ever be to us what we had been to each other? was the question each was asking silently.

I felt the most forlorn of the two; for my dislike of Colonel Domville had increased, and I grieved to think that it was to him I was yielding all that I loved best.

"You must not fret, Mim," cried Dolly, striving to console me. "We shall not be parted for long, as Reginald has promised to have you out to India as soon as we are settled. We are going in August; I would take you with me at once, only we have so many visits to pay to his friends before we start."

"But Reginald," I stammered, finding his Christian name still difficult to utter. "I shall not like to live with him."

"You must learn to care for him for my sake. Only think how good he has been to us all these years—and the trousseau and all—so give me your promise that you will come to me when I send for you?"

I couldn't answer her immediately, I was thinking of so many contingencies. At last I said, with a very long sigh—

"Yes, dear, I promise you, I suppose I must; but you will never be like the same again, and I have no one but you in the world; for Aunt Jane, though she is dear and good, we have only been with for a year, I may say, but you have been like my own life," and the contemplation of losing her made my tears fall with renewed bitterness.

When we were both a little calmer Dolly said, coaxingly and confidentially—

"Mim, I want you to tell me a secret. Do you care for Mr. Addison?"

"I don't think so," I answered frankly, giving her the confidence she asked, "I respect, I admire him; but——"

"But what, dear?"

"But nothing," I replied; "there is nothing more to tell you, except that I feel he is such miles above me, I might just as well aspire to love the planet Jupiter. I should want a ladder to reach up to his heart."

"But don't you think he cares for you?"

"I have not the least reason for supposing so, and, indeed, I am rather glad he does not. At present he is more like a good sermon to me than anything else—a sermon that I like to hear. Did he make love to me I fear that he would sink in my estimation from the immense height to which I have exalted him."

"What an enigma you are! That is just what most women would give worlds for. As Uncle Worthington says, they like to have a man they can put on a pedestal, in order that they may satisfy what he calls their *instinct* for worship of some kind. For my part, happily, I have no instinct that way."

"I don't at all object to worshipping," I cried. "I think I could do that to perfection; but it must be some one who is about my own moral height—a little taller perhaps—and likely to return the compliment. I like the mutual admiration system. I want sympathy and companionship, not a high priest. I don't believe in those matrimonial inequalities of mind. My idea of that state, whenever I have given it a thought, is that of a perfect whole, consisting of equal parts."

"And where on earth are the scales to come from to measure the proper quantities for your equal parts and perfect whole, I should like to know?" said Dolly, in her old bantering way. "My dear

child, don't be dreaming impossible fine dreams, but take life as it comes and make the most of it, as I am doing. I am glad of what you tell me about Mr. Addison, for I was beginning to fear that there was some understanding between you. Philip Addison is all very well, a very good young man, no doubt, but no match for you. You will do much better in India, for he is very poor, and a life of poverty is — well, say what you will and surround it with all the romance you like, it is detestable, unless you happen to belong to the lower orders, and have been born with capacities for the situation."

"Well, I don't think Mr. Addison's poverty would ever be an objection with me, if I cared very much for himself."

"I should not be at all surprised, Mim, to hear that you took him on that very account, — you are so absurdly impracticable. I shall be quite anxious until I have you safely in India, out of harm's way."

"Don't be nervous, dear; for I am never likely to be provoked," I said, laughing. "But now, Dolly, do go to sleep, for you won't be fit to be seen if you go on like this, adding anxiety to wakefulness. Remember you are to be married to-morrow morning."

"Ah, yes!" And, strange to say, she sighed.

When I awoke the next morning the day was about to dawn. I arose quickly, for it was a sight above all others I loved to witness. The town lay enveloped in a light grey mist; beyond it the calm blue sea was still peacefully slumbering, unstirred by a ripple; while stealing softly across the sky crept the twilight of dawn. Daybreak has always seemed to me the most solemn moment of day or night—the leading note, as it were, in the heavenly diapason, when from the chaos of night God was about to evolve a glorious harmony that should burst forth with the awakened day. As I watched the mysteriously vanishing shadows of the night, it seemed as though I heard the voice of the Creator saying once again, "Let there be light, and there was light." First the tiny lurid streaks of red, growing fainter as they increased in size, proclaimed their nearness to the coming glory they were heralding, which at length burst forth with blinding majesty. What a miracle it was to witness! The surrounding landscape suddenly awoke, and all Nature gave a throb of rapture as it met the god of Day. The sea, before so calm and still, now vibrated with life, wafting numberless kisses of delight that dimpled and sparkled with ecstasy in his presence. Birds filled the air with a melodious choir of praise, the brooding mists of Night vanished at his coming,

The dreariest corner discovered some beauty wherewith to greet the king of glory. As I watched this spontaneous worship of all Nature before the sun, what wonder, thought I, that in ages past mankind should have followed Nature's teaching as the truest revelation, and bent the knee in adoration to the physical source of life, symbolical of that mysterious and invisible power dwelling in the Ideal and the Infinite?

But I knew that I must not linger indulging in reveries or speculations; for it was Dolly's wedding-day, and we had a trying time before us. I turned to look at her; she was sleeping peacefully, as if loth to part from her last maiden slumbers; but there was so much to be done that I was compelled to awaken her. She looked up imploringly, as if to say, "Has it come at last?"

Why describe further the events of that most miserable day, with its accompaniments of pomp and parade. The whole to me was a bewilderment, intensified by the consciousness that we were performing our parts before a large crowd, for the most part critical and unsympathetic, who thronged to the church to gratify their curiosity and make their comments.

The prospect of having his house once more to himself, so acted upon my Uncle Worthington as to produce an amount of jocoseness that was trying in the extreme to my aunt, who was obliged to extinguish him repeatedly.

"By Jove, Mary!" he whispered, in an aside, when my aunt had just ineffectually frowned him into propriety. "I could dance a hornpipe to think that we are going to get rid of that fellow your sister has thrown herself away upon. What have I not endured all this fortnight, with such an extravagant swell always on the premises! It is rather hard lines that a man can't go into his own drawing-room without being confronted by the word 'engaged,' just like a bespoken railway-carriage. But thank Heaven he is going to get into the train at last! I only wish your sister was not going with him to the station, to travel about through life 'for better for worse.' How is it Addison is not at the wedding? Wasn't he invited? Perhaps he's not in the Baines's set. I expect not," he said, with a sardonic smile.

"Yes, we invited him, but he declined. We shall see him at the Stanhope's this evening; he has promised to dine there. Of course you are coming?"

"No, no, thank you! I shall go to bed. You don't suppose that I can dress myself to death twice in one day—that is rather too much to expect. Besides, I might be told off to take that terrible old woman, Mrs. St. Vincent, down to dinner, and be obliged to digest all her infernal twaddle about who's who, and the right set of people, which is more than I could stand in addition to my

dinner. As if all God's creatures are not the right set, so long as they behave themselves! None of that humbug for me. I tell you what it is, Mary, the best set for people to be in who talk such stuff is the set that knows least about them."

The Stanhopes were giving a dinner-party, as my uncle had positively refused to allow of any after excitement. He did not approve of the process of turning his house out of window, which he considered the inevitable consequences of anything like a ball or party in a small dwelling.

I was not sorry, for I enjoyed going to the Stanhopes. I preferred their society to any in Southport, and we had, I think, grown mutually attached. They had been so kind to Dolly, presenting her with a beautiful set of pearl ornaments which she wore with her wedding dress, and that became her to perfection. Never did I grudge her so much to Colonel Domville as when I followed her to the altar, and contrasted her brilliant freshness with the worn-out, patched-up man of the world who stood ready to claim her. I tried to argue myself out of this, for I knew that Dolly was content with her lot, therefore I had every reason to be contented for her.

As my uncle figuratively expressed it—the train started at last, and my dear Dolly was gone. Who does not know the blank created in a home when the brightest member has for ever gone from it? There was a vitality about Dolly which made itself felt. Even those who least approved of her worldliness could not help owning that she made the vice most charming. We forgot her principles when under the influence of her beauty. Her vivacity of manner, which hardly escaped frivolity, was at times irresistible; no wonder that we all yielded to the dreary influence occasioned by her departure. Even my uncle gave in, and spent the rest of the day in his cabin, smoking furiously. I went into my neighbour, Mrs. Freeman, for I was too miserable to remain in the house. She had such a pleasant way of prosing cleverly over everything, that I knew I could sit with her and be diverted without having to exert myself in return.

"So your sister is married," she began. With this for the text I knew that something good would follow; so I as despondently sighed—

"Yes."

"I saw her from the window as she got into the carriage." (Not being in the Baines's set we had been forced to exclude Mrs. Freeman from our invitations again.) "She looked very handsome; God grant that she may be happy! Ten years' time will show. I never congratulate people until they have been married ten years. If their love has survived the wear and tear of time, and drawn them

closer to each other, more gentle, more forbearing, more striving in their endeavours to raise and ennoble each other's natures, as well as positions, why then, I say, 'I congratulate you,' but not before."

"And you give no credit for the happy moments in between? that seems hard."

"Of course I do, just as one is thankful for lulls in great suffering. Before you can call any marriage happy you should look at it as a whole. But for these lulls, many would be lunatics or suicides."

"Do you look upon marriage as a period of such continual suffering, then?" I said, laughing.

"Not exactly; though I don't wonder at your asking the question, I have put the matter before you so gravely. But I do think this, that people make terrible mistakes from being premature in their choice. I account for much silent unhappiness which, alas, exists, and of which the world knows nothing, from one fact much overlooked, and for which there is unhappily no legislation—that is, the development of mind and character, which occasions such a vast change in persons, that often those who adore each other at twenty, would be the last to choose each other at thirty. Imagine the case of two minds equally balanced at a certain time of their young lives; ignorant of their possibilities, they find their world in each other until the law of development, which cannot be hindered, begins to act. The liberally constructed mind, if allied to a conservative one, will soon outstrip the sympathies of the latter, and the fatal rift is then made which turns the music of their lives all nute. For what does true marriage mean but this, sympathy and companionship; that perfect harmony of feeling which unites two living souls in one. It is only rare and noble natures which can accept their mistakes, and remain faithful to the love that they once inspired, out of tenderness to the hearts that cling to and trust them still. But at what a sacrifice! By enduring a loneliness of soul the extent of which God only can appreciate; for they travel along the road of life feeling that for them the highest earthly good, most like divine, is impossible."

"But it seems to me that the gain to them in the long-run is greater than if they had had nothing but a life of such happiness as you describe; for they have grown noble and perfect through suffering—a gain they might have missed had things gone well with them."

"Yes, if suffering always produced perfection I might agree with you; but the natures, like the instances, are rare that are so improved."

I did not remain with her very long after this; the outlook for

Dolly under these hitherto un contemplated circumstances having become so doleful that my spirits fell to zero.

"I must go; you make me miserable. You are as woful as the prophet Jeremiah," I said, laughing, under difficulties, for my tears were rising. "I am sure that things are not so bad as you make out."

"My dear girl, I am only giving you the benefit of my experience, the best teacher a person can have. In this, as in all else, as I have said to you before, I hope that you may be more fortunate than I have been."

I forebore any further allusion as I remembered it was said that Mrs. Freeman had a tiresome husband, which fact, no doubt, coloured her ideas of everything matrimonial, and accounted for her jeremiad on the subject.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree."

To Anthea,—HERRICK.

ANOTHER dinner party! Truly, as Dolly had said, life seems to be made up of walking in and out of rooms in full dress. In most lives the chief field of action is turfed with carpet.

My aunt and I were the first at the Stanhopes that evening. They still occupied a very fine suite of apartments at the Grand Hotel. Colonel Stanhope's health had improved, although it was whispered he was afflicted with a kind of melancholia, which would account for everything I have hitherto described. He had a great regard for Mr. Addison, and I imagine that it was as much to be near him as to benefit by Southport air that made them remain the winter; for I had often heard Miss Stanhope tell my aunt the good that Mr. Addison had done her brother, and how much they would regret him when they returned to Clynden.

These remarks are to be taken as a digression, from which I must return to the Stanhope's drawing-room.

Seeing that I appeared very dreary, and that my eyes had a suspicious look about them, as though I had been indulging in the questionable luxury of a "good cry," Colonel Stanhope tried to rally me.

"So your sister has undertaken the task of governing Domville. I hope she will do it to some purpose," he began.

"Please, don't remind me of my loss," I cried. "I am suffering from a sense of amputation; that is, I hardly realise my loss as yet. I have not had such a grief since my poor mother died. It seems

to bring that time back again, and I feel so lonely." Here the tears I strove to repress rushed into my eyes.

"For pity sake, don't, child! don't grieve—I can't bear it!" he exclaimed with passionate, almost impatient earnestness. "I can't bear to witness a young creature's sorrow. I have known so much of it, life is such a pain—has been such a prolonged pain to me, that I look upon every fresh young face I see, and pray it may never know the like."

This outburst recalled me quickly to myself. Brushing away my tears, I stammered something about being sorry for having distressed him. Indeed, I was rather frightened on the whole—remembering what I had heard, and how delicate he looked, as though a blow, mental or physical, would kill him.

He sat looking at me in a distressed manner for some moments after I had spoken, as if he could not quite determine what to say; but at length he spoke.

"You must not talk of feeling lonely, because you have lost your sister; you must remember you are living in a world where losses are quickly replaced, although I am not the one to preach you such a lesson, I never could replace some losses. But you have life before you and can form fresh ties, or make friends who will replace those you mourn." His voice faltered as he spoke, and my misgivings did not leave me when I looked into his face, which was unutterably sad.

"My remark sounds ungrateful to my aunt," I said, "who has ever been the best of friends, but she is not the life-long friend and companion a sister is."

"Don't feel yourself without friends, even if you had not your aunt, who is most amiable, I see, for a good friend is often better than a relative. I am sure, if I may say so," he went on timidly, almost humbly, a habit he had of addressing me sometimes, the only way in which he made me feel uncomfortable, "there is nothing that would give my sister and myself greater pleasure than your appropriating us in that capacity, which reminds me of your promise to return with us to Clynden. You have not forgotten it, I hope. We are waiting for you to say when you are ready to come."

I could only look my thanks, for at that moment the other guests arrived. Foremost among them were Mrs. St. Vincent and her three dear girls, who, with me, had acted as bridesmaids in the morning. Their mother had adopted my aunt, and was always interested in initiating her as to whom she should and should not visit, with sundry other mysteries concerning the sets and cliques over which she reigned at Southport. Not that my aunt was one to be influenced, happily, for she was one of those wise women who give all their ear, but few their confidence; "but" as she would

smilingly remark, when we congratulated her on Mrs. St. Vincent's patronage, "is it not consoling to think that we have reached the social heaven of being considered "*comme il faut*?"

Colonel Domville had bestowed upon the bridesmaids the usual handsome locket donations—not that he had any special affection for us, but it was the fashion, and the fashion of the hour was the religion of his life.

The three dear girls—who were of the fine masculine type of woman who walk and act on the earth as though they had been commissioned to govern it—made such an overpowering onslaught upon me with their loud voices and rough laughter, that I took Mr. Addison's arm with a genuine smile of relief when he came to take me down to dinner; and I unreservedly confessed as much to him saying:

"I am so glad you are to take me, for I don't want to talk; and I know you are so kind you won't expect me to be very agreeable or to do manners."

Highly amused at my uncomplimentary way of putting it, he said, "I suppose I must take your request in a flattering light, such as you would make to an old slipper after the agonies of a tight boot."

"Just so, if you have a fancy for taking it so."

"Well, if I am to have my choice I prefer being a slipper to my friends than a tight boot—what do you say to my being both?"

"Anything you please," I said unthinkingly, "if only you will be a slipper for this evening."

We had taken our seats, and were going through the usual routine of dinner, too common an occurrence to need detailing, when, seeing that I remained silent, he began:

"Since you are not to talk, and show no signs of doing so, I must exert myself to keep you from falling asleep, and, as an introduction, I must inform you that I have been walking all day on air."

"Indeed! and what did it feel like? you didn't fall, I hope?"

"Not exactly, but something fell in my way for which I was rather unprepared."

"May I ask what that was?"

"The first breath of promise which makes me hope that the 'brightness and flowers' we spoke of are within reach," he whispered.

"You are a Sphinx to-night, and I never could guess riddles,—won't you tell me what you mean?"

"It is your own fault that I am slow. Remember that I am an old slipper for to-night, and must go on easily—that is the position you assigned me. Were I to tell you all at once it might prove too great a shock," he said laughing; "however, not to tease you any longer, I hope soon to buy a carpet for my room,"

"Is that all?" I cried, looking blank disappointment at a piece of news so utterly uninteresting.

"I was in hopes it would have made you think ever so much better of me when next you want my aid. How ungrateful you are! I see you won't be satisfied with the carpet—you will think that I ought to have a grand house, and servants, and a park, and what not; but I never shall."

"What on earth are you driving at?" I cried, with a puzzled look.

"At an idea," he replied very quietly.

"But what sort of an idea? Do be reasonable, and don't worry me."

"Well, it is this, I find that I am likely to be richer than I thought."

"Indeed! I am very glad to hear you say so!"

"Are you really?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course, why not? I am always glad to hear of the good fortune of my friends; why, therefore, should I make you an exception? If it be not an impertinent question, how are you likely to become so?"

"I have been left a large fortune by a relative of my mother's, and you are the first person that I have told."

"I am sincerely pleased, and congratulate you with all my heart. I am sure you deserve it; you have always been so good to those in trouble. Of course, now you will give up your work here. That reminds me of all your stealthy good deeds. Don't blush to find them fame;" for his colour rose at my remark.

"Well, I won't, if you approve," he said, looking into his plate.

"Who could help it?"

"A great many, and if I blush, as you insinuate, it is not to find that I have grown famous, but the natural sensitiveness that arises to everyone when they make public a private thought."

"But whatever put such a Quixotic idea into your head?" I asked.

"I am sure I do not know," he said, with a sigh, "unless it was sympathy for the sufferings of humanity which I saw around me, and a desire not to become an idle theorist."

"Yes, I have often thought what a lot of time is wasted in inventing theories no one ever puts into practice."

"And still more, in vapouring about the cause of humanity, whereby to reverse your remark, action is often lost in words, in committee meetings and circumlocution of one kind or another, until the precious moment is past, and the human soul that might have been saved has sunk inextricably."

"You seem to have adopted a different course."

"I think it better, if a man has any power of his own, not to strangle it by consultations with others, and waste time reaching no conclusion—which is all the good that I ever saw come from committees, when immediate and important action was required. Besides, I did not want to do things in that way, the parish does all that admirably. I wanted to get at the heart and feelings of the people with whom I live."

"And so you asked them to dinner."

"And why not? is it not the mode universally adopted among the higher classes for cultivating friendly relations with each other? I never yet saw anything done without a dinner to celebrate it. I believe that is one reason why we are here to-night—is it not?"

"You are right there."

"But leaving all that aside, I had another object in view. I think it is all nonsense attempting any sort of cultivation upon hungry and thirsty human nature. You must first satisfy the physical wants before you attack the mental or spiritual. What a farce it is to speak of the ideal to men who are suffering from the painful reality of an empty stomach, and are wearied out with the grind of hard labour."

"You don't believe, then, in solacing them with promises of a visionary kingdom of heaven to enable them to bear the stern privations of the earthly, which is the preaching that they are accustomed to receive."

"I can only say that in many cases the results prove that they are utterly incapable of realising the one in the necessities of the other; so that I prefer practically leading them to the point, by being, if I may so express it, a gate of the kingdom, whereby they enter and understand, and then they will welcome the endeavour, and know that I mean truly by them. This, it seems to me, ought to be the end and aim of all culture—to sow the seeds of self-respect where we find it lacking, which is the true meaning of salvation, as I understand the word."

"They will miss you, will they not? for of course you will have another sphere before you now, and will abandon this."

"I see you don't know me yet, I was in hopes that you did," he said, in a tone of disappointment. "Abandon my work to lead the life of an idle fine gentleman? Never! I only hope with increased means to do on a large scale what I have hitherto done on a small one."

"I merely thought that perhaps you would find another sphere, not that you would ever become an idler."

"No, I shall remain in Southport, where I believe that I am doing something worth doing, and where a few poor fellows have grown to care for me. I have learnt to know that any love is

precious. Perhaps it is having so few left to care for me that I accept gratefully all that is spontaneously given, no matter how poor or humble the position of the giver."

"You will have no difficulty in finding many to care for you now. Even Mrs. St. Vincent might be induced to look favourably upon you," I said, laughing, "and give you one of her dear girls."

"Possibly," he said, coldly, not relishing my remark, as he rose to open the door for the ladies to leave.

I enjoyed the thought of how splendidly Mrs. St. Vincent would be checkmated when she learnt the news he had just confided to me. Hitherto she had ignored his existence, and it was amusing to notice the way in which she, and the three dear girls, jerked out their exclamations of surprise at his exquisite voice and style of singing, apologising, as it were to themselves, for admiring anything outside the radius of "their set."

I drew his attention to the consoling fact that Mrs. St. Vincent was taking a survey of his dimensions through her eye-glass, which travelled slowly up and down his six feet of height in the most uncompromising manner, as if trying to decide to what species in the animal kingdom of society he belonged. But for his singing the evening would have been oppressive. I felt so weary that I was glad when my aunt said she was ready to go.

"Oh, stop one moment, Mrs. Worthington. I want to ask Mary when she will be ready to accompany us, as our people at Clynden fancy that we have deserted them. But she looks so tired, poor child, you had better talk it over first, and she can come and tell me to-morrow afternoon," said Miss Stanhope.

This was agreed upon, and we left. On our way down stairs Mr. Addison, who had followed us out of the room, said hurriedly:

"What is this I hear? you don't mean to say that you are going to leave Southport?"

"Yes, on a visit to the Stanhopes. I daresay that this is the last time that I am ever likely to have the pleasure of meeting you; so I may as well say good bye."

"Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed, stopping short, with blank surprise and disappointment written in his face. "What do you mean? you are not going to stay there for ever, are you?"

"Not exactly; but I am to live with my sister, and I go to India as soon as she is settled; hence my stay in Southport will be very short."

"Good night!" and "Good bye!" uttered in a husky voice, accompanied by a crushing pressure of his hand, was all that followed, but it opened up a revelation to me. Was it one of pain or pleasure?

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Beneath her eyelids, deep,
Love lying seems asleep ;
Love, swift to wake, to weep."

SWINBURNE.

PAIN, decidedly !

I was not such an utter simpleton as to fancy that every warm pressure of the hand a gentleman may give a lady betokens anything beyond the ordinary habit of the individual, in this respect, towards any and every woman he shakes hands with; but intuition, that very sure guide to a woman—her supplementary sense, in fact—told me that in this instance it betokened everything a woman cares to have when coming from the right person.

And therein lay the secret of my pain. He did not answer to my heart the high expectations it had formed of that wonderful and mysterious experience called Love, which I, in my ignorance, imagined to be a state of supreme delight, if not ecstasy, of which I, at present, felt nothing. I admired him, respected him, liked him extremely to talk with and listen to, but to love——

I sat for hours after my return thinking and wondering over what I really did feel. It was well that I had it to think about, as it kept me from dwelling upon Dolly, and fretting for her loss; for there was not the smallest trifle in our room that did not remind me of her.

"Know thyself" is an admirable maxim of the old Spartan sage, if one could only be quite sure of coming to some definite conclusion upon such a difficult point—and so I found it in my endeavours to sound my feelings. It seemed to me, in my process of analysing, that I had almost too much respect for Mr. Addison—one may have too much as well as too little—he was so very far beyond me that I doubt if I should have been perfectly content with him. It was much the same as though a child received a toy in advance of its years; it would be dazzled at first, but as the toy would answer no requirement of its infant nature, it would begin by wearying of it, and end by smashing it as soon as the novelty had worn off, leaving only the incomprehensible behind, which its ignorance would undervalue.

And yet I suffered a pain of regret when I thought that in refusing his love I might forfeit his friendship, which I prized. Ah! how I longed for a mother at that moment, in whose greater experience of life I could have found help to understand this problem now troubling me; for, strange to say, much as I loved and respected Aunt Jane, I never felt able to talk with her on such delicate matters. There was a certain reserve about her on all

such points that forbade intrusion. She was shy, moreover, and would have been as awkward as myself in speaking on such a subject. I am not the first girl who has felt at such a crisis a shrinking to unveil her heart to the members of the home circle ; and this from no lack of duty, or affection, but from the imperfect nature of the sympathy which many elder people fail to give to the younger, who, shy and sensitive, need the most delicate handling in order to find courage to speak freely on these topics. My aunt, amiable and good in every particular, had never courted our confidence in this respect ; and when it is remembered that for ten years of our lives we never saw her, just at the very time when our growing mind could have been won naturally to give her our confidence, it can hardly be wondered that I preserved my reticence in the present instance.

Thus it was that I sat for a long time trying to reach some conclusion. I thought over every meeting we had ever had, each of which, strange to say, was faithfully registered in my memory. I questioned myself most closely if I had ever misled him by manifesting a greater preference than I really felt, a point on which my conscience honestly acquitted me.

What should I do ? The question was an anxious one. My only solace was in thinking that I might, in all probability, never meet him again. Still, something told me that he was too true a man not to follow up his first expression. Then, with a sudden softness, I almost decided to say "Yes," should he ask me ; but I knew, or thought—remembering Mrs. Freeman's philosophy, which was still fresh in my mind—that this would be little short of dishonest, and as quickly abandoned the notion. If he were true, and noble, and good, all of which I thoroughly believed him to be, he deserved a better fate ; and I would rather utter a valiant "No" than a cowardly "Yes," on the strength of my respect turning into love. He was worthy of all the love a good woman could give, and I would not be the one to rob him of a joy "most like divine," as Mrs. Freeman had called it.

I could not help smiling, as I rose from my meditation, to think what a mass of inconsistency I was. I had always been picturing an ideal man as the one that I could love ; and here at the very outset I could not recognise that my dream had been realised. I craved for an almost impossible perfection to love and adore, and yet I could refuse it when ready to my hand. For I knew that I might search the world over and never find another man like Philip Addison. Then why didn't I love him ?

The answer was simple enough. My unsusceptible nature was still asleep. Love is of two kinds—both equally sincere, but differing in result. The passionate flame kindles instantly : is

warm and bright while it lasts, but there is no substance in the light material of which it is so often composed, and its death is sure. But that which is slow in kindling, because of the strength and resistance it affords, breaks out at length into an undying fire which burns steadily and for ever.

I was so listless all the next day that my aunt agreed that change of air was what I needed, and begged that I would decide upon going with the Stanhopes at once.

It seemed rather selfish to leave her all alone; still, as she wished it, I determined to call upon Miss Stanhope in the afternoon, and tell her of my readiness to accompany them whenever she arranged to leave.

I was on my way to the Grand Hotel in the afternoon. As a building it was quite the leading architectural feature of Southport, situated in pleasant grounds, approached by various shady walks which those on foot could take in preference to the carriage sweep that led up through large gates to the main entrance. Selecting the most secluded of these side-paths, I walked along slowly until I came within sight of the hotel, where, to my utter dismay, I saw Mr. Addison's dog-cart standing outside. He was culling on the Stanhopes evidently.

I determined to wait until I saw him leave, and seated myself on a bench which stood in the path, from which point of observation I could see him drive away. My meditations of the previous night had in no way disposed me for a meeting with him.

After sitting for a quarter of an hour, I saw the dog-cart drive off, and, thinking that I was safe, I went on. I had not advanced many steps when, to my great distress, who should I see walking towards me but Philip Addison!

With my cheeks all aflame and my heart beating furiously, how on earth was I to become tranquil and unconscious by the time he approached, when every step increased rather than lessened my confusion? I felt very like a bird caught in the snare. Not that I mean him any disrespect; but he was the last person I desired to meet at that moment.

Nearer and nearer he came, and then I knew that we had shaken hands again, and that fact calmed me; for this time there was no "crushingness" about it. I felt a sense of amused relief to think how absurdly I had troubled myself about nothing. A mere dream of the imagination, possessing no foundation in reality, had my previous cogitations been; which, had I confided them to any human ear, would have converted my sense of relief into foolishness. I had not much time to think, however, as he began:

"Miss Stanhope has a roomful of visitors just now. I made my escape, and, knowing that you were expected, I came to m t

you. What do you say to a turn up and down before you go in? you cannot possibly talk about your journey until the visitors are gone."

"If you like," I replied, feeling all my palpitations return.

"Of course I like," he said, very tenderly; "that is why I came."

Then followed a dead silence. One of those horrible, ominous, dead silences, when to your very finger tips each is conscious of the other, and you run over in your mind every conceivable topic likely to suit the occasion to hide the thoughts which are oppressive. He made the first plunge, remarking:

"We had a pleasant party last evening; but I am afraid my dinner did not agree with me, for I could not sleep all night."

"Your good fortune more likely caused the disturbance. If I had received your tidings, I don't think that I should have slept for a week," I said, talking very fast, and laughing, hardly conscious of what I was saying.

We were near a tree at the time, and as I finished my remark, he stopped quite suddenly. Leaning his back against it, he put one hand on my arm to arrest my attention, and with passionate entreaty cried:

"Oh, Mary! *won't* you make it worth the having?"

Ah! the pain of that moment! I couldn't answer him; and then he went on pleading as if his life depended on it.

"I love you so well that I am glad of it only that I may have it to offer you. I have learnt to do without wealth, and now neither care for, nor want it, but for the chance it gives me of winning you; not that I do you the dishonour of supposing you are to be won by such a thing; but it enables me to say that I can promise you every comfort if you will share your life with me. *Won't* you have me, Mary?"

And here there was a choking sound of acute pain in his voice, as if he knew and had read his answer in my distressed face.

For one instant—only one—I had all but said yes; but the irrevocability of such a promise and all it bound me to flashed upon me so distinctly that I clenched my lips, and then—what did I do? It seems all such a dream at this distance of time.

Nothing very heroic. I broke away from his tightened grasp and rushed to the bench, where I sat down and cried, because that was at the moment the uppermost inclination. I had no tongue for fine speeches or melodramatic action. I could only feel that I was disappointing cruelly the man I respected above all others; and I was, oh, so bitterly sorry. But sorrow is not love! I would have given anything at that moment to have made it so.

He stood leaning where I had left him, then, taking a seat beside me, he said—

"I must know why you refuse me. Is it anything I can ever mend or overcome—oh, tell me?"

"No—no; I feel that I am not half good enough for you," I sobbed.

"Ah! I see what it is," he said, hopelessly. "You don't love me, only you won't tell me so, and you are too honest to marry me out of pity. Well, you are right, for such love I could not accept even from you. I must have your whole heart or nothing. You have been a darling dream to me, Mary," he added, with a sigh.

"And now you will hate me, and I deserve it," I sobbed again.

"No, that I won't—I can't, even if I would," he answered. "As I love you now I will love you always, I am afraid, for love is a tenant that refuses to be dislodged at will. I must only never see you again if I can help it. For the future you must be to me a dream, and not an existence; only so shall I be able to live down the sorrow of your refusal, and be strong to endure when the sweetest promise of life has been withdrawn. Ah, Mary! you don't know to what you have condemned me!" and he sighed bitterly as he spoke.

I, meanwhile, could only break my heart to think that to the friend I respected so sincerely I could never be other than a sorrowful memory. Truly a woman's heart is a mass of contradictions hard to unravel—at least mine was then.

"I hope you don't think that I have acted wrongly towards you. I have never meant to be otherwise than friendly. I have never wished to mislead you," I murmured.

"If you could only read my heart, Mary, and know all that I feel for you in those simple words '*I love you*,' you would know how utterly I acquit you of falseness of any kind. Your openness and friendliness of manner led me to be more sanguine than I had any right to be, perhaps; but the fault—if there be any fault in the matter—was mine, not yours. I should have been humbler in my expectations. But now I must leave you, as I see some visitors coming out of the hotel. Good bye, little hand, that I would have loved so well had you been mine!" he said, as he took my hand in parting.

I looked up at him with a face so full of pain and earnest longing for his forgiveness that he read my thoughts.

"For the first, last, and only time, Mary," he said, as he bent down and touched my forehead with his lips. And then he was gone.

It had come at last! That great awakening, when, after the long sleep of night, we open our eyes upon the glorious sunshine, and bless God for life.

I had felt it growing as he spoke, but now a gleam of joy passed through my heart, tempered with a wild regret, for I was awake at last. His tenderness had opened up a new world hitherto untraversed.

"Ah, Philip, Philip! come back, come back! and I will give you all that you ask!" I cried. But he was gone beyond hearing.

Yes; I felt at that moment that I could love him well—truthfully, fearlessly, wholly. Oh, would he ever come back? Would he ever again offer me the priceless gift of his honest, loving heart? were the questions that I asked myself repeatedly as I wiped away my tears.

The course of time alone could answer me. But now I knew my heart most surely. He was no longer above or beyond me; his love had descended from its own high world into mine, carrying thither my whole heart, which would remain with him faithfully and for ever.

But how was I to let him know that now?



T O R H I L L.

THE changes that have been, O steadfast Tor !
Affect not thee. Thy wolf-infested sides
Hindered the Briton, made the Roman pant,
Heard Saxon malediction, and opposed,
To Norman force, a steep impediment.
But thou dost stand, an everlasting hill,
Though Briton, Saxon, Norman, are no more.
Under thy shadow grew that mighty fane,
The music of whose bells through centuries
Wrapped thee in silvery solemn sound ; whose power
Shaped thee in terraces, and crowned thy brow
With sacred stones—an altar in the clouds.
Mapped at thy feet, its glories were beheld
By mounting pilgrims, till a strong bad hand
Stifled, upon thy heights, its latest chief,
And fed rapacious mouths with holy spoil.
Ruin befell ; but not on thee befalls
Ruin or waste. Through all the ages, thou,
Solid, immovable, in storm and calm,
Dost watch Time's trivial changes. Forest-clothed,
In British swamp reflected in the wave,
Surmounting lordly parks, or draped, as now,
With comely green in cattle-haunted plains,
Thy majesty remains. And, at thy feet,
We, the small pageant of an hour, perform
Our little part ; mount upward, now and then
To thy tall summit, for a breath of air,
A wider glance ; and then—are seen no more.

F. MAYHEW.

Glastonbury.

SPRINGTIME IN NORTH ITALY
AND THE TYROL.

PART III.

AN hour and a half took us back from Venice to Padua. More in accordance with good taste than with convenience, the railway-station of modern times is built at too great a distance from this oldest of the cities of North Italy to interfere with its quaint aspect. Before our drive from the station to the Albergo Stella d'oro was accomplished, we had gradually forgotten the formal regularity of the architecture of the present day, and saw, as a thing of course, the long rows of pointed arches, the dingy arcades, the minarets and towers of "Padova la forte."

Very near to our hotel was Pedrochi's café, a fine building with bronze lions at its entrance and marble floors and staircases within—during the carnival, we were told, the rooms were gay with balls and concerts; from it we were taken to the market place, one side of which is occupied by a vast building, entirely on arches, and surrounded by a loggia, which is called the "Palazzo della Ragione," or "della Municipalità." It has a high iron roof, said to be the largest unsupported by pillars in the world. It did not look so large to us as that of Westminster Hall, but perhaps the confused state of the interior detracted from its apparent size. This Palazzo is said to have been originally built after the design of an Indian palace, the drawing of which was brought to Padua early in the fourteenth century by an Augustine friar, who was also an architect and a traveller, named Frate Giovanni. It appears to have been intended as a receptacle for the busts and statues of Italian celebrities; Pietro di Abano, a celebrated alchymist and physician, who died in 1316; the historian Livy, Paulus, the Roman jurist; Alberto Padovano, the physician; and, of far later date, Belzoni, the traveller, are among those whose monuments have found a place in this palace. The wall on one side is painted in compartments representing the different months of the year, with the constellations and planets, and the windows opposite are said to be so arranged that the sun's rays reach each compartment in their proper month. The hall when I saw it was filled with the banners, the triumphal cars, and other "properties" of a royal procession, which took place when Victor Emmanuel visited Padua in 1866. Probably the inscription "*Vogliamo Vittorio Emanuele per il nostro Re,*" which we



T O R H I L L.

THE changes that have been, O steadfast Tor !
 Affect not thee. Thy wolf-infested sides
 Hindered the Briton, made the Roman pant,
 Heard Saxon malediction, and opposed,
 To Norman force, a steep impediment.
 But thou dost stand, an everlasting hill,
 Though Briton, Saxon, Norman, are no more.
 Under thy shadow grew that mighty fane,
 The music of whose bells through centuries
 Wrapped thee in silvery solemn sound ; whose power
 Shaped thee in terraces, and crowned thy brow
 With sacred stones—an altar in the clouds.
 Mapped at thy feet, its glories were beheld
 By mounting pilgrims, till a strong bad hand
 Stifled, upon thy heights, its latest chief,
 And fed rapacious mouths with holy spoil.
 Ruin befell ; but not on thee befalls
 Ruin or waste. Through all the ages, thou,
 Solid, immovable, in storm and calm,
 Dost watch Time's trivial changes. Forest-clothed,
 In British swamp reflected in the wave,
 Surmounting lordly parks, or draped, as now,
 With comely green in cattle-haunted plains,
 Thy majesty remains. And, at thy feet,
 We, the small pageant of an hour, perform
 Our little part ; mount upward, now and then
 To thy tall summit, for a breath of air,
 A wider glance ; and then—are seen no more.

F. MAYHEW.

Glastonbury.

SPRINGTIME IN NORTH ITALY
AND THE TYROL.

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saw in many places on the walls of Padua, were also mementoes of the welcome then given to their King by the citizens.

Walking through the town and stopping at more than one old palace, with dingy, uninhabited rooms, grand marble staircases, furniture that had been magnificent, we reached an open space called the Prato della Valle; it was planted with trees and surrounded by statues, among them two modern ones of Giotto and Dante. On one side of the Valle are the Botanic Gardens of Padua, said to be the most ancient in Europe; they were opened in the year 1545. Like most foreign gardens, they had somewhat of a wilderness character in their arrangement, and wanted the neatness and regularity to which we are accustomed in England; but they were full of lovely flowers, growing with all the luxuriance of Italian springtime; and the old gardener who went round with us told us he had passed his life here amongst his flowers, and evidently thought nothing could exceed them in beauty or attractiveness. On either side of the Gardens rises a church; of these both are crowned with many cupolas, both have plain and rough exteriors. The interior of one, though vast in proportions, has but little in pictures or statues to decorate it; the other is within as magnificent as gold, marble, and painting can make it. The first is dedicated to Santa Giustina, a martyr who was incarcerated in a cell still shown beneath the church, which was raised over it in her memory; the second to St. Anthony, who is held in such high estimation by the Paduans that they dignify him by the appellation of *il Santo*, and in the thirteenth century sent for Nicolo da Pisa, and instructed him to erect a most magnificent temple in his honour. The chapel specially dedicated to St. Anthony exceeds in splendour and elegance any other I have seen. Massive silver candelabras borne by silver angels surround the walls; from the ceiling hang golden lamps, which burn day and night over his shrine of gold and variegated marble. Pictures, statues, and bas-reliefs cover the sides of the chapel, and the floor and steps which lead to the altar are of cut marble, surrounded by golden railings. In a green courtyard, with vegetable gardens behind, stands a very ancient chapel, bearing the title of *Capella della Santa Maria dell' Arena*, but better known as "*Giotto's chapel*," from the beautiful frescoes by this artist with which the interior is decorated. It consists of but one aisle, and the whole of the walls are painted by him in three ranges of frescoes separated into compartments with very graceful work in marble. The two upper ranges consist of scenes from the New Testament history; in the lower are figures representing the virtues and vices painted in *chiar 'oscuro*.

The only collection of pictures we saw in Padua was in some rooms in the *Delegazione Municipale*; it was not a very large one,

nor, with one exception, did the pictures make much impression on me. This one struck me from my not having before seen the subject treated in painting; it was by Bellini, and was called, "Jesu Cristo al Limbo." Our Saviour was represented amid the shades in Hades, and there was something very beautiful in the look of tenderness and pity with which He regarded the ghost-like forms who crowded round Him in various attitudes of supplication.

Our fellow-travellers, as we went from Padua to Verona on our way to Botzen, were a merry old priest and seven nuns, who certainly had not been soured by their ascetic life. The line for many miles was bordered with vineyards; distant mountains with streaks of snow, and nearer hills with picturesque ruins of castles, were seen on the right side of the carriage. Leaving Verona the snow-fed Adige was on our left, and huge craggy mountains enclosed the long plain along which the railroad ran; the poplars of Italy were replaced by cypresses, which surrounded the square, brown houses of the Tyrol.

Passing Lizzana, where are the ruins of a castle said to have been lived in by Dante; and Roveredo, with its large silk manufactures and curious light-house-looking castle, we reached Trent, a city not only famous for the council held within its walls from 1545 to 1563, but also remarkable for its fine situation on the banks of the Adige, and for the curious architecture of its houses and towers; the ruined walls of an old castle almost encircle the city, and add not a little to its picturesque aspect.

"How very beautiful!" we exclaimed, as mounting the somewhat lengthy staircase of the Kaiserkrone Hotel, at Botzen, we looked from the window of our room towards the Dolomite mountains, shining in every variety of delicate tints beneath the rays of the setting sun. The whole panorama was charming: beneath us lay the city, the river Eisack running brightly along at its feet; the quaint buildings and heavy arcades interspersed with high church spires, and plots of rich foliage. A range of dark lofty mountains dipping in the centre into a wide hollow, above which rose the mother-of-pearl tinted peaks of the Dolomite Rosengarten, closed in the picture.

The drive from Botzen to Meran, the old capital of the Tyrol, lay beneath porphyry mountains, and by the side of vast orchards. People were moving busily about on the road, some dressed in the picturesque costume of the Tyrol, others, in their white aprons and shirt sleeves, looking much like English carpenters. The shrines by the road side, with figures of terrifying size and aspect, were hung with bunches of corn and grapes. Meran has heavily arcaded streets, high church towers and pleasant walks by the side of the river *Passer*. From Ober-Mais, above the town, a fine view of

snow mountains backing rich plains with rivers, town, and castles, is obtained.

At Terlan, where is a curious leaning tower, we stopped to taste the wine it produces, which was brought to us, from some deep cool cellar, by a stout and very garrulous landlady, while our horses were regaled with black "*militares brod.*"

The ringing of bells and chaunting of priests woke us early the morning we were to leave Botzen. All the town was stirred. Banners carried aloft by Capuchin friars, followed by boys in white robes and violet capes, swinging censers and tinkling bells, priests walking beneath canopies, formed the procession of Corpus Christi. The whole population, man, woman, and child, accompanied it, most of them carrying lighted candles; the wind was fresh, and at the corner of each street the people prostrated themselves, so that the candles were continually guttering down showers of grease, and blowing out; but their patient bearers seemed to look upon the necessity of re-lighting them every two or three minutes quite as a matter of course.

From Botzen over the Brenner to Innsbruck was our next journey. Strange it seemed as we emerged from one tunnel after another, and followed the zig-zag route of the line, to see the road we had to reach hanging above us, perched, apparently, on the perpendicular sides of the mountains; and then, again, having reached the summit, to wind down something very like a monstrous corkscrew, creeping close to the edges of precipices with no protecting rails between the train and them, until at last we found ourselves on level ground again, entering a long tunnel under the Isel hill, and running along the plain, by the ancient Abbey of Wiltau, towards the city of Innsbruck. The scenery on the Brenner pass is less magnificent than that on the Simplon or the Gemmi; but still glimpses of green meadows and dark forests, lying beneath huge crags of snow-striped mountains—of distant glaciers—of villages and ruined castles, must make it a beautiful route at all times, and in spring-time, when we crossed it, the brilliancy and luxuriance of the wild flowers which literally carpetted the whole track added in no small degree to the loveliness of our six hours' drive.

Our stay in Innsbruck, the approach to which from the Brenner is strikingly beautiful, was too short to permit our doing much more than walk along its new and handsome streets to the Hoikirche, which contains, perhaps, the most magnificent tomb ever erected; the two sides of the nave are lined by the eight-and-twenty life-sized figures in bronze which surround the kneeling statue of the Emperor Maximilian the First, who in his will ordered the erection of the church and of this prodigious

monument to his memory. His idea was copied by others; near the altar are two tombs decorated with figures of the same size and metal, so that the first impression on entering the dimly lighted church is that it is peopled with a black congregation. By the principal door a figure of pure white marble, in the costume of the Tyrol, marks the tomb of Andrew Hofer, who, after his many conflicts with the French and the Bavarians, was shot by Napoleon at Mantua, and buried by the people of Innsbruck, who brought back his body to the city whence he had so often and so successfully led them against the invaders. From the Hofkirche we went to the Goldenes Dachl, or golden roof, a kind of verandah over a balcony of richly carved stone, made of gilt copper, said to have been erected by a Tyrolean Count, at a cost of thirty thousand ducats, as a proof that the title of "he of the empty pocket," which had been given him, was not merited.

Rosenheim was our next destination. The line again ran between fine snow-streaked mountains; the river Inn, gradually narrowing, had become unnavigable by the time we reached Hall. Here is a curious old tower. From Hall we went on to Kufstein, through a pasture country, where the hay had just been cut, and stacked in a way very different to our English one. High trees, the branches cut short on either side like thorns, had been stuck all over the fields, and the hay was wrapped round them nearly from top to bottom. At a little distance the fields looked like plantations of young cypress trees. The churches we passed were all painted white with grass-green steeples.

At Kufstein we entered Bavaria, and the Bavarian carriages, light, clean, and roomy, with good-natured officials in blue and silver; we had only to wait a few minutes, and had, therefore, but a passing look at the old fort on the crag, rendered famous during the wars of the Emperor Maximilian, in the 16th century, by the obstinacy of its commandant, who believing his fortress to be impregnable, in derision of the Emperor's canon, desired his soldiers to sweep down the walls with brooms in the face of the besiegers. He rued his temerity, for the Tyrolean cannon destroyed the castle walls, and the commandant was carried to Innsbruck and beheaded there. Passing Brannenberg and Raubling, we reached Rosenheim at four o'clock.

Very picturesque and very primitive we found it. Having established ourselves by taking a bed-room, and ordering dinner at the "*Goldene Traube*," we walked to the large salt works of the town, and were shown the whole process of condensing the salt from the water, which had travelled here forty miles through pipes from the salt springs at Reichenfall. Out of the hot salt-breathing atmosphere it was a great relief to wander along the quiet streets to

the Schlossberg, and ascending it by the side of the pipes which bring down from the springs at its summit fresh water to Rosenheim, to gain thence a view of the town and its mountain background.

Our landlady, who herself carried in the first dish at dinner, smiled and curtsied as she wished us "*guten appetit*;" and when we left the next morning the whole establishment, all of whom were females except the old man who wheeled our boxes to the station, came to the door—cook, chambermaids, and a bright active old woman with a black shawl wrapped round her head turban fashion, who seemed to help every one; all shook hands with us, and wished us "*gluckliche Reise*."

For some miles our road from Rosenheim to Salzburg had little beauty to recommend it. Our fellow travellers, an elderly lady and her pretty daughter, who looked about eighteen, and whom we found was not only a wife but a mother, chatted pleasantly of themselves and their own affairs with a freedom which amused us much. The younger lady had left her husband and child at Munich, to take the baths at Bergen. I observed that she frequently took from her pocket a little square case, at which she gave furtive glances.

At last, finding me sympathetic, she said: "*Permettez, madame, que je vous montre ma petite, ma seule fille*;" and, opening the case, she showed a small, black-looking daguerreotype in a gilt frame. I tried to turn it towards the light so as to see the picture, but she, impatient, seized the often-gazed-at portrait, and, kissing it three or four times, exclaimed: "*qu'elle est délicieuse!*"

Near Stock station we came in view of the beautiful Chiemsee, and for twelve miles the line ran along the side of the lake. Three islands, all built upon and inhabited, rise from its surface; one, we were told, contained a park of deer, and fish abound in its waters. Past the lake, and along a road of soft pasture land with hanging woods, we soon reached Salzburg, a town more striking in itself, and more picturesque in its position, perhaps, than any we had met with in our travels.

From our window at Nelböck's comfortable hotel we had a fine view of the castle, which stands on the summit of a lofty rock above the town, of the many cupola-roofed churches, and the picturesque buildings, interspersed with trees and backed by mountains, which form the old town of Salzburg; the newer portion, which is built on the other side of the river Salzach has fine quays, good open streets, and substantial houses; the towns are connected by wooden bridges. My first stroll took me to the old cemetery of St. Peter: it appears to have been excavated in a rock, and vaults running into its stony sides

are still shown. An old chapel, evidently a recess in the rock, stands near the vaults; a railing in front shows it filled with neatly arranged skulls, on which initials and names are printed. Without the rails was a basin of water and a brush. Many, while I stood, stopped to kneel at this chapel and sprinkle its contents with the holy water. The cemetery is said to have been consecrated as early as the sixth century. It is crammed with grave-stones, old and new, many bearing epitaphs of much beauty, and is also a garden, rich in flowers, and carefully tended by old female gardeners.

The tolling of a bell announced a funeral, and soon the procession, headed by Capuchin friars carrying scarlet candles, entered the gates. The coffin, only of plain wood, was followed by quite a crowd of people, who struggled directly the pall was withdrawn to reach it and sprinkle it with water. An open grave, with a plank inclined, awaited it; a few words were mumbled by the priest, two men lifted the coffin to the top of the plank, and it slid down—not easily, the shaking and thumping of its downward course seemed to me very terrible and irreverent. The spectators, who appeared more curious than sorrowful, were all in coloured clothes. Within the church I saw several people sitting in deep mourning. So I suppose it is not the etiquette of Salzburg for relations to follow their dead, further than the church, towards the grave.

There is a great deal to be seen in Salzburg—old churches and palaces, museums and monasteries. Here Mozart was born, and in the tower of the Neubau the bells chime several tunes of his composition, so unmelodiously, I thought, that it was well he could not hear them. Hadyn's head is said to be buried in the church of St. Peter. Mozart's widow and two sisters of Weber lie in the cemetery of St. Gabriel. But we will leave them and the other celebrities of Salzburg in peace; and, starting by the Linzergasse, stop at a large stone portal before we commence the ascent of two hundred and fifty steps! We are at the foot of the Capueiner Berg, and these steps lead to the monastery, which stands about half way up the hill. At intervals up the broken staircase are large chapels or stations; the figures within were larger than life and horrible in form and colour; over each chapel hung a scroll, with a prayer in German. In one, which represented the Saviour sinking under the weight of the Cross, was written: "O Mensch steh still und sieh mich an—Das haben deine Sünden gethan." A gigantic group of Calvary—the thieves hanging to, but not nailed on their cross—stands at the top of the flight, and here as well as before the chapel, knelt many men and women, apparently in devout prayer. The sight of these people stopping in their pleasure walk to think

of the Saviour, and to pray to Him, contrasting as it did with the utter indifference to all religious subjects shown by English Protestants in their hours of amusement, brought to me the question whether even these figures of "wood and stone" (though one could not wish them imitated in England) did not provide a link between this world and the next of which we at home know nothing.

A ring at the gate-bell and the payment of a few kreutzers, gave us entrance into a shady park, through which, continually ascending by low wooden steps, we wandered for nearly an hour till we reached the Stadtplatz, and obtained from it a view that well rewarded the trouble and fatigue we had had in gaining it. Below us, burnished by the setting sun, lay Salzburg, looking, so far beneath us, like a beautiful toy. On one side the river Salzach wound through the valley towards Berchtesgaden, protected by mountains on which the snow still lingered; on the other, as far as we could see, the rich landscape went towards Bavaria.

The next day we drove along a broad high-road, past many chalets standing in their gardens and orchards; the river Alm running like a silver ribbon by our side, the fields glowing in the bright, varied colours of the spring flowers, and above them hills with trees clothing them to their summits, from Salzburg to Berchtesgaden. The village itself nestles on the slopes of the grand Watzmann mountain; it belongs to Bavaria, and has an old royal château, formerly an abbey, and a new palace, called the Max villa, built amongst its houses. As we drove into Berchtesgaden we could not but be struck with the enormous piles of wood that lay along the road side—fuel for the large salt works that are carried on here. We did not go into the salt mine, which we might have done; but having settled the matter of rooms and dinner at Leut-haus, went on at once to the Königsee, and, engaging a boat, were soon floating over the clear, deep green water of this exquisite lake. On either side the cliffs tower many thousand feet, abrupt and perpendicular, with scarcely footing on their rocky sides, but clothed with trees that find in every crevice a clinging place; all is reflected in the still water beneath, "So wie in ein Spiegel," as our rowers said—they were men, but most of the boats on the lake were propelled by women in the pretty Tyrolese dress. We floated pleasantly on for about half an hour, and then landed to climb through a steep wood to the Kesselbach waterfall. The view of the lake, as we turned back to the boat, was indeed lovely; smooth and glassy it lay beneath its rocky forest walls, watched over by the mighty Watzmann and the snow-clad range of the Stuhlgelirge. Across a stony piece of pasture, at the end of the lake, a view of the Obersee is gained, a small dark lake lying beneath a circle of bare limestone rocks. In returning we landed on the promontory of St. Bartholo-

mew, where are a small chapel, a hunting-lodge of the King, and an inn. The walls of the inn's entrance-hall were hung with pictures of large trout that had been caught in the lake, and the cool dairy was full of tubs of rich milk, glasses of which were given to us by the pretty Tyrolean girls who acted as waitresses. After making purchases at the booths at the end of the lake, of the beautiful carved wood and ivory toys for which Berchtesgaden is famous, we drove in the cool of the evening back to our hotel; and here, during dinner, the waiter mysteriously whispered, "*Erlauben sie mir, später mit Ihnen zu sprechen,*" a request followed by a proposal, which he seemed surprised I did not accept, that he should accompany me to England as my footman! Back to Salzburg our road went by Ramsau, to the fall of the Wimbach. At the entrance of the gorge we were met by a bright old woman, who, notwithstanding her "threescore years and ten," guided us quickly and easily up the steep and rugged ascent to the fall. The path was through a ravine between the Watzmann and the Hochkalter mountains, rising so abruptly on either side that in places they scarcely left room for a footing between their high dark walls. In about half an hour we reached an open space, and in front, high above our heads, came great leaps of blue sparkling water, scattering foam tinged with bright red over the jutting rocks that broke its fall, and severed it into fragments exactly like pieces of painted glass. Starting again, we drove to Reichenhall, the road bordered by pines and firs, high grey crags rising behind, and ever and anon sunny fields, in which women worked with all their children round them, the cradle even, with its little occupant, finding a place in many a sheltered corner.

Reichenhall was full of gaily-dressed people on their way to a concert, on the Kirchenberg; among the carriages we saw two-four-in-hands with piebald horses. Reichenhall is the centre of the Bavarian salt-works; within the town are no less than eighteen salt springs; besides these, brine is brought to Reichenhall from Berchtesgaden by hydraulic pressure, and then conveyed by the same means to Traunstein and the works we visited at Rosenheim, pipes for this purpose being laid a distance of sixty miles.

Heavy clouds and drizzling rain came with us when we reached Salzburg in the evening; but the morning broke bright and sunny, and at noon we started in an open carriage for Ischl. The road ascended gradually for an hour and a half, bringing us past the Fuschl See, a long narrow lake with an old castle at the end; the view of Salzburg looking back from this was fine, and reached far into the Bavarian country. The road-side was adorned with many little shrines, in which were pictures of accidents which had befallen or might befall the passers-by. Here a mighty fall of snow threatened

to bury all beneath it ; further on a carriage upset had thrown its occupants on the road ; again, a river swollen by the rain was encroaching on a village ; above them all, painted in bright colours, crowned, and seated on clouds, appeared the figure of the Virgin ; before her as we passed, we saw women, in the heavy black silk headdress and rich coloured skirts of the Tyrol, stopping to offer on their knees a prayer for protection and guidance through the work of the day.

While our horses baited at St. Gilgen we walked on to the Wolfgang-See, a large soft piece of water, enclosed in rocky mountain sides of varied colour and graceful forms.

The river Ischl ran with us on our way to the town. On its banks were trees denuded of leaves by blight, and myriads of small black moths fluttered above, below, and around us. We caught several ; they had very little life in them, their gauzy wings closed with a touch, and they lay dead in our hands. A garden, gay in flowers, drew our attention as we passed ; at intervals all round it rose very high poles surmounted by what looked like very small dove-cotes. We asked a maiden who was tending the flowers what these were, and were told they were winter refuges for the birds—a piece of ornithological mercy that would not, I fancy, be often imitated.

Ischl is so shut in by mountains that it is scarcely seen until entered, and then it is more the surrounding scenery than the town itself that is worthy of admiration. The Ischl and the Traun rivers meet at Ischl, and run brightly along its quays ; by the banks of the latter stream are handsome villas and public gardens. The Emperor's own villa is about a mile from the town ; admission within is not granted, but the gardens were open, and behind them, on a steep mountain slope, are two hundred and sixty light wooden steps, which lead through thick woods cleared out where good views can be gained, to a height whence is obtained a fine view of Ischl, and, beyond, of the long range of the Dachstein mountains. In walking through the town we were struck by the way in which religion or its emblems were mixed with the affairs of every-day life. A fountain, where women congregated with their pails or their linen ; a bell on the roof of a factory to summon workmen to their labour, —were sure to be surmounted by a crucifix or the figure of a saint. On the bridge is a large statue of St. Wolfgang ; a lad on a velocipede slackened his pace for a moment to lift his hat as he passed it. A fresh cold morning with a north wind found us early on our way back to Salzburg by Ebensee and the Traunsee, the most beautiful lake in Austria—the road ran by the river Traun ; on the banks and on rafts on the river were piled immense quantities of wood for the salt works ; besides these, floating slowly down, were

huge rafts formed of pine-trees on their way to the Danube. At Ebensee a steamer waited to convey us along the lake to Gmünden. At this end the scenery of the Traunsee is grand and wild in the extreme; the great Traunstein rises high above the other mountains, which, on either side, form the boundary of the water. As we neared Gmünden the landscape became gradually softer, and green slopes superseded the mighty mountains.

Gmünden, the principal town in the Salzkammergut, stands on the lake, and from it are made excursions to the Traunstein and to the falls of the Traun. We made neither, but went on at once by train to Lambach. A very sentimental couple of newly-married Germans were our fellow travellers; the lady's eyes, which were large and soft, were full of coquettish glances at her still admiring husband, and our presence did not interfere at all with the little demonstrations of tenderness that passed between the young lovers.

The scenery had no great variety; we passed several fields of corn and hay, in which labourers were already hard at work. The river Traun runs on by Lambach, and a very pretty view of it is obtained from the station. The line crosses it on its way to Salzburg, and then leaving it, runs along the valley by many towns and ruined heights to Seekirchen; thence along the shores of the Wallersee to Salzburg, passing on its way there the convent of Seekirchen, said to have been the residence of St. Rupert, the founder of that city.

A walk through the Mirabel Gardens, and a look at the outside of the Protestant Church lately built in Salzburg, was all we could do before we left it again the next morning for Munich, travelling over no fresh ground till we reached Rosenheim, but seeing fresh beauties brought out by the advance of summer in those spots we had before admired so much.

The weather had become warm, and the peasants we passed wore large black hats to keep off the sun's rays, while friars and monks had white ones. From Rosenheim the road was not picturesque; it was well wooded, but for the most part flat and uninteresting. A German, a Roumanian, and an American were our fellow-travellers. The last was travelling in search of health; he looked wretchedly ill, and appeared to me far gone in consumption, but evidently took no despairing view of his own case, "I build on my stock," he said; "my grandmother lived to see a hundred."

The bronze head of the colossal statute of Bavaria came into view as we neared Munich. A day or two after our arrival there we drove through the Carlsthor, to the Ruhmeshalle or Hall of Fame, in which are busts of Bavarian notabilities, and in front of which stands this gigantic lady, fifty-four feet high, and large enough

to admit of an easy staircase within, leading to her head, inside which, on the twists of her hair, are seats for four persons; good views of Munich and of the mountains of the Tyrol are obtained through holes in her eyes. She stands on a wide grass plain which belongs to the people of Munich; in October a large fair, with horse-racing, is held on it; the peasants of Bavaria bring farm and garden-stock for competition, and receive prizes from the King in person.

To describe Munich would be to speak of one magnificent building after another, of wide handsome streets, of statues, bridges, and of museums—so rich in paintings and in sculpture that years might be spent in acquiring a perfect knowledge of their contents; of churches made beautiful by the richest decorations in glass and marble; all looking bright and new, as well they may, for Munich a century ago was a city of but modest proportions, her buildings on no grander scale than those of other old German towns. Her present magnificence was given her by her King Ludwig the First, who devoted himself to the enlargement and embellishment of his city, leaving, when he died in 1868, the task of completion to his son, a task which many buildings of grand proportions in an unfinished state prove to have been not yet carried out by him. Sunday was the first day after our arrival there. As we walked to the English church in the Odeon we saw that all the shops were open; and through the day the numerous bier-gartens were thronged with men and women, drinking and smoking, but apparently there was no tipsiness, they seemed quietly happy; the theatres were open, and crowds in the afternoon were waiting for admission. In the Dom is a handsome tomb, erected in the fourteenth century to receive the remains of the Emperor Louis. He, however, died no one knew where, under the ban of excommunication; so his tomb remains untenanted; two fine figures, said to represent his sons, kneel at the foot, and angels hover over the head of the monument.

The two great galleries in Munich are the old Pinakothek and the Glyptothek; the former contains no less than 13,000 pictures, commencing with those of very early schools, and coming down towards our own days, with specimens, the richest and the loveliest that artists of all ages and countries have ever produced. Murillo has contributed more largely to the Pinakothek than to any other gallery I have seen, his beggar boys and little merchant girls gleam from the walls in life-like brightness. Teniers, Gerard Dow, Velasques, have hung some of their exquisite miniature oil paintings in the cabinets in either side of the saloons; while Raphael, Rubens—nay, every painter whose name one knows—is here represented by works that could not be excelled.

The new Pinakothek is a smaller building, adorned on the outside with frescoes by Kaulbach, representing King Ludwig's efforts,

at home and abroad, to add to the art treasures of his city. It contains only modern pictures of very varied value; one by Kaulbach, a very large painting, appeared to me a wonderfully-beautiful representation of the destruction of Jerusalem, the city still standing in pearly clearness on the heights, while below it assailants are mingled in gorgeous colouring with the groups of inhabitants who are escaping from its doomed walls; one group, consisting of a mother and her children seated on a donkey and led by angels, I thought admirable in its touching grace.

The Glyptothek is nearly as rich in sculpture as is the Pinakothek in painting, the arrangement of the different statues in their different rooms and niches is extremely good, a dark neutral tint, or a deep rich crimson background, contrasting well with the whiteness of the marble figures, while above them the ceilings are rich in gold and colour.

Driven by a coachman in bright blue with scarlet facings, and accompanied by a very chatty commissionaire, we spent a day in seeing the sights of Munich, from the Dom or Frauenkirche, with its slender pillars and lofty windows, to the Auer or Marienhilfskirche, dedicated to Mary, the patron of Munich, whose life is portrayed in rich colouring on fifty-two windows; in one, representing the last judgment, Mary stands by the Saviour. Thence to the Basilica of St. Boniface, which reminded us of the church of St. Paolo at Rome, and then to the Allerheiligen Kirche, decorated within and without in rich Byzantine style. From churches we were taken, by monuments and handsome buildings, to the cemetery, a lovely garden of graves surrounded by arcades full of handsome monuments and finely-painted frescoes. At one end of the cemetery stands the Todten Haus, which revealed a new and, to me, melancholy sight. Within large plate-glass windows were exposed, in their ordinary attire, the newly dead of Munich; on one side lay the rich, on the other the poor—the former reclined on sofas, profusely covered with exquisite flowers, the latter lay on boards with no ornament save a few immortelle wreaths; from the ceiling above fell several wires, and to the end of one of these the hand of every corpse was attached. Shuddering, I asked for an explanation of this painful exhibition, and was told that everyone who dies in Munich, except persons of the highest rank, who lie in state at home, must be brought to this dead-house and left there for eight and forty hours. About eighteen years ago a man lying there recovered from the trance that had been believed to be death; since then a room above, in which a watcher always sits, has been furnished with bells to which are fastened the wires I have mentioned, so that the slightest movement of those beneath would attract attention and save them from the horrors of a living grave. On the side of the poor, the

day I saw it, lay the corpses of those who indeed represented the two extremes of life—an old woman of 94, and several babes in white muslin with wreaths of green and white flowers, who had opened their eyes in this world but for a day, and had gone back to their Father in Heaven ere their mother who bore them had learned to love and mourn them.

In the garden most of the tombstones had little niches cut out, in them were cups of clay and in front panes of coloured glass. On All Saints' day, we were told candles were placed behind, and a general illumination of the cemetery takes place. "Ah," said our commissioner, "we have so many saints, so many stories of them—in the Bible they are not—I do not know from whence they come."

We drove back by the Siegesthor, an arch erected by Louis in honour of his Bavarian army. It is an imitation of the Arch of Constantinople at Rome, and has on the top a handsome group of Bavaria in a carriage drawn by lions. Our commissioner became quite eloquent in his admiration of King Ludwig's work, and in his regret that his son Ludwig the Second imitated his father so little in the embellishment of the city. "Our young king," said he, "cares not for these things, only for the music. We sometimes think our Prince Otho will later be king instead." Alas! but a year later this Prince Otho, at the age of twenty-two, was killed during the French and German war, by a stray shot from a Franc-tireur, near Broglie. The weather hitherto during our stay in Munich had been fine and summer-like; but as if to prove to us that England must not alone be charged with sudden changes of temperature, the thermometer fell from 40 to 8 degrees of Reaumur, and with the cold came wind and driving rain. We spent the day within walls which contained treasures enough to make us quite indifferent to weather. We saw the brilliant colouring of modern painting in the Stained Glass Institution, and loitered through the vast library said to contain nearly a million volumes. One room is devoted to books of rare illustration and binding, which are enclosed in glass cases; gold and precious stones glittered on their covers, and exquisite paintings adorned their gold-lettered leaves. The staircase is handsome, and Ludwig's statue stands prominently at its head.

In the evening we went to the Hof Theatre, a large unadorned house, with a tolerably full audience of respectable, but not apparently high-class people; the acting struck us as being more like real life than is usually seen on the stage.

IRISH PRIDE.

y the Author of "Not all Fiction," "Whilst the Snowflakes Fell," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"MR. LINDORES."

YES, the drawing-room had tested rather severely Mrs. Macnamara's physical powers. The next evening she was unwillingly obliged to proclaim herself unequal to the task of chaperoning her granddaughter to Lady Kemp's.

"But it is not to be a ball, and the Kemps are old friends; so your uncle will do caretaker quite well. Try and look more at ease in society, Cecile. You have a trick of colouring and trembling that *must* be got rid of. Oh, indeed, I feel certain you will never do me credit."

With which pleasant verdict echoing in her mind, Cecile, chaperoned by Uncle Oliver, entered upon her second scene of dissipation at Lady Kemp's. It was an At Home, one of those congenial *réunions* where everybody, including the host and hostess, appear singularly *not* at home, and the company generally seem rather at a loss to know for what particular purpose they are brought together. The reception-rooms—even the staircase and corridors—were pretty full when Mr. Macnamara and his grandniece arrived, making it quite a crush to get to the lady of the house, who, enveloped in a white opera cloak, and distinguished by a countenance peculiarly sad and distant, leant wearily against the folding-door frame, mechanically extending her hand as each fresh announcement struck her ear. Cecile had only time to be vaguely presented and have her fingers as vaguely enclose! for an instant in Lady Kemp's gloved palm; when another string of guests drove her and her uncle further into the saloon, whose surrounding seats and big centre ottoman exhibited a closely packed array of chignons, polonaises, flounces, and whatever else contributes to form the sum-total of the feminine element *à la mode*, whilst the crowd *par excellence* entertained itself, standing, feeling well-dressed, and doing the correct thing, by adding numerically to one of the 'best' assemblies in town.

"Unmeaning piece of humbug this!" groaned Uncle Oliver, half audibly. "What's this, grandmamma told me, constituted my duty as chaperone?—Find you a seat? that's impossible. Introduce you to unwary eligibles?—that seems equally impossible; for I do

not see a face I know, young or old. Ah, here is somebody I'll catch *faute de mieux*.—How do, Colonel Hughes? Then, after a momentary exchange of formalities, "Let me introduce you to my grandniece, Miss De Burgh."

Colonel Hughes, a fat, elderly, pompous little individual, with a fierce iron-grey moustache, and very white teeth, bowed slightly, and after calmly contemplating his new acquaintance, a second or so, remarked languidly, yet with the air of a person imparting valuable information—

"A good many people here to-night."

"Yes," said Cecile, after a pause, which she had vainly mentally occupied seeking for a longer answer.

"Yes—a," he repeated; "town is getting pretty full now. Been at the Drawing-room last night, I suppose?"

"Yes," again assented Cecile, with terrible involuntary brevity, and an odious though unconscious similitude to that celebrated "English speaking household" in Scandinavia, whose entire command of the British tongue comprised itself in a repetition of the one-syllabled affirmative. She was beginning to feel thoroughly stranded and miserable, when a slightly familiar but very welcome voice struck her ear, and looking up she recognised her handsome, vivacious cousin, Fred.

His greeting sounded so delightfully friendly and warm, she quite forgot that he had not fulfilled his promise of calling to see her that day. He bowed off Colonel Hughes so cleverly, too, that her spirits rose in a sudden access of relief and gratitude.

"Come and have an ice—eating always cements friendship," he continued, offering her his arm, and leading her nonchalantly away from Uncle Oliver's surveillance and into the refreshment-room. "Which ice do you prefer, pink or white? And what wine?"

"No wine, thank you."

"No wine? Of course, that is so completely neophytich—regular religious practice with *débutantes*. You have no moral objection, I hope, to my helping myself. You see," he explained, as he poured out some champagne, with the air of a man acting from a sense of duty,—“going out knocks a fellow up; and Crofton (my eldest brother) is such a chronic invalid now, all the social work devolves upon me. I came here straight from a dinner at Lord Dooners, and am due at a ball on quite the other side of the town at one o'clock."

"Oh, we shall be gone then," said Cecile, glad to be assured of Fred's further protection. "Will you stay here till that hour?"

"Depends upon what sort of value may exist here. I have

only noted *one* charming item as yet, in the present social bill of fare."

"You know everybody here, of course?"

"Of course *not*. What a truly rural surmise! Recollect, you are no longer in the country where six genteel families living ten miles apart meet once a quarter, and style themselves 'the neighbourhood.' There are about thirty people here with whom I am acquainted, half a dozen with whom I converse on terms of friendship, and one, cousin Cecile—I may call you Cecile, may I not?"

"Please," after a pause. "I am dreadfully ignorant of society."

"Dreadfully, and, moreover, unaccountably so, considering you bear, I believe, a close relationship to a young but very society-experienced woman, 'yclept Mabel Power. I daresay, however, you do not know much of her."

"I know her best of all my cousins."

"Ah!" with a sudden elevation of the eyebrow, and genuinely surprised expression. "I did not think Mab went in for female friendship much," he said, then stopped for a moment. "All women are such thorough enigmas," he went on in a gayer tone. "It is quite lost time attempting to solve the mysteries of their likings or dislikings; so we shall change the subject, and as you, Miss Cecile, have apparently, though with great difficulty finished that ice, we shall proceed back to the saloon, where, by the sounds at present audible, I opine a small dance is going forward, to the music, alas! of only a tinkling piano. You will accept me as a partner for this—quadrille, I believe it is—that is, if in the words of a modern novelist, you can stand such square abominations?"

He found places, and Cecile, pleased, re-assured, and particularly happy, that Uncle Oliver was not visibly near, began fairly to enjoy herself. Fred's vanity being equally gratified as he took note of the altered mien and voice his experienced judicious management had effected.

"Shy, but pretty," he thought; "I like that combination of fair hair and dark eyes. I shall patronise her and bring her out by degrees." Warmed by this benevolent project, he made himself still more agreeable. At the conclusion of the dance he would not allow her to seek her uncle. "Am I not also a near relation? and I am sure, as good a chaperone as that patriarchal Uncle Oliver. Just trust yourself with me—I am not going even to inflict my partnership upon you this waltz; but I shall introduce you to a friend of mine, that handsome fellow opposite—don't you admire him?"

"No; but I shall do whatever you wish."

"Which, being interpreted, means you will admire him—he is perfectly irresistible. Come, Mr. Le Hunte—Miss De Burgh."

And Fred vanished, leaving Cecile once more hopeless and stranded,—more hopeless, indeed, than ever; for Mr. Le Hunte was just of the style and nature to chill her timid little soul into absolute frigidity.

"Deficient in my great gifts of attraction and extraction, as I knew he would be," mentally decided Fred, as, the waltz over, he reappeared to look after his cousin and give her the benefit of his delightfully contrasting society in the next dance. "After which it will be time for me to depart. Now, tell me, as quoth the venerable goose to the verdant gosling, 'How do you like the world,' this evening?"

"Very much since you came," answers Cecile, with alarming candour.

Whereupon Mr. Macnamara smiled a pleased smile, and, the galop finished, led his cousin to what he called the "wallflower" end of the room, as it was here he confidently announced that Uncle Oliver should be found doing the *disagreeable* to another wallflower.

Engaged, however, in no such reciprocal act of uncharity, but holding communion with a tall, not even elderly individual of his own sex, stood Uncle Oliver. His grandniece's changed, quite radiant air and countenance struck him, and dissipated his annoyance on beholding her companion.

"'Pon my honour, Cecy, dancing agrees with you! Is this notice to quit you're giving me? Good children!—going home in proper time."

"Home? No, I am engaged to Mrs. Taaffe's—a little dance there to-night," explained Fred, condescendingly.

Uncle Oliver groaned.

"The youth of the present age are revolutionising even the order of the Universe, turning night into day and day into night. (Exit Fred with a very affectionate pressure of his cousin's fingers, and a small shrug in the direction of his more aged relative.) Yes, that is 'form,' I suppose. Cecy, you are again in my hands. Cannot condole with you, though, on getting rid of that youth; not a particle of sense in his head. I want to introduce you to a particular friend of mine—Miss Cecile De Burgh (or *Miss* De Burgh, I should say), well—Miss De Burgh—Mr. Lindores."

Cecile started. As the gentleman bowed he raised his eyes to see all the animation and light disappear, and surprise, indignation, pride, combine themselves in the expressive face before him. *Lindores?* In a second the present faded, and the past flashed

back into Cecile's mind. Her lost home, Frank's exile—she stood in presence of the buyer, the owner of De Burgh Towers,—the man who had openly contemned his bargain. She looked at him—a calm, sensible, well-cut physiognomy—with fearless eyes, meeting hers straight, evidently puzzled at the gaze they encountered.

"There is the piano going still. I suppose I must wait for this—polka, or whatever it is? Come, set off," quoth Uncle Oliver, in quite a genial tone.

"No, thanks; I am tired," fell from Cecile's lips, with a readiness of which she seemed incapable ten minutes before.

"And I scarcely ever dance," said the gentleman, with equal coldness.

"Mr. Macnamara, will you bring Lady Honora Kane down to supper?" spoke Lady Kemp's dulcet accents; "Mr. Lindores"—and she made a faint motion towards Cecile.

Unavoidable! On the arm of Mr. Lindores she was conducted down stairs, and in solemn silence entered the supper-room.

"What shall I get for you?" he asked, in a tone of frigid politeness. "A seat to begin with—you are tired."

"No, no; I am not tired."

"I thought you complained of fatigue just now, these crowds are somewhat wearisome. Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes, for a while."

Till Mr. Fred Macnamara went, reflected Mr. Lindores. Then he asked aloud—

"Is Mrs. Macnamara (your grandmother) here to-night?"

"No; I came with uncle.

"You live at the Jointure House—do you not?"

"Yes."

"And prefer the quiet open country to this noisy foggy town?"

"Not the country about the Jointure House. It is ugly, it is dreary, it is,—not home," she was nearly adding.

"Ugly and dreary—two quite bad enough adjectives, from which it must be pleasant after all to escape for a season, in favour of cheerful brick walls and well-dressed humanity."

"I should prefer to live in the country, if I might choose the place," said Cecy, hesitatingly, and half to herself.

"What would you choose?"

"Mountains, a river reflecting the sunlight, the trees on its banks, winding walks, an ivy wreathed——" she stopped again, she felt herself involuntary describing The Towers.

"A pretty enough picture," he said complacently; "and I daresay not difficult to realise. With so much taste for the rural characteristics of wood and water, you will soon discover attractions about even the ugly, dreary Jointure House."

"I don't believe I ever shall."

"Then probably you own a stronger degree of prejudice than simple appreciation of natural beauty. To look at things more with the mind than with the eyes is a very common failing."

She was silent a moment, as she bent her almost overflowing eyes over her plate of jelly. Presently she raised them again, dry, bright, shining with the indignant expression he had noticed before.

"Do you think, then, it is impossible to avoid being sad—having regretful memories?"

His reply was interrupted by Uncle Oliver.

"Come, Cecy, it is waxing into the small hours; we must say good-night to Lady Kemp and be off."

She obeyed gladly. Her proud, untutored spirit had undergone strange and painful sensations during the last half hour—perfectly unjustifiable sensations, indeed, nevertheless forming the irresistible, unpleasant medium through which she began acquaintance with Uncle Oliver's "particular friend," Hugh Lindores.

CHAPTER V.

"DEEPLY, DARKLY, 'DESPERATELY' BLUE."

THE next day quite a levée of morning visitors illumined Mrs. Macnamara's rather murky lodgings in Mount Street.

First and foremost arrived Mrs. Power and her eldest, and much-spoilt daughter, Mab. Mrs. Power had been the second of the beautiful but unwelcome feminine quartette, and still prided herself on her well-preserved charms. Mothers of grown-up, "come-out" daughters are not, however, very rivetting objects of interest; so we may pass over her yet undeniable good looks, and pause more consideringly before Miss Power, who, though barely eighteen, has been already one season and a half entered upon the lists of fashionable society.

She is tall, fair, *embonpoint*—such commonplace adjectives she owes to Nature. Now for art—art that has transformed this ordinarily dowered young woman into a belle, and renders her quite a conspicuous object of admiration and envy. In attire, she mirrors the extreme of fashion, from her pedestal of the highest, narrowest, boot-heels, to her head crowned with a multiplicity of chignons, which, whatever their internal structure, exhibit an outward shell of wavy, gleaming hair, that is furthermore arranged on her brow in two depending points, thereby effectually concealing all intellectual expression, but nevertheless "very, very becoming." At least so thinks Queen Mab, likewise Queen Mab's

mother, who is an experienced critic in these matters, whilst on the subject of "clothes," (which she has studied *not* exactly à la *Taufeladrockh*), she considers herself an indisputable authority, qualified to despise and condemn all and every taste in dress differing from that displayed in her own and Mab's toilettes. She accordingly instantly (theoretically) picks to pieces the raiment of Cecile.

"I cannot tell you how you are looking, my dear, for that affair you have on would spoil anybody. You must be taken to Madame L'Art-des-arts; she made Mab's costume—is it not a charming fit?"

"What rubbish did you wear to Lady Kemp's last night?" interposed Mabel, before her mother's question could be answered.

"I wore a white dress."

"White dress! What a vivid description it gives," laughed Mab. "One would think it was a small innocent of six years old going to its first tea-party in a white dress and blue shoes."

"Well, my dress *was* white and it *was* my first party," emphasised Cecile, rather annoyed.

"Your 'first' party; just imagine, and you are nearly a year older than I am. I should never have stood rustication so long. It is well Harriet is 'off,' or I suppose you would be shut up for another season. How did you get on last night? Did you stay late?"

"We were not home till past one o'clock."

"One!" screamed Mab; "why I was only getting into spirits then. By-the-bye, you met Fred Macnamara at the Kemp's. What do you think of him?"

The keen eyes of Miss Power fixed themselves searchingly on Cecile, as the latter answered, enthusiastically:

"I like him so much; he was very kind to me."

"And danced with you, of course! How nice and cousinly; but remember he is not the owner of Derrycarne yet, my dear, and Crofton is one of those chronic invalids who live on and on, apparently just from spite. Now don't get up a shocked look; we shall talk of something else. It may interest you to know that I was not home from the Taaffe's ball till five this morning, and am going to ride this afternoon with Captain Macgregor. Was it not *aimable de moi* to come see *ma petite cousine rustique premièrement*?"

Miss Power possessed a smattering, rapid, very ungrammatical, colloquial knowledge of the French language, with which she was wont to diversify and embellish (so she thought) her own slangy English.

She generally passed for a good-natured, off-handed, warm-hearted girl. Such she was in the eyes of Cecile, and the little

country mouse, regarding as quite an unmerited compliment this visit of her City cousin, felt genuinely flattered and gratified.

"How good of you, Mab! Nobody else has been to see us yet; but Uncle Oliver said this fine day would tempt people out."

"And he has absented himself accordingly. Did he expect I would call? He was right, though, with regard to the rest of the tribe—Miladi Vigogne and the Macnamaras. Yet I hardly think the latter will put in an appearance, as this is Athenæ day, and Fan will be better employed."

"Yes," added Mrs. Power; "on our way here we met Fan with a package of books under one arm, a portfolio of drawings under the other, a roll of music in her right hand, and an ominous-looking manuscript in her left. She was, of course, *en route* to the Athena, where she spends most of her time, scribbling, listening to lectures, and studying to make herself generally wise and disagreeable. She will give you a perfect dose of 'ologies, Cecile; I hope you are up in abstruse literature and science."

"Cecile knows nothing," interjected grandmamma. "Don't you remember her poor father's boast? 'Thought never wrinkled a De Burgh brow.'"

A loud ring at the bell, followed by footsteps ascending the staircase, interrupted the conversation, and presently the sitting-room was opened. The servant announced: "the Miss Macnamaras;" and there entered two young ladies, one tall, pale, and slender, the other petite, rosy, and blonde.

"How do you do, Mrs. Macnamara?" spoke in measured accents the tall maiden. "Mamma is poorly, so is unwillingly obliged to defer calling on you in person; meantime she has deputed us the bearers of her excuses and her card. This young lady is, I presume, our cousin, Cecile de Burgh; how do you do?"

And a cold, it almost seemed a measured kiss, was imprinted on Cecile's forehead.

The Powers underwent a similar greeting.

"I suppose that's a 'blue' kiss, Fan," laughed Mrs. Power. "Lily, don't you give me such another, or I'll box your ears."

Lily, who looked a combination of roses, dimples, and smiles, embraced all her relations with seeming warmth, whilst Miss Macnamara, in no wise disconcerted, took a chair in the most unbecoming position the room afforded, under the fullest glare of sunlight, which threw into unpicturesque relief her rather strongly marked features and sallow complexion.

"We met you this morning," continued Mrs. Power, "but you were too absorbed to notice us."

"Excuse me, I bowed ; I was in a hurry, so could not stop," returned Frances, imperturbably,

"Why you don't mean to say you go to school still, Frances?" broke in Mrs. Macnamara, testily.

"I do not go to school ; I go to college," said Fan, with lofty suavity.

"College ! I wonder the men have not the sense to turn you out."

"It is not Trinity College," explained the student, mildly, "but a seminary designed expressly for the advanced education of women. The only members of the opposite sex admitted within its walls are the professors and teachers."

"All the good-looking, unmarried fellows of T.C.D. are the professors and teachers, you know," said Mab. "It is registered in the strictest rules of the Athena, 'No Benedict need apply.'"

"Excuse me, you are quite wrong ; facts contradict you. I need not use argument," was the frigid rejoinder.

Cecile glanced from one to the other, half repelled by the pompous air of Frances, yet unable to return or appreciate the signs and winks of Mab, who believed she was performing a very meritorious act in drawing out the 'blue' for the benefit of the 'country' cousin.

Lily's soft, dimpling face was more prepossessing, but Lily was not much of a general talker. She smiled, murmured small flirtations, and was gentle and suave—that was all. She lisped, too, very prettily.

"Fred liked you," she whispered to Cecile, in her sweet, artless way, that was not really artless, but adopted by Lily because she fancied it suited her style. "Gentlemen don't admire Fan's overpowering manner, and I mean to be popular and have lots of lovers," was her reflection, though no mere beholder would imagine such a naughty little thought to have been generated within the graceful, ringletted head, based on observations made by the tender, beseeching eyes.

"I hope we shall be friends," she went on to Cecy. "I used to know Harriet ; she was very like you, was she not, Mab?"

"Not she !" retorted Mab, who was quite alive to Miss Lily's small arts and devices for pleasing every new acquaintance. "Cecy wouldn't be so bad, however, if she were dressed properly," she added, graciously. "By-the-bye, it is time for my promised ride."

"With whom are you going to ride?" asked Lily, interestedly.

"With whom ? Ah, that is the question. Ten thousand guesses, and I swear you won't guess right."

"Mr. Prendergast?"

"No, indeed ; and I shan't reveal the 'who' either. I prefer

having you dying of curiosity. Perhaps, however, Fan will help you; she's great at divining riddles; even the sphinx's she'd unravel."

"What is the mystery to be solved?" asked Frances, coldly, with an air of self-consciousness, as though, indeed, the sphinx's problems would have been mere child's play to her, and Isis herself should hardly have dared to remain veiled in her presence.

"The momentous and interesting query is with whom I am going to ride; answer it who can," laughed Mabel. "Come, mamma, clear out! Adieu, grandmamma; adieu, all—all."

With a theatrical modulation of voice, and a gradation of bows and curtsies, she swept from the room, *followed* by her adoring parent.

The instant the door closed after the Powers, Francis Macnamara, whose ethical tastes were interested in exploring any fresh specimens of human nature, advanced to Cecile, and demanded, solemnly:

"What style of literature do you prefer?"

Thoroughly awed, Cecy stumbingly enunciated, "I don't know."

"Not know! Is it possible you do not read—have no favourite authors?"

"Oh, yes; Frank and I used to read on wet days when we could not get out, or sometimes away in the woods when we were tired doing anything else."

"And what unhappy authors did you peruse in this kill-time fashion?" continued Miss Macnamara, sadly.

"We had some favourite writers—Bulwer Lytton, Kingsley, Tennyson——"

"Pray stop. Such a medley of almost antithetical authors cast into one heterogeneous *pot-pourri*! Your reading, I see, has been utterly miscellaneous and void of system; which latter, founded upon individual taste, is the true, the only road to knowledge. A book should be read, not for its own merits alone, but for the purpose of becoming acquainted with its author,—analysing the creative mind it reflects. I am just now engaged in a study of the modern American poets. They present to me a curious and unique school of 'fancy.' I distinguish it from 'thought'" (Miss Macnamara, being quite ignorant of what she meant, confused expression on her part must be excused), "inasmuch as it is merely an involuntary flight of the mind, embodying the beautiful. A wild, sometimes musical, too often barbarous, utterance of transient, irresistible emotion; as, for instance, joy in the charms of surrounding nature. A nature, moreover, evidently as rough, and bald, and Titanic, as the language which describes it; and which, however strong, lacks

the true elements of poetry, melodious rhythm, and pure refined sentiment. Do you understand the objective and subjective in poetry?"

"In poetry!" Cecile felt completely overwhelmed. She had, of course, a vague, faint remembrance of Lindley Murray affixing those definitions to two moods of verbs; but, beyond that—

"Ah! its plain you have never studied; nor even, I fear, reflected; and yet—" (She placed her hand across Cecy's brow as if measuring it.)—"something here tells me you have a soul for poetry. I have a notion to lend you a volume of Bret Harte: he is the easiest to comprehend of his peculiar objective school; and whatever you don't understand I can explain. Yes, we might be friends. I shall make interest with Mrs. Macnamara to permit you to take a term at the Athena. Oh, if you should turn out studious, enterprising, persevering; and, perhaps, win a gold medal!"

"Term at the Athenæ—bosh!" thundered grandmamma, from the fireplace. "Do you think I brought Cecy De Burgh to town for the purpose of dabbling in 'ologies and 'onomies that she could not understand, and was never intended by nature to know? Gold medal, indeed!—a gold ring would be of more use to her. The idea of girls setting off to be educated when they're grown up. Why I was learned and accomplished in everything a woman could need to know before I was seventeen."

"But consider, dear madam, the progress of ideas since then, the greater facilities that exist in these days for developing and culturing the intellect."

"Now, Francis Macnamara, don't tell me to consider nonsense. I can assure you the girls in my days were superior in every way to the conceited, priggish, would-be *savante* young ladies to be met with at present."

Miss Macnamara was too polite to continue the discussion. She sighed a sigh of profound pity over the old-fashioned prejudice of the elder relative, who would condemn the younger to such a state of mental darkness in this era of modern light, and determining she should at least illuminate the latter's intellectual obscurity by a few scintillations from her own brilliant soul, she and Lily departed, the half hour, which in her pre-arranged calculations for the day she had allotted to this visit, being exactly terminated.

"Now, you have seen two more cousins, Cecy, how do you like them? Lily is *quite* a Macnamara, Frances is a fool; but she'll reap the reward of her folly—she'll *never get married*," spoke grandmamma, with angry emphasis and a darting movement of her knitting-needles, as though she would willingly spike thereupon the "crack" pupil of The Athena,

Suddenly, however, her brow cleared, her lips almost bent into a smile, as a rustling of ascending silks once more sounded on the staircase, the sitting-room door once more opened, and the servant announced Lady Vigogne.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MACNAMARA "AT HOME."

LADY VIGOGNE had been the youngest of the Macnamara sisterhood. Her husband was a nobleman of rather diminished fortune, and gifted with strong predilections for the turf and the gaming-table. Still he was a viscount, and as such considered a most desirable match for Louisa Macnamara, who, since she became Viscountess held herself a sort of central sun, round which the minor lights of her family should radiate modestly. It was quite with an air of condescension this handsomest, best-married, *ergo* best-loved daughter, presented herself to the eyes of her delighted parent, whose cheek she slightly, very slightly touched, in token of salutation.

"Charmed to find you so well," articulated her ladyship obligingly.

"And equally charmed to see you, my dear, looking so lovely, quite lovely," reiterated grandmamma, whose vision could not, or would not, take note of the pearl powder, cosmetic, soupçon of rouge, and other innocent, but apparent aids to the perpetuity of youth and beauty, which the rather *passés* belle was in the habit of using. "How is Vigogne, dear? and where is he?" inquires the old lady affectionately.

"Vigogne,—oh, he is quite well, of course—off at some race or other this last week," responds Lady Vigogne lightly; then glancing at Cecile. "Who is this? mamma—I suppose a De Burgh—you generally have one on your hands?" and she extended her small gloved fingers and touched Cecile's, as if they had been utter strangers, with no tie of blood existing between them. "I think I saw you at the 'Drawing-room,'" she continued vaguely; "I suppose mamma intends bringing you out a good deal."

"She has only been at one party yet," says grandmamma, "one of those new-fangled, nondescript affairs they call 'At Homes,' at the Kemp's."

"Oh, yes mamma, quite the thing now, so deliciously uncere-
monious! We all have 'At-Home' days; mine is Tuesday—every Tuesday, from four to seven."

"And what in the world do you, my dear, do on your Tuesdays?—living as I do, completely out of humanity's reach eleven months

per annum, I must be excused for ignorance of these little *entrées*—would you call them ? in the ‘*carte*’ of society,” asks Mrs. Macnamara, waxing sarcastic, in spite of the favourite’s presence. Lady Vigogne smiled languidly.

“I never could define anything. They are pleasant, and suit me ; one sees one’s friends and hears good music.”

Just then, the servant brought in a salver with letters. A square envelope lay on top, Mrs. Macnamara tore it open, unfolding two cards, which, glancing at, she tossed impatiently aside. “Clara wants to see her friends, and hear some good music, I suppose. Cecy pick up those bits of pasteboard.”

Cecy did as she was desired and read :

“Mrs. Macnamara.

‘At Home.’ Wednesday, 10th February, 4 to 7 o’clock.
Rutland Square.”

Lady Vigogne laughed slyly. “You see Clara conforms to modern usage also, only she does not do these things regularly ; so I suppose she will get up some special excitement on Wednesday. I daresay some of poor Fan’s ‘blueisms’ will be on exhibition. She is the ruling spirit, you know ; and these cards would be much more appropriately endorsed ‘Miss Macnamara, ‘At Home.’ Cecile will go, of course ; it is not a thing requiring a *chaperone*,”—(she explained good-naturedly, dreading lest a grown-up niece should be forthwith inflicted on her protection). “One can almost go to a *matinee* of that sort alone ; or, at all events, there is uncle Oliver.”

“Oliver got quite enough of them at Lady Kemp’s,” interrupted grandmamma ; “but Cecile, as a cousin, can go easily ; and being shy can get behind somebody’s chair, so that nobody will notice her.”

“Shy, are you ?” queried Lady Vigogne. “Quite the effect of the country, By the way, how is your sister and—all of you ?” she added with a beautiful oblivion of recent events in the De Burgh family.

“Harriet is in Africa, and Frank in Australia. I have not heard from either of them yet,” sighed Cecy.

“Oh ! I had really forgotten. There is a piece of news, however, I must not forget to tell you, mamma—May Vigogne is going to make such a rich match ; but the man is dreadful ! Australia puts me in mind of him ; for he found all his money out there, and he is about buying a place in Ireland, and settling down.”

“What’s his name ?” catechetically returned Mrs. Macnamara.

“Harcourt ; not a bad-sounding name. Yet he is confessedly nobody, and *mauvais ton* to a degree.”

“Well, it is better than being *mauvais sujet*, my dear.”

"Yes and May thinks he will be very manageable, he regards her in such a worshipping kind of manner, perfectly bewildered to find himself engaged himself to an Honourable, and a beauty; and then May has been such a shocking number of seasons out—it was getting horribly hopeless, Di. and Blanche on hands too."

"A very proper alliance, my dear—money and rank. When is it to be ratified?"

"'Ratified?' Married, do you mean? The wedding will take place early in March—St. George's, Hanover Square, of course; and, really, I was almost forgetting something I heard *apropos*. You know The Abbey, that property next to Derrycarne? Well, this creature, Harcourt, is, I believe, looking after it; so you will probably be neighbours, and you must call."

Only for the privileged lips that made the latter requirement, Mrs. Macnamara would have thundered an indignant negative. She now replied suavely—

"Very well, my dear."

"It will involve a little matrimonial speculation for Cecile, too, if you are so minded," laughed Lady Vigogne, "Harcourt has a brother, *even* more uncivilised than himself, but quite as rich. I must run off now, as I am doing an immense round of visits to-day—good-bye! Remember, I am always at home on Tuesdays, and shall be so glad if you feel disposed to look in on me."

"Cecile, those ridiculous cards require no answer," said Mrs. Macnamara, as the Vigogne silks rustled down stairs. "You know your cousins, and can go early—I shall send you in a cab."

Said cab was not, however, needed. On the appointed day Fred Macnamara, who had, meantime grown rather intimate with his relations in Mount Street, arrived and escorted Cecy to the family residence in Rutland Square. It was her first visit—"therefore, as an initiatory step—the time being yet ten minutes prior to the hour we are advertised 'at home,' I must introduce you to our eldest brother, poor Crofton."

Whereupon Fred led the way through a corridor, then up a short staircase, and finally knocked at a baized and curtained door, which, when opened, revealed a good-sized, comfortably-furnished sitting-room, conspicuous in every variety of lounge and easy chair.

Physically buried in the depths of one of these luxurious aids to indolence and delicacy, mentally absorbed in the perusal of the morning paper, reclined the representative, *par excellence*, of his ancient house—Crofton—commonly called The Macnamara.

Though only twenty-eight years of age, he looked a stooped, worn old man, a complication of diseases having beset him since infancy, rendering him a regular invalid,—consumption threatened

his lungs, rheumatic pains tortured his bones, heart disease forbade his encountering the pleasures of general society, as interpreted by great crowds, heated-rooms, dancing, or the like. He was, therefore, never "at home," save to his doctors, and one or two favoured individuals admitted by special indulgence to his sanctum. He entertained such privileged guests with pathological discussions on diseases in general, and his own in particular, and displayed great fluency in his colloquial treatment of these matters.

"How do you do?" he said languidly, addressing Cecile, yet looking at her intently; for he had great curiosity to see any new acquaintance or relation he heard his family talk about. "Excuse me not rising to receive you. I hope you are quite strong and well, Miss De Burgh?"

"Yes, quite thank you," answered Cecy, rather surprised at the solemnly interested tone.

"How old are you, may I inquire?"

"I shall be nineteen next month."

"Ah! you are hardly ten years my junior. Regard the contrast between us. You are, apparently (you may have undeveloped germs of disease) strong and healthy; I am a perfect wreck. This is the first winter for six years I have spent in Ireland. You are doubtless surprised at my temerity, but it is carrying out an experiment of my own. How do you find the temperature of this room—very warm?"

Cecy assented.

Fred, who looked the reverse of sympathetic or patient, or anything brotherly, muttered: "Infernal!"

"It is exactly Algerian heat; look at the thermometer. By means of this little instrument I can regulate the temperature, and create around me an artificially southern atmosphere. My bed-room, dressing-room, and this wee snugery are all *en suite* here, and are all heated to the same precise degree. Now, who is this?" as another summons for admission sounded at the door; "Come in."

And there entered a small, gentle, sad-eyed lady, of middle age and depressed aspect.

"My mother," spoke Crofton, loftily designating the new-comer, and addressing Cecile, who was received by this merely legal connection with far more affection than any of her blood relations had testified.

"People are coming," apologised the small lady, rather hesitatingly, in a kind of crushed manner that suggested a general "sitting upon" by her family; "so as Frances and Lily seemed too much occupied, and Curwen had enough to do announcing, I thought I

would venture myself to look after you, as Fred said something about bringing you here."

"Lily should have come down, and let you perform your duty as hostess," interposed The Macnamara, with dignity.

"Fan is doing that; but I know she is anxious to begin her aper."

"Oh, I forgot; this is Fan's benefit," cried Fred, jumping up and escorting the ladies out of 'Algeria' into the scarcely less bearable atmosphere of the crowded drawing-room.

Horribly like Lady Kemp's "At Home" the assembly looked, except that men numbered fewer, and instead of the more graceful evening *coiffures*, bonnets—bonnets met the eye everywhere.

Through the dense feminine mass Cecile felt herself slowly piloted, and finally anchored on five inches square standing ground within hearing of the measured tones of Fan's voice, just now employed in enlightening the public with her favourite ideas on her favourite topic: "Advanced Female Education."

There was a round of applause as the fair, but rather austere-looking essayist finished her paper; but whether the approbation rose from pleasure felt at what she had said, or that after absorbing half-an-hour she had at last paused, it would be unkind to surmise; neither would it be courteous to venture a guess as to how many of the apparent audience could stand an 'exam' in the treatise they had seemingly listened to with polite attention. One person, at any rate, was satisfied, and that was the individual principally concerned—Miss Macnamara herself.

A calm content reigned in her soul rendering her insensible to the irrelevant chat that quickly sprung up, and the unseemly joy that universally hailed the advent of tea, ices, and claret-cup. She moved through the crowd eliciting laudatory remarks, for every one of her '150 friends' knew her weakness, and administered, as in duty bound, the necessary encomiums.

To Cecile's inexperienced mind the performance had been, of course, wonderful—nothing less—as was evidenced in her flushed cheeks and bright, surprised eyes.

Frances, *en passant*, caught this expression, and it pleased her vanity to the extent of cordially pressing the 'shy cousin's' hand, and vouchsafing the words: "I think we shall agree;" and bearing in mind the fact that, previously calculating by her watch, Fan had apportioned to each of the company (not including Cecile) just one minute and a quarter of her valuable conversation, the sympathetic parenthesis was an immense condescension.

The second distraction of the afternoon revealed itself in music. No ordinary amateur, but a paid professional, awoke the piano

chords, and vocalised like a—seraph, which, as nobody has ever heard, is an unchallengeable comparison.

Amongst the throng near the piano was visible the pretty enamelled face of Lady Vigogne.

She nodded dimly and distantly towards Cecile, whose hand Fred still retained within his arm, till the song ended with a terrific shake; and after another brilliant operatic gem, and a popular ballad, the '150' shook hands and departed.

"For all we have received I hope we're truly thankful," pronounced Fred, as the last friend vanished. "I made a small doze out of the affair, at any rate; and Lily covertly coquetted with her next neighbour during the entire reading. Now, confess, Lil."

But Lily was too pre-occupied to confess, her attention and eyes being rivetted on a large invitation-card which she was perusing over her mother's shoulder.

"Such a piece of good fortune!" she exclaimed presently, with unwonted excitement. "Look, Fan—Fred! this is a card for the Adare's ball on the twenty-fifth, just four nights after the Drawing-room; so I can go. It is the luckiest thing, for it will be quite one of the best dances of the season."

"Splendid!" echoed, Fred, fervently. "I wonder, are you asked, Cecy. You might come with us, if your 'Barkis'—*id est*, Uncle Oliver—be not 'willin' to chaperon."

"Of course he must be 'willin' " pouted Lily, before Mrs. Macnamara could venture a word. "Three girls for mamma to chaperone would be rather too many—wouldn't it, Fan?"

"Lily, you are very absurd!" cried Fred. "What will you do when Clara is out?"

"Oh, I'll be married before that time."

"Upon my word, you speak as confidently as Queen Mab herself. By the way, I wonder why her fairy majesty did not honour our interesting 'At home' with her regal presence and countenance."

"She is so vexed at being omitted in the list of *invitees* to the great Harcourt and Vigogne wedding, that she has quite abjured society," explained Lily, with a pretty, gleeful lisp.

"No, has she? I must look after the poor recluse. I can pay her a condolence visit just now on my way back with Cecy, whose face has such a 'take-me-home' expression the last half hour, I can resist no longer. Come, little coz."

So they went, and in spite of Cecy's inward shudderings, and open entreaties, *apropos* of the lateness of the hour and grand-mamma's inevitable indignation thereat, Fred made the cabman stop at the big house in Leeson Street, known as the residence of Mr. Power, Q.C.

The ill-treated Mab was found sitting in the back drawing-room, playing with one of those charming toy terriers, composed entirely of nerves and irritability. She rose languidly as Cecy appeared in the doorway, but cheered up at sight of Fred. She would not, however, allow herself to be "satisfactorily probed"—as Fred termed it—on the cause of her absence from the "at home."

"Morning things are always bores to me," she said, with a little careless shrug; "this will be an affair more in my line"—and she exhibited, rather triumphantly, a similar card to that which had delighted Lily, for the Honourable Mrs. Adare's ball.

Fred gave an irrepressible start of surprise. "How *did* you manage that, Mab? But it is all right: and now Cecy (provided you're asked) you can be at no loss for a chaperone; your Aunt Power will be delighted."

"Delighted!" interrupted Mab, "not so sure. I object awfully to a string of girls clustering round one woman. I love you Cecy, and all that; but I utterly refuse to go in harness with any—
o What a useless old bother grandmamma has grown; but your are not decided enough. You don't teaze, implore, insist, sufficiently."

"Well girls are the most selfish, silly, absurd things in creation," pronounced Fred, with much emphasis.

"Only that frowning and fuming are not becoming, I should be not only silly, but likewise angry, Master Fred," retorted Mabel, as she arranged, at the mantelpiece mirror, a rebellious lock of hair that would not keep the proper curve on her brow. "You never told me if I were in good looks to-day," she went on interrogatively.

"I never admire you much in morning toilette. I would suggest, moreover, you are too prodigal of cosmetic. Those eye-brows are perfectly stunning. If you rouged, you would be absolutely *rouge et noir*. It would be splendidly effective."

"You are bent on being provoking and unflattering; so I shall listen to no more pert remarks, Master Fred. Ah! here comes Papa back from the Courts. He must tell me the news before he dresses for dinner. He always hears everything."

As she spoke, Mr. Power entered. He was a bland, easy-going, good-natured-looking individual, though invariably found remarkably keen and wide-awake in his profession. A smile is, however, an agreeable prospect, and his face seldom lacked one. He apparently smiled off everything—his client's remonstrances over big fees—his opponents ill-will—even his wife's chronic and oft-expressed conviction that she had irretrievably tarnished her Macnamara greatness by marrying a man who had to "work" to live.

"The latest news, papa?"

"Just met the Vigognes. They're off to-morrow to London, to remain till after the wedding."

Mabel frowned. But catching Fred's amused look, she smoothed instantly the angry wrinkles, and asked, nonchalantly, "Anything else papa?"

"Harcourt has purchased an Irish property. In your county, Fred," said the incorrigible father, "Do you know a place called the Abbey?"

"I am rather vague as to the topography of my county," responded Fred, keeping his eyes fixed mischievously on Mabel. "But I believe there exists, somewhere within twenty miles of Derrycarne, a dilapidated manor-house bearing the ecclesiastical appellation you mention."

"Just so. The Australian farmer is turning abbot. Funny idea, is it not? Ah!" (noticing Cecile's presence for the first time), "who——"

"Cecy De Burgh."

"Ah!—exactly!—was just going to say it must be, from the likeness to her brother. Hope he is quite well, Miss Cecy, and will return home some day as rich as Harcourt. You reminded me of him directly, though I only saw him once; but it is a special faculty of mine never to forget a face." And Mr. Power smiled again.



MORNING.—NIGHT.

MORNING.

HAIL, blessed morn, thou artist of the sky,
 The sombre cheer of twilight brightens fast ;
 From cloud to cloud thy rosy kisses fly,
 And night's dark host in grim confusion cas
 And see thy touch from cloudland now hath pa
 And snow-clad peak hath caught the new-bo
 And beetling crag and pinewood, till at last
 The flood of joyous light doth overflow,
 And wake the valleys into smiles below.
 With one last shiver through the rustling co
 The night wind flees, and warmer breezes blo
 The scent of waking flowers to greet the daw
 Sweet harbinger of day, bid night depart,
 And shed new light and warmth on every heart.

NIGHT.

Oh, murky night, thy chariot wheels roll' on
 Along the fading pathway of the day ;
 The hours of light and joy will soon be gone,
 And one more landmark lost to us for aye.
 Thy gathering squadrons, in compact array,
 Unfold their cloudy banners round thy car,
 And o'er the darkened sky assert their sway ;
 Fell conqueror of light, thou dost but mar
 The joy thou sharest not, the brightest star
 Sheds no diffusing ray upon thy gloom ;
 The fickle moon upon her throne afar
 Is cheerless, cold, and silent as the tomb.
 On, kindly sleep, sole blessing of the night,
 Descend, and speed the hours till sweet daylight.

W. J. STEWA

T U R K E Y :
ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND RESOURCES.
BY THE EDITOR.

PART VII.

M A M M A L I A.—(*Continued.*)

A WELL-KNOWN passage in Xenophon's *Anabasis* records the existence of wild asses in Mesopotamia in the time of Cyrus the younger; and during the exploration of the Euphrates, although such were not seen, yet evidence was obtained of their existence in the same countries in the present day. What few remain of these interesting quadrupeds appear to prefer the rocky portions of Central Mesopotamia. Mr. Layard obtained a wild ass colt, besides seven young ones, from these regions, which he reared at Mosul, in the hopes of bringing one home alive, but they died while young. Dr. Gray considers the animal, from an examination of the skins, to be the same as the ass without stripes, which has been named *Equus Hemicnus*, and yet to be quite distinct from the animal described by Pallas under the same name, and found in the snowy mountains of Asia.

After the camel, the ass, (jhash) may be reckoned the next in importance among the Syrian beasts of burthen. Large caravans are daily employed in bringing provisions from the villages; they serve also for the plough, and within towns; as they assist in various kinds of labour, they are seen in every street. The common breed is larger than that usually seen in Britain, and another still larger is reserved for the saddle. The Damascus ass, with its long body and ears and smooth skin, is as great a favourite as the Egyptian ass, and is a necessity in hot countries, where pleasanter means of transport and good roads are equal rarities.

There are various breeds of that equally useful animal—and still more so for long journeys and in mountain countries,—the mule (burhl). The trade and commerce carried on between the maritime towns and the neighbouring mountains and inland towns is, indeed, mainly carried on by mule caravans, and the mukari or muleteers, by whom they are conducted, are reckoned fellows of courage and fidelity.

It appears from the sculptured monuments of Assyria that mules were used in war by the Susians, ridden and caparisoned like horses, and harnessed to chariots and carts like the "waggons" spoken of by the prophet Ezekiel.

Besides the ordinary word "chamor," the Hebrews likewise used "athon," "aton" or "atun," "oirim para," "orad," and "oredia," to distinguish races or indicate sexes of asses. "Chamor" is supposed to designate the common working ass of Western Asia, frequently represented on Egyptian monuments with panniers on the back, usually of a reddish colour. It appears to be a domesticated race of wild ass of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Southern Persia, where it is denominated "ghur." In Scripture it is distinguished by the name "orud" (Job xxxix. 5); and in the Chaldee of Daniel "oredia;" both terms being most likely derived from the braying of the animal.

In its natural state the ass never seeks woods, but frequents upland pastures and mountainous and rocky retreats, and it is in the habit of standing on the brink of precipices (a practice not entirely obliterated in our domestic races), whence with protruded ears, it surveys the scene below, often braying in extreme excitement. This habit is graphically depicted by Jeremiah when speaking of the "para" (xvii. 6), and the "orud" (xlviii. 6), "for he shall be like the ass in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land, and not inhabited." This is perfectly descriptive of that part of Sinjar, where they most abound in the present day. Unfortunately the Vulgate has "heath" (oror) where we should read para and orud, "wild ass." There is no heath in the country. So also the second allusion, "Flee, save your lives, and be like the heath in the wilderness," has only its appropriate sense restored to it when we read "wild ass" for "heath."

A white breed of asses is reared, as in olden times, at Bussora or Basra, and at Baghdad; and a curious custom, known to antiquity by the name of "tzachor," still prevails of dyeing them fancifully with henna and other colouring matters. What is more absurd is that asses so painted are more particularly affected by the chief priests, and the men of the law, as they appear to have been from the earliest times.

In remote times, "Tartak" or "Tarhak" was the ass-god of the Avim, and "Yank" was the Arabian name of another equine divinity, or a different name for "Tartak." It has also been suggested that the idea of the ass or the horse divinity may be preserved to the present day in the image of the borak, or mystical camel, which, according to the Koran, bore Muhammad, and is now carried in procession at the Nûrûs. It is shaped like a horse, having a white body with red legs, a peacock's tail, and a woman's head.

Breeding mules ("pered") is supposed to have originated in Western Asia in the time of the first King of Israel. In the time of David, to be allowed to ride on the king's own mule was an understood concession of great, if not sovereign authority, and several

years before the mention of this event all the king's sons already rode upon mules. So also one of the Khalifs of Baghdad was surnamed "the ass" in a complimentary sense, as being patient and enduring. It does not appear that the Hebrew people—at all events, at an early period—bred mules; they appear to have first received them from Armenia, the large Persian race being considered to be the offspring of the onager and mare, but the most beautiful were, no doubt, brought from Bussora.

Systematists distinguish only two species of camel, ("gamal" in Hebrew and Syriac, "jemel" in Arabic): the Bactrian camel (*Camelus Bactrianus*) and the Arabian camel (*Camelus Arabicus*, or *dromedarius*). The Bactrian camel has two humps, but as the breeders sometimes cut down the foremost hump soon after birth in order to obtain more space for the pack-saddle, much confusion has arisen in the description of the different varieties. A Bactrian camel appears in the processions of the ancient Persian satrapies among the bas-reliefs of Chehel Minar, where the Arabian species is not seen. The Arabian camel with one hump is supposed to be of Western Asiatic or African origin, although no kind of camel is figured on any monument of Egypt. We find them, however, mentioned in Gen. xii. among the cattle given by Pharaoh to Abraham.

Two very distinct races exist of the Arabian camel; those of stronger frame, but slow pace, used to carry burdens varying from 500 to 700 weight, and travelling little more than twenty-four miles per day; and those of lighter form, bred for the saddle with single riders, whereof the fleetest serve to convey intelligence and travel at the rate of two hundred miles in twenty-four hours. These are the dromedaries, strictly speaking; but they are locally designated by various appellations, as "delûl," the best coming from Omân, or from the Bishariûs, in Upper Egypt; also "hadjîns," "ashaari," "maherri," "reches," "badîs al Herat," "rawahel," and "racambel," in India, all names more or less implying swiftness.

Caravans of loaded camels have frequently scouts and flankers mounted on these light animals; and in earlier ages, Cyrus and others employed them in the line of battle, each carrying two archers. The Romans of the third and fourth centuries of our era, as appears from the "Notitiæ," maintained in Egypt and Palestine several alæ, or squadrons, mounted on dromedaries, probably the wars of Belisarius with the Northern Africans had shown their importance in protecting the provinces which bordered the desert. Such was the *alæ dromedarium* at Ammata, in the tribe of Judah, and three others in the Thebais. The Macedonians bred and trained both horses and camels at Apamea on the Orontes. Bona-

parte formed a similar corps, and in China and in India the native princes and the old East India Company had them also.

Russell, well qualified to give an opinion by long residence in Aleppo, describes four varieties of camel as being met with in that city: the Turkman, the Arab, the dromedary, and the Bactrian camel with two hunches. The Turkman camel is as distinct from an Arab camel as a Turkman horse is from an Arabian horse. It is larger, stouter, more hairy, and of a darker colour. Its common load is about four hundred pounds on each side, and we have met caravans of those camels amidst the snows of Taurus. The Arabian camel is considerably smaller in size, of a more slender make, less hairy, and of a lighter dun colour; it seldom carries more than two hundred and fifty pounds on each side, but can best bear privations both of food and water. The cross between the Turkman and the Arab is much esteemed as partaking of the good qualities of both, and as being very docile.

The camel—the ship of the desert, as it has been figuratively called—is not only useful as a beast of burthen; its milk is used, and its flesh is eaten. A kind of felt, called *labeth*, is manufactured from its hair; the coarser kinds are used for the coverings of tents. The Turkmans, Arabs, and Kurds know no other tent, and it is impermeable to rain. The finer kinds, sometimes mixed with wool, are used for the abbas and common cloaks of the country, and for other purposes. It would be difficult for our manufacturers to rival these cloaks in durability and resistance to rain. A peasant wears the same heavy cloak for years and years. Camel dung is also the chief fuel of Arabs and Turkmans. Not so, with the Kurds, who are rarely met with away from woods.

The camel is seen in the Assyrian sculptures, represented kneeling and receiving its load, and it is designed with considerable truth and spirit. The legs bent under, the tail raised, the foot of the man on the neck of the animal to keep it from rising, whilst a second adjusts the burden from behind, form a group seen every day in the desert and in an Eastern town. The camel saddle, too, nearly resembles that still used by the Arabs.

Among the deer tribe, represented generically by the Biblical term “ail,” which, with the “ajal” and “ajalah,” are the hart and hind of our version and of the older commentaries, we find, in the first place, the *cervus Barbarus*, or Barbary stag, which has been seen in the desert east of the Dead Sea. This species is in size between our red and fallow deer; is distinguished by the want of a bisantler, or second branch, on the horns, reckoning from below, and a spotted livery, which is effaced only in the third or fourth year. It is figured on Egyptian monuments, and is supposed to be the “igral” or “ajal” of the Arabs, the same which has been accused

of eating fish; that is, lizards and snakes, a propensity common to other species, and similarly ascribed to the Virginian and Mexican deer.*

We have next the stag, or "maral" of the Tartar nations, and "gawaza" of Armenia, larger than the stag of Europe, clothed with a heavy mane, and likewise destitute of biantlers. This species is met with throughout the mountainous districts of Turkey, especially in Kurdistan and Taurus, as also in Persia.

It is the "keyik" of the Turks, "elen" of the Slavonians, "laphi" of the Albanians, "cerb" of the Dacians, and "laphi" of the Greeks. The roebuok is the "keyik seghene" or "sui-ghur" of the Turks, "jiv" of the Slavonians, "capriora" of the Dacians, and "zarksadi" of the Greeks. The fallow deer is the "jeyran" of the Turks, "srna" of the Slavonians, and "dre" of the Albanians; one or both of these species were dedicated to the local Bona Dea on Mount Libanus.

The yakmur (Deut. xiv. 5, 1 Kings iv. 23) is said by some not to be, as in our version, the "fallow deer," but the *Oryx leucoryx* of systematists, and the true oryx of the ancients.† The eastern Arabs still uses the name "yazmur," although, according to the usage of oriental nomenclatures, the terms "abû" (father) and "bahr" (desert) are commonly made part of generic appellations, which in the case of the larger antelopes, are also associated with "gau" or "bu," or cow and ox, forming the terms "gau-bahreïn," "bekr el wash," "el walrus," "el bukrus," "abû harb," and "abû bahr;" and especially west of the Nile, "mahatz targea;" while collectively "buggera el Almûr" is used.

The "leucoryx," which, as its name implies, is white, lives in pairs or in small families, and even not unfrequently singly, in the mountain ranges, along the sandy districts in the desert of eastern Arabia, and on the banks of the great river, feeding chiefly on shrubby acacias. According to Mr. Tristram, the "bekr el wash" is the *Antelope Addax*. *Oryx Addax*, it is supposed, may have been known to the Hebrews by the name of "dishon." It is figured on the Egyptian monuments.

It is believed that some four or five species of gazelles inhabit Western Asia and Arabia. They are generically the "ghazal" of the

* The large Indian hamadryad (*Ophiophagus elaps*) in the Zoological Society's Gardens, refused all food save living snakes.

† According to the distinguished explorer of Palestine—Lieut. Conder—the yakmur, translated "fallow deer," has been found to be the *cervus capreolus*, or ordinary roebuok. It now gives its name to a valley in the wildest thickets of the Sheikh Iskander range. The western Arabs may designate the roebuok as yakmur—or yazmur, properly,—and the eastern Arabs may have applied the term generically to the oryx or leucoryx.

Turks, the "agirnos" or "dorcas" of the Greeks, and the "tsebi" of the Hebrews. The term dorcas was apparently generalised, so as to include the roebuck of Europe, which was certainly not, as in our translation, the "tsebi" of the Scriptures. The Biblical species, which are clearly included among the "gazelles," are *Antelope dorcas*, Ariel or *Antelope Arabica* (Licht), more remotely, *A. kevella*, *A. corinna*, or "large gazelle," as Mr. Tristram calls it; and for Eastern Arabia, *A. cora*, while *A. subgutturosa* may be claimed for the northern countries, where the species exists both in Asia Minor and in Armenia. As far as the writer's experience extends, Antelopes abound most in Turkey, on the fertile plains of what the ancients so graphically termed, "Cilicia Campestris," where they are to be seen in large herds. In other places the wayfarer only comes here and there upon a group of two or three, or three or four.

The "chamois" or "ysard (*Capra rupicapra* of Linnæus, but *Antelope rupicapra* of more modern systematists, who remove it generically to the Antelope tribe, and yet leave to it its specific name) rock-goat, is common to almost all the mountain ranges of Turkey in Europe and in Asia. The Turks designate it as "yaban ketjisi," the Slavonians as "divlia koza," the Dacians as "petri capuli" or "cerbuloni," and the Greeks as "aigagros" or "agriogida."

The term "bakar" in Hebrew, "al-bakar" in Arabic, is applicable to most ruminating animals, camels excepted; but whilst more particularly applied to bovidæ or beeves" it is also used in the instance of the larger Antelopes. The ox ("aluph,") the bull ("shor," Heb., "taur" Chaldee, al-taur" Arab. "taurus" Latin, and "tor" in Celtic), the cow, and the buffalo, were, however, always among the most important of all clean beasts. The bull, or ox, is called by the Turks "yukuz," by the Slaves "vo," by the Albanians "ka," by the Dacians "vodi" or "vûs." The cow is "inek" in Turk., "krava" Sl., "lispe" Alb., "vaca" Dac., "damala" Gr. The buffalo is "dumbat" in Turk. "bivo" Sl., "poyalitza" Alb., "bivolu" Dac., "vuvali," Greek.

The rearing of cattle was encouraged by the people of Israel, as also by their neighbours. Judging from Egyptian remains, there were two great breeds of straight-backed cattle, the long-horned and the short-horned; and in Upper Egypt there was one breed without horns. Another hunched species existed, which served to draw chariots yoked in the same manner as the Brahminese bulls of India are at present. This breed is still abundant in Nubia, and although it breeds with the common species, it is still considered as distinct under the name of *Bos sacer* or *Indicus*.

In Egypt, the straight-backed or common cattle appear, from

the same evidence, to have formed a very handsome breed with lunate horns. They were generally spotted black or red upon a white ground, and there were besides others white, red, or black. They all served for common use, but those without red were selected when new sacred bulls ("apis" or "mnevis") were supplied; for they alone could show the marks made by chance or art, requisite to fit the animal for the purpose intended. There was, besides, a sacred cow, and a black bull was worshipped at Hermonthis. This, however, is believed to have been a species of gnu, as it had the hair running the wrong way—perhaps *Aigocerus niger*.*

In Palestine the breed of cattle was most likely in ancient times, as it still is, inferior in size to the Egyptian; and provender must have been abundant indeed if the number of beasts sacrificed at the great Jewish festivals, as related by Josephus, be correct, and could be sustained for a succession of years.

Unless the name be taken synonymously with that of the other species, there is not any indication of the buffalo in the Bible, nor was the Asiatic species known in Greece till the time of Aristotle, who first speaks of it by the name of the Arachosian ox. Nor are they figured in any known monument in either Upper or Lower Egypt.

With regard to wild oxen of the Taurine tribe, there appears to no question but that some may at a very remote period have been met with in Western Asia. Bones with flints have been discovered in limestone breccia in the valley of the Nahr Kelb, of an ox, resembling the ox of our peat-mosses, as also of what was probably—according to the discoverer, Mr. Tristram, assisted by Mr. Dawkins—of a bison, an animal supposed to be the *rêm* or unicorn of our version, and therefore known in Palestine as late as the time of Moses. Other bones were also found which may probably be assigned to the red deer or reindeer, and another to an elk. So that, after all, the fat bulls of Bashan may have been, not as has been suggested, a domestic species allowed to go wild, but a real wild ox, and the *rêm*, an animal with two horns, for already the marginal reading of Deut. xxxiii. 17, is "his horns are like the horns of a unicorn," which, if we read *rêm* for unicorn, will be sense—whereas an animal cannot have two horns, and be an *unicorn* at the same time—and it and the other Scriptural references become perfectly intelligible.

The calf is chiefly interesting from the superstitions connected with it in olden times. The most ancient and remarkable notice

* The cow is still a sacred animal among the Shilluks who dwell on the Upper Nile.

in the Scriptures on this head is that of the golden calf, which was cast by Aaron from the ear-rings of the people. The next refers to an event which occurred ages after, when Jeroboam, King of Israel, set up two idols in the form of a calf, the one in Dan, the other in Beth-el. This almost incomprehensible degradation of human reason was, no doubt, originally derived from Egypt, where the Israelites during their sojourn had seen the image of a sacred calf carried in solemn pomp at the head of marching armies, such as may still be seen depicted in the procession of Rameses the Great. It was, moreover, a symbolic worship, representing the sun's first entrance into Taurus, or, according to Von Hammer, the mysterious *anima mundi*, the Nabathæan secret of secrets, or the beginning and return of everything. Baal was in a similar manner worshipped in the form of a beeve, and Moloch is said to have had a calf's or a steer's head. A similar divinity also belonged to the earliest Indian, Greek, and even Scandinavian mythologies.

Two varieties of cow are common to Syria: one of a large size, with a thin belly and long slender legs, like the figures of that animal often seen on antique intaglios; the other considerably smaller in bulk. There are but few black cattle to be seen near Aleppo, and they serve chiefly for the plough and water wheels, for the Jews and Muhammadans seldom or ever eat beef; yet it is tolerably good in quality at all seasons, but in highest perfection at the end of harvest. Veal ("adjel") is seldom brought to market.

Goats ("ketji" of the Turks, "koza" of the Slaves, "ketz" or "kitz" of the Albanians, "capra" of the Dacians, and "aigida" of the Greeks) are more common in Turkey than in Europe. They are of a small breed with long silky hair, and of a white, black, and yellowish-brown colour, said to have come from Egypt, which has very short horns. They are bred for their milk, their hair and skins, and are seldom eaten, except as kids.

Forming, as it did, a principal part of the Hebrew flocks, the goat is alluded to in Scripture under a variety of names, as "ez," "chasiph," "attud," etc., "aza" in Phœnician, "izza" in Chaldee, and "jidda" or "hedzjaz" in Arabic. The races either known to or kept by the Hebrew people were probably—1, The domestic Syrian long-eared breed; 2d, the Angora, or rather Anadoli breed, with very long hair; 3d, the Egyptian breed, with small spiral horns; and 4th, a breed from Upper Egypt, without horns and peculiar physiognomy, which is represented with great precision in the earlier Egyptian monuments. Two marked varieties of goats ("maz jidda," "tiz" or "tees") are commonly met with in Syria in the present day, one differing very little from the British, the other not less remarkable for the length of its pendulous ears

than the sheep are for the enormous size of the tails. The black and yellow goat with long hair constitutes a picturesque object, as seen browsing among rocks and shrubs by the way-side. The great leathern bottles to hold water or wine are made from goat skins, and the Persian caps are mostly manufactured from the skin of kids.

Besides the domestic goats, Western Asia, more especially Taurus and Kurdistan, are tenanted by one or more wild species, all large and vigorous mountain animals, resembling the "ibex" or "bouquetin" of the Alps. Of these, Southern Syria, Arabia, Sinai, and the borders of the Red Sea, possess at least one species known to the Arabs by the name of "beden" or "beddan," and "taytal"—the *Capra Sinaitica* of Ehrenberg. Mr. Tristram met with this species of wild goat at En-gedi or Ain-jidda, which from its name "spring of the goat" (or as some have it "of the kid"), must have been its favourite habitat from the days of David. The same traveller saw numbers of them in the Wady Sudair, also near the Dead Sea. It is the "jaal" or "jal," plural "jalim," of 1. Sam. xxiv. 2. Job xxxix. 1, Ps. civ. 18, and Prov. v. 19.

The "kaik" or "kaiji" of Taurus is described by the late Prof. Ed. Forbes ("Trav. in Lycia," p. 62) as identical with the ibex (*Capra ibex*) of Switzerland. The wild goat of Crete, he says, is also the same animal. In the month of October, 1841, Mr. Hoskyn met a herd of them on the summits of Massicytus, travelling in single file over the steep rocks at an elevation of nine thousand feet. They are equally numerous in Taurus and Kurdistan. This animal is known to the Turks as "dagħ" or "tagħ ketjisi," and to the Greeks as "platuni."

Sheep ("kouyun" of the Turks, "ovtza" of the Slavonians, "delle" of the Albanians, "ve" of the Dacians, "arni" of the Greeks, "runnam" in Arabic, with whom mutton is "lāhhem,") are the companions of man throughout Turkey, and constitute the chief meat diet of its inhabitants. They are almost always white, black sheep being rarely met with, and are of a rather small size. The Dacian sheep have spiral horns, and they, or rather their wool, constitutes one of the principal resources of the country. The most remarkable race is, however, the large-tailed sheep of Syria, and of which the most extraordinary accounts have been given by travellers. Leo Africanus, for example, speaks of a sheep's tail weighing eighty pounds; Symon Simion is satisfied with seventy; Buffon reduces the estimate to 20 or 30 pounds; and Russell, a competent authority, says from 15 to 20 pounds. According to the latter, the shepherds sometimes fix a thin piece of board on the under part of the tail to preserve it from injury, and to this board are also sometimes added small wheels; when we have the story

of the Oriental sheep, as related by Herodotus, Ludolphus, and others, being under the necessity of having carts to carry their tails.

The normal animal—the wild sheep—*Ovis tragelaphus* or *barbatus*—the “kebsch” of the Arabian and Egyptian mountains—from which all or the greater part of the western domestic races are assumed to be descended, still exists in the high regions of Taurus and of the Kurdish mountains, and is readily distinguished from two or three other wild species bordering on the same regions. Mr. Layard was, however, assured by the Chaldean Nestorian mountaineers, that there were no less than three distinct varieties of wild sheep in their own little-explored Alpine recesses. What breeds the earliest shepherd tribes reared can now only be inferred from negative characters, yet they are sufficient to show that they were the same, or nearly so, as the common horned variety of Egypt, Western Asia, and continental Europe,—in general white, but occasionally black, although there was on the Upper Nile a speckled race; and so early as the time of Aristotle the Arabians possessed a rufous breed, another with a very long tail, and, above all, the celebrated broad-tailed sheep.

A species of wild sheep dwells in Sinai and stony Arabia, as also in the Mokattan rocks, near Cairo, which is frequently represented and hieroglyphically named in the Egyptian monuments, and which is supposed to be the “zemer” of Deut. xiv. 5, rendered in our version “chamois;” in the Vulgate and Septuagint, “cameleopard;” and by Luther, supposed to be the elend or elk. It is called “kebsch” by the Arabs, is a fearless climber, exceeds in size the domestic sheep, and, instead of wool, is covered with close, fine, rufous hair. It is the “mouflon d’Afrique,” and “mouflon a manchettes” of French writers. Lesson systematises it as *Ovis tragelaphus*, and makes the *Ovis aries* or *Capra ammon* of Linnæus the fountain-head of the domestic breeds. (*Manuel de Mammalogie*.)

Considering that the domestication of wild animals is the first and essential step towards civilisation—that by taking away the necessity of hunting for daily existence it gives man time for other industrious pursuits, and at once removes him from the savage to a more or less intellectual condition,—European nations should feel that they owe a debt to Western Asia which they cannot repay too liberally in kind by doing their utmost to give life and energy to an effete government, and, above all, by protecting, educating, and helping poor and oppressed peoples. It is also remarkable, as compared with what was done in ancient times, how little has been accomplished in modern times with all our Zoological Societies and

Jardins d'Acclimatation to reclaim animals from a wild to a domestic state.

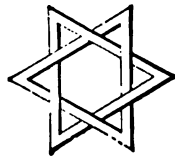
It may be inferred, from what is observed on the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, that the domestic races of the most anciently civilised people were the same as what are still found in the countries which they inhabited. We have cursorily noticed this in regard to Egypt in connection with the leading species; and on the Assyrian monuments are to be seen, in like manner, sheep, goats, oxen, horses, mules, and camels. The sheep are of the two known kinds, the common and the large broad-tailed variety. The goats have long spiral horns. The oxen are of the two kinds, one distinguished by horns curved towards the back of the head, the other having the horns projecting in front. It is possible, Mr. Layard suggests, that the distinction marks the buffalo and the common ox. The horses of the Assyrians, as far as can be judged from the sculptures, were well formed and apparently of noble blood. There is every reason to believe that the Assyrian horses were celebrated at a very early period, and that the Egyptians were chiefly indebted in remote times to the countries watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris for their horses. Both kinds of camels, the one-humped and the two-humped, are also faithfully portrayed in the Assyrian sculptures. The latter is on the obelisk, and evidently came from afar. The dromedary was ridden in war by a people conquered by the Assyrians, probably the Arabs.

Among the wild animals represented in the same sculptures, we have the lion, the wild bull, the stag, the gazelle, the ibex, and the hare. On the monuments of Nineveh, the triumphs of the king over the lion are deemed no less worthy of record than his victories over his enemies. The lion of the sculptures is furnished with a long and bushy mane. The wild bull, from its frequent representation in the bas-reliefs, appears to have been considered scarcely less formidable and nobler game than the lion. The ibex, Mr. Layard says, was evidently a sacred animal, as it is carried by the winged figures, and is frequently introduced as an ornament. A stag, also, borne by a winged priest or divinity, was spotted like the fallow deer of our parks. A hunting-scene was represented on the walls of Khorsabad, in which hares figured as objects of the chase. We have also the representation of a jungle of high weeds, in which are seen a stag with its hinds, and a wild sow with its young. These animals are designed with great spirit.

The elephant, the rhinoceros, an Indian bull, the large Indian antelope, and four quadrumana appear, as before noticed, among the trophies of foreign conquest on the celebrated obelisk found at Kalah Shirkat.

The Rev. Wm. Houghton argues we have seen the presence of

the celebrated *Mucocous silenus*, as well as of *Presbyter entellus* among the monkeys. The bear, he says, is the *Ursus Syriacus*; the hare, the *Lepus Sinaiticus*; the wild bull, probably *Bos primigenius* of the tertiary (quaternary ?) period : the wild goat, *Capra Sinaitica*; the wild sheep *Capra* or *Caprovix orientalis*; the wild deer, *Cervus Mesopotamicus*, and other species as *C. elaphus* and *C. maral* or Persian deer; the wild ass, *Equus hemippus*, and the elephant, *Elephas Indicus*. The rhinoceros is called on the black obelisk of Shalmaneser, "the ox from the river Saceya."



INTUITION AND INDUCTION.

PART II.

HAVING traced the intuitive method of thought to its ultimate ethical development, we turn to the inductive method. The inductive, or as it is sometimes termed, the historical, method is well-known as the method adopted by modern science, and is the outcome of that long course of study of the phenomena of nature which, begun by the philosophers of ancient Greece, and continued by those of the middle ages, is bearing such rich fruit in our own days. The peculiar features of this method are familiar to most of us. It is based entirely on the investigation of the phenomena of any subject under examination. It admits hypotheses as tentative explanations, but subjects them to vigorous verification; and any hypothesis which does not accord with the facts as they come to light is immediately rejected. A speculative theory, as a fixed starting-point of inquiry, is a thing unknown to induction.

The results of an investigation conducted on this method are manifestly purely historical. Phenomena form an endless chain of causes and effects, and the aim of induction—or using its synonym, science—is to give an accurate exposition of the order in which phenomena are observed to present themselves. Such an exposition is termed the *law* of the phenomena. And since phenomena are found to interact not singly merely, but in groups, the laws of one such group may again be considered as a single phenomenon, and compared with the laws of another group. Thus the phenomena of falling matter upon the earth, and of the revolution of the planets of our system round the sun, are united under the law of gravity; and heat, itself a generalisation of varied phenomena, is found to stand in a definite relation to motion, which again is the generalisation of other groups of phenomena. The final result of scientific investigation in any field would therefore be a grand sequence of causes and effects, in which each phenomenon would find its own proper place, its causes and its effects—in fact, its connection, forwards and backwards with all other phenomena, would be exactly known. From this knowledge would naturally follow the power of prevision; for knowing the phenomena that now are, we could, from our knowledge of the way in which like phenomena had acted in the past, infer their results in the future.

In the field of our special attention—ethics—such a result would take the shape of a complete code of conduct. Supposing the

aim of our conduct to be known, there would be no difficulty in ascertaining the lines of conduct which would in each individual case conduce most directly to that end. Such a code would, indeed, reduce the ascertaining of conduct to a simple mathematical process, there is no reason, in fact, why it should not be followed by a calculus, which should put it in the power of every man to deduce his own conduct from the general formulæ which had been ascertained for society.

Such an operation, however, is not likely to be performed for a long time to come. Descending from the lofty ground of possibility, let us inquire as to the probable practical value of science in ethics for us of the present and future generations.

Scientifically man admits of investigation from two points of view; as an organism in relation to society, and as an organism in himself. Man in relation to society is receiving treatment at the hands of the new science of sociology, whose province it is to investigate the phenomena of society as a whole. Sociology examines the origin and growth of social institutions; their foundations in the character of society, and the reaction produced on that character by the institutions. In fact, the work of sociology will be the study of the genesis and progress of human society. Thus will be collected a vast and ever-increasing amount of exact knowledge concerning the influences of various social habits and institutions in the past, knowledge which in those cases where individuals have a direct share in guiding social movements, cannot but be of great value in directing their judgment as to the value of existing or proposed institutions. And since no act can strictly speaking be said to have no influence, however remote, upon the evolution of society, it will perhaps be one of the greatest benefits of sociology that it will place in a far clearer light than at present the relation of the individual to the social life. Many actions which are commonly thought to have no meaning except for the individual doer of them, are really fraught with grave consequences to society. A striking illustration of this is shown in political economy, the study of which makes it clear that a matter so apparently quite of the individual as marriage has a very direct influence upon the equilibrium of the laws of labour.

Viewed as an organism in himself, man is subjected to analysis by physiology and psychology. From physiology we learn the laws of the material side of the human organism. Conduct applies to the material as well as to the mental part of man; we cannot separate the one from the other. Already the effects upon the human frame of indulgence in gross passions are well-known and condemned. What is true on a large scale is true also on a small; and the gradual advance of physiology will doubtless show us that

many things now deemed by us of little account, are really of great importance in making us better or worse members of society.

From psychology we learn the laws of our mental side. These laws directly affect questions of education and moral training. Though, from their very complexity, less cognisable than the laws of matter, some of the greater laws of mind are already known. For the most part, however, our methods are at present empirical; and we may, therefore, look for a corresponding impetus when psychology shall furnish us with more exact knowledge.

There is yet a kind of common or border-land between physiology and psychology, consisting of both sciences interwoven, and dealing with the important question of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. That is to say, of the influence of habits and condition of body on the development and healthful state of the mind; and of the influence, again, which regular or irregular exercise and control of the mind has upon the body.

The results of the investigation of man in himself, as an individual, form a necessary complement to sociology. With a knowledge of the end to be obtained, is necessary also a knowledge of the means best adapted for obtaining that end.

From this slight sketch some idea will, it is to be hoped, be gained of the important contributions which science will make to our ethical apparatus. Ethical science is like a map, on which at first only the more important conformations are shown, but on which more and more detail is gradually but surely added, till at last the picture is complete. And though in ethics perfection is, from the nature of the case, impossible, yet one cannot doubt that here, too, science will accomplish results as great as in the physical sciences.

We are now in a position to face the question proposed at the outset:—the relation of science to intuition. What are the aims of science? Will she still keep to the old paths, or will she strike out new ones for herself? On the answer to this question depends our attitude towards this new learning.

In all human reasoning there must be some *datum*, some point of agreement from which argument can start. Such a datum in physics is Matter. Its origin, the reason of its manifestation under certain laws and not under other conceivable ones, are questions unanswerable. Matter exists, and its laws are the highest generalisation yet known of all the varied phenomena of nature. Matter as at present known is the limit of scientific investigation in that direction; and because it is so, because to our present methods it presents the feature of finality, we accept it without question as the basis of our reasoning. It is possible, of course, to speculate on the origin of matter, or even to conceive of its non-existence. No one, however, would allow such speculations to lead him to act in

contradiction to the ascertained laws of matter. If any one did he would immediately receive punishment at the hands of the laws he transgressed.

Such a fundamental datum in ethics is the idea of society. Of its "antecedents" we know nothing. This only can we say: that society is a law of human existence, of which the contrary is unthinkable. The transgression of the law of social existence would destroy the differentia between man and the animals: man unsocial would no longer be man. Different forms of society there are, and will no doubt continue to be; but the principle of organic gregariousness, if one may call it so, still remains.

There is, therefore, no alternative for science but to accept this principle as the basis of all ethical reasoning. This involves, as its corollary, the subordination of the individual to the social organism, without which society could not exist. The welfare of society, is then, the scientific aim of ethics. By society is meant, not that limited collocation of human beings which we term one's country, or neighbours, or family; but the whole race of mankind, of which each such collocation may be considered as a member. *This* is the society for whose welfare we are to act. Manifestly, our activity will chiefly lie among some smaller collocation; and the apparatus which science will put into our hands for directing ourselves we have already seen.

If now the reader will recall to his memory the results at which we arrived in discussing intuition, he will have little difficulty in apprehending the relation between it and induction. We saw intuition seize one after another the deeper springs of action; we observed it passing by all minor matters of ethics, and concentrating its whole strength on the enunciation of right motive. We saw the final result of this in the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This we found to imply, under any interpretation of the words, that in the recognition of the claims of society lay the performance of our "duty," that which it is "right" that we should do.

Incidentally we saw that intuition provided a moral code,* and we perceived also the reason why the old code was never revised or replaced by a new one. Another reason, however, had great influence here. This is the slight change in social formations between the time of formulation of the code and the time of the end of intuition; so that the rules which applied to the earlier period applied almost equally well to the latter, and any deficiency in the code was consequently felt lightly, if at all.

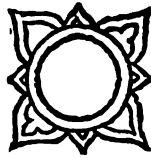
In this paper we have traced the course of scientific procedure

* In this case, the "Ten Commandments."

in ethics, and have found it to result in the postulate of the welfare of society as the aim of conduct. The impossibility of any other basis of ethics than this has become clear. So far, therefore, as the basis of conduct, motive, is concerned, there is a complete agreement between intuition and induction. They view conduct from two different standpoints; but their conclusions, though differently expressed, are in substance, identical; and their two-fold view of conduct contains in it the reconciliation of the "good" and the "useful." The welfare of society is "good" from the standpoint of intuition; "useful" from that of induction. But both agree in making that welfare their aim.

At the confluence of these two mighty streams of thought we are now standing; and casting our glance forward into the future we can see them rolling on in unison. As the face of society changes more and more from the simple pastoral life which gave intuition its birth, the deficiencies of the old moral code will be supplied by science. The old commandments will ever remain as venerable landmarks of ethics, but they will be supplemented by inductive research. On the other hand, induction, when unable, as often it will be, to individualise its general rules sufficiently to make them applicable to individuals, will be supplemented by intuition, whose inner light, fed and strengthened by increased stores of knowledge, will illuminate with ever greater brilliancy the path of duty.

J. FENTON.



CHLORAL.

"Gestorben ist der Herrgott oben,
Und Unten ist der Teufel todt."

I WAS reading Heine's sad verse,
For I could not go to sleep;
"*Here's your Chloral*," said the sick nurse,
And I took it like a sheep.—

What? eh? oh! hang it! bother!
It can't be as you say,
My wife's own dearest mother,
With the butler run away?

A woman almost saintly!
Sung hymns to sweetest tunes!
What's that you whisper faintly,
The butler's bagged the spoons?

I'll have him hanged and whip her—
Why, both my shoes are gone!
Here's a top-boot and a slipper!
What's that you say he's done?

My partner Jones absconded!
Cash gone, as I'm a sinner,
Why he yesterday responded
At a missionary dinner!

Give me a pen and paper;
I'll stop his game, I think—
No, not that *blotting*-paper!
Confound it, where's the ink?

You dare to say our Vicar
Was actually seen
Very much the worse for liquor
Upon the village green;

That the bishop took a shilling
To hush the matter up.

They then spent the coin in swilling,
And the dean, too, took a sup ;

I've got my clothes together,
I'm off! By Jove I'm not !
Before this day I *never*
My pantaloons forgot !

What's that you say, you gaby ?
Our nurse for twenty year
Is sitting on the baby,
With a grin from ear to ear !

Hullo! just what I dreaded—
With sorrow I shall die !
I'm getting quite light-headed,
By Jingo, *I can fly !*

I flap my hands discreetly,
And hold my breath quite tight ;
And up I go so sweetly,
Like a seraph fair and bright.

I hook on to the ceiling,
And float there while I think ;
What's become of the proper feeling ?
Has the whole world turned to drink ?

The strangest, maddest feeling,
The *timid* one's go wrong,
And suddenly in crime
Come out so very *strong* !

What groan was that you uttered ?
Tell me again, I said ;
A solemn voice now muttered,
“ *Don't you know the devil's dead ?* ”

The news shocks sinners even ;
But most on saints must tell,
Who never truly wished for Heaven,
But only dreaded Hell !

And as these words were mumbled,
My powers of flight gave way,

And down and down I tumbled,
Oh, fifty miles away !

I woke, and by my sick-bed,
There stood the kindly nurse ;
“ I’ve tumbled many a mile,” I said.
Said she, “ You’re none the worse !”

“ Oh, tell me, where’s my mother-in-law ?”
“ She’s singing saintly tunes !”
“ And tell me where’s the butler ?”
“ He’s counting out his spoons.”

“ And the parson, is he sober ?”
“ Oh, he never takes a drop !”
“ And Jones, the vile old robber ?”
“ He’s attending to the shop,”

“ My baby did she throttle ?
“ Oh, do not say it’s dead.”
“ It’s going to have the bottle,
And Jane will see it fed,”

“ Oh, nurse !” I sighed half crying,
“ It’s an awful thing to say,
“ I’d be glad, if I were dying,
That the devil’s alive to-day.”

J. T. W. BAQOT.



NAVIGATION OF THE ALBERT NYANZA.

THE successful exploration of the Albert Nyanza is, after the navigation of the Victoria Nyanza by Stanley, and the discovery of the river Congo outlet by Cameron, one of the most important additions made to the geography of Central Africa since the first discovery of the lakes by our own gallant countryman.

The exploration was due to the initiative of Colonel Gordon, M. Romolo Gessi, the successful navigator, being upon the Colonel's staff, and the boats with which the exploration was effected were brought up by the commander of the expedition.

M. Gessi started with two boats from Duffili, on the Upper Nile, on the 8th of March, accompanied by the well-known Italian traveller, Piaggia, and a crew of Arabs, and he reached Magungo, on the Albert Nyanza, on the 30th of the same month. From this point, he visited the falls of Naruma (or Murchison Falls), which are not far distant; and the point below the falls appears, as we had previously heard from Sir Samuel Baker, their discoverer, to be a very extraordinary place; for the noise made at night-time by the hippopotami, crocodiles, great fish, and beasts of prey, was so great as to almost drown the sound of the falling waters. Piaggia quitted the boats at this place to explore the course of the Victoria Nile, so we may soon expect further information as to the extent and character of Lake Ibrahim, discovered by Long Bey, between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza. Colonel Gordon's defeat and expulsion of Raba Rega, the hostile king of Unyoro, or Kittara, will, to a great extent, deprive this exploration of its previous difficulties and dangers.

Gessi started, on the 12th of April, to circumnavigate the Albert Nyanza, and he was nine days in carrying out his purpose. The details which have as yet reached us are very meagre, but of great importance. It appears that the lake is in reality only 140 miles in length by 50 in breadth: so that Speke's first designation of the "little Luta Nziga," is not, after all, so far wrong. On the eastern side there are some available harbours,* but on the western shores the mountains come down abruptly to the water. No great river (always excepting the Victoria Nile) was found flowing into

* Mr. Stanley, who appears to have marched from King Mtesa's capital, across country to the Albert Nyanza at the head of his own force and 2000 spearmen of Uganda, and pitched his camp upon the shores of the lake at a place called Unyampaka, named one of these large inlets, where he was camped, "Beatrice Gulf," after Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice. Mr. Stanley, when last heard of, was marching towards Ujiji, whence he proposed

the lake; so Sir Samuel Baker must have been misled by play of light when he fancied that he saw, from his standpoint near Magungo, great rivers flowing into the lake from the opposite distant coast. The expedition encountered strong gusts of wind, and had at times to struggle against a heavy sea, which terrified the Arabs, accustomed only to river navigation; but Gessi, who had navigated the Black Sea, carried them through in safety; and the boats, built by Samuda, proved themselves to be in every way effective.

The southern extremity of the lake was low, and covered with forests, chiefly of the ambatch plant, which flourishes only in eighteen inches to two feet of water. The explorer did not see any junction between the mountains on the east of the lake and those on the west at this point, and he therefore came to the conclusion that there may be, as Sir Samuel Baker was informed, a chain of lakes and marshes extending between Tanganyika and Lake Albert. Part of this district may, indeed, have been inundated in Sir Samuel Baker's time, if the eye could penetrate such remote distances, whence the extent which he gave approximatively to the lake.

Captain Burton, who has always held, with Sir Samuel Baker, to the theory of a communication between the two lakes—at all events at certain seasons of the year—still advocates upon this (in a letter to the *Athenæum*, No. 2543), that Tanganyika is a lake with two outlets, but that the outlet to Albert Nyanza is blocked up by papyrus and other plants. On the other hand, Dr. Behm writes, with a sketch of Gessi's of the Upper Nile, from Duffili to Lake Albert, forwarded to the Geographical Society of Paris (July 5, 1876), that, contrary to the opinions advanced by Burton and Baker, there is positively no communication whatever with Tanganyika.

It is obvious that if such communication exists, even only at the period of flood, and as information to that effect was obtained from the Arabs, there is still much probability in its favour; the sources of the Nile would be where Livingstone first reached a northerly water-shed at Moi Tawa, north of Lake Nyassa. But if no such communication exists, these sources must lie at the head of Stanley's Shimūyū; its tributaries—the Monunguh, Luwamberri, and Duma rivers, flowing from the eastern slopes or spurs of the snow-

to re-visit the Albert Nyanza by way of Lake Tanganyika. This is just one of the points which it is most desirable to settle satisfactorily and finally. Mr. Stanley certainly deserves the highest credit for his pluck and perseverance in exploring the Lake Regions, and for the ability shown in holding his own among hostile savages without assistance from any government whatsoever.

clad Kilimanjaro, Mount Kenia, Obal, and other "Fahs," or culminating points of the great mountain chain of the Himadu, of Brun, of Rollet, Tremaux (*Esquisse de l'Afrique*), and Beke, into the Victoria Nyanza. The point most in favour of the latter view of the case is that these mountains represent the *Tes Selenes oros* of Ptolemy (*Geo. lib. iv. cap. ix. S.S., edit. Bertii p. 135*), which should be translated "moon mountains" or "white mountains," rather than "mountains of the moon," and whence the Alexandrine geographer made the waters of the Nile descend. These points have been previously discussed in the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and it is clear that every successive exploration adds to the evidence before accumulated, that there are no "moon mountains," as advocated by the lamented Captain Speke, south of the Albert Nyanza.*

Next, if not of still greater interest and importance than the determination of the limits and character of this great African lake, comes the positive information that the Upper Nile divides into two branches after leaving the lake, about a hundred miles south of Duffili, one branch constituting the Nile of Gondokoro, the other, over 200 yards in width, flowing to the north-west. It had long been suspected, from the rivers discovered west of the Nile by various and successive explorers, that there were two outlets from Albert Nyanza, from the lake itself, or from the river flowing out of it—and this point has also been often previously discussed in our pages. Colonel Gordon and Lieutenant Chippendale had previously reported, from information derived from the natives, that the Nile divided into two channels after leaving the Albert Nyanza, or that "it left that lake by two channels," but where the western stream rejoined the main river was still doubtful.

It has been hastily advocated by some that this north-westerly river is the same as the Uelle or Welle of Schweinfurth, and the Kubanda of Barth—the latter a supposed tributary to the Congo, but both tributaries, it has also been conjectured, to the central lake

* There are, however, in this region, the so-called "Blue Mountains," rising to an elevation of some 7000 feet, west and south-west of the Albert Nyanza, as also Mfumbiro, supposed to attain an altitude of 10,000 feet south-east of the lake; and Stanley appears, from the reports in the *Daily Telegraph*, to have visited a mountain in the same regions, called Gambaragara, upon whose lofty uplands dwelt a strange tribe of pale-faced people. These, however, are not snow-clad mountains, or of "moon-like" whiteness. Mr. Stanley, looks upon the Kagera river (Speke's Kitangule), as "the true parent of the Victoria Nile." This may be so far correct—it may be the largest tributary, it spreads more, and opens into large lacustrine expanses—yet it may not present the most remote sources, which we still expect will be met with to the east or south-east, and not to the west, or south-west of the lake.

heard of by Poncet and Piaggia, as the Matuassat, the Muato-Yamoo of D'Anville—and which, again, is supposed to supply a tributary rather to Lake Tsad, or the Benuwe branch of the Niger than to the Congo. Colonel Gordon appears to think that this north-west branch, which he designates as the Yeh or Iaïe (the same as the Iaïe of Peney), or Bahr Jemit,* and which is navigable as far as Eliab, falls into lake Jak or Djak, and joins the Nile at the point where the Bahr Zaraf leaves it.

But this would appear to be only one of its mouths or outlets, for successive explorers, as more particularly the Messrs. Poncet (*Carte du Cours Moyen des Deux Nils*, 1860), Petherick and Peney found the whole country south of Lakes Nû and Jak, and of the Bahr al Ghazal, to be intersected by rivers, canals, and lakes. It appears, indeed, to be an inland delta. The Bahr Jûr, or Nam, appears to be the largest, and may be an outlet of the north-west branch of the Nile. Petherick long ago described the Giratfe river as being a branch of the Nile (Egypt, the Soudan, &c., p. 361.) It may be the same with other intervening rivers and canals. The Gazelle lake, it is to be observed, is estimated by Petherick as being in the season of the flood 180 miles in length by 60 in width (p. 388). It is, therefore, a greater reservoir of the Nile waters than the Albert Nyanza.

As to the Uelle or Welle of Schweinfurth, it appears to be the same as the Babura or Bahr Bura of others, also called Bahr Mumbutu, just as the upper portion of the Jur is designated as the Bahr Kakunda, and the lower is known to the Arabs as the Bahr al Ghazal.

It appears to have been Schweinfurth's opinion that the Welle had its origin in the mountains west of the Albert Nyanza. Others have argued that it came from the north-west corner of that lake, and now it is suggested that it is a prolongation of the north-west branch of the Nile. Considering the amount of drainage effected by the delta of the Bahr al Ghazal, the first opinion appears most likely to be the correct one.

But opposed to this view of the case is the remarkable fact that the ancients and the old Arab geographers, more especially al Edrisi and Abu'lfada, alike state that the Nile divides into an Egyptian and an Ethiopian river. This would seem to intimate that the north-west branch flowed to Lake Tsad, the Benuwe branch of the Niger, or to the Congo. The fact of there being two branches to the Nile below Albert Nyanza remains under any circumstances an extraordinary hydrographical phenomenon.

* Long Bey makes the Yeh river a congeries of streams, where seen by him a little south of the parallel of Gondokoro."—*Bull. de la Soc. de Géographie*, Oct. 1875.

JOHN CHRISTOPHER.

THERE was a gleam of sunshine over the meadows in spite of the April shower ; and after the shower a rainbow, which, arching over the village church, lost itself among the branches of the distant tree-tops.

Suddenly the passing bell began to toll.

"Who's dead?" asked Mrs. Minton, pausing, as she worked herself backward and forward in her chair. "I didn't know any one in the village was ill."

"I suppose it will be old Mr. Christopher," answered her granddaughter. "I heard this morning that he couldn't last till sundown. But one can scarcely say he's been ill ; he's been just quietly fading away these months past."

"Old Mr. Christopher, once young John Christopher," said the old woman, in a voice that struck strangely on Susan's ear ; and looking up at the grandmother, she saw a tear slowly coursing down her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly together.

"Forgotten by all but me," murmured Mrs. Minton ; "I didn't think one's memory was so long, but young days come back in the latter days, and it seems but yesterday since I was a girl."

"Why, did you know Mr. Christopher, granny?" asked the girl, in surprise.

But Mrs. Minton made no reply ; she closed her eyes, and sat quite quiet for some minutes. Perhaps she was going over a piece of her history that had lain dormant for long enough, but had suddenly started up before her at the sound of the bell.

"I didn't think I should have felt his death like this. I haven't spoken to him for these fifty years ; I thought he was dead and buried long and long ago to me. We must go to the funeral, Susan ; not to be seen like as mourners, but still to be at the grave. I should like to do it ; it may make me feel better over it. You've got a black dress, child, and you can get a black riband for your bonnet."

"Granny!" ejaculated Susan, wondering if her grandmother were in her right senses.

"It will be quite right and proper ; we've been neighbours these five years."

"But you've never spoken to him, and scarce seen him."

"That was my own doing," answered Mrs. Minton ; "this is my doing, too ; and it's all right and proper, and as it should be, and I don't care who talks."

Again the passing bell tolled out.

"At rest—at rest! so may we all go in peace when it comes to our turn," murmured Mrs. Minton.

And then she fell into a reverie; and Susan moved softly about so as not to disturb her; wondering why the death of old Mr. Christopher should so disturb her grandmother, seeing that she had taken no heed of him, and had asked no questions about him since he had been their neighbour. Neither, now she came to think of it, had Mr. Christopher, in the occasional chats she had had with him over the low garden hedge, ever asked after her grandmother, or appeared to be aware of her existence.

He had been a handsome man in his time, and there was a courteousness and gentleness in his manner that had taken the young girl's fancy, and made her feel an interest in his lonely condition; and all at once to learn that her grandmother had at one time of her life so known him as to make her desire to attend his funeral filled her with a degree of astonishment that was quite as great as her curiosity to know how it came to pass.

The afternoon dragged slowly on, the sun-gleam over the meadows died away, and the April showers turned to steady rain.

Susan heaped more coal on the fire, for her grandmother shivered slightly; then she put the kettle on to boil, cut the bread-and-butter, set the tea-things, and finally made the tea.

When it was ready Mrs. Minton took it mechanically, but did not appear to be inclined to speak until Susan had settled to her sewing on the other side of the fireplace. Then, rocking herself gently to and fro, she began:

"It's an old story, and I'd half forgotten it; but, somehow, it's all come up before me as clear as if it happened yesterday. It's wonderful how a door is suddenly opened in one's mind, and all the old pictures come out in fresh colours, or rather in the old ones with all the fading taken out of them."

Mrs. Minton paused.

"And you'll tell it to me, granny," said Susan. "I like old stories better than those of now-a-days, when everything is moving so fast that there is no time for poetry and romance. No quiet little bits of dainty trimness, but a hurry and a flash, and a railway-whistle, and then a puff, and it's all over and ended just as one thought it was but beginning. I should liked to have lived long, long ago, when it was quiet."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Minton; "human nature is human nature in every age, and no better and no worse than it ever was. It's all very well to talk about progress; but it hasn't changed human nature in the least, and certainly hasn't altered love."

making; it's all the same over and over again, and there's nothing new and never will be—that's my opinion."

Susan did not take up the argument; she was anxious to hear the story, and afraid lest her grandmother's train of thought might run in another direction.

"But the story, granny," she said.

"It's an old story," repeated Mrs. Minton. "You must go a good many years back for the beginning of it—years before you were born, or your father either, and he was the youngest of all my sons, and the longest lived of all his brothers and sisters, and he's been dead these twelve years, and you're the only grandchild I have—the last of my name, and most of the money gone. Ah! dear, dear! to think of it."

"Still we've enough to live upon, granny."

"Yes; the Lord be thanked, Who deals better with us than we deserve."

And again she relapsed into silence, but after awhile went on again:

"You must go back to the time when I was a girl no older than yourself, Susy—a young, pretty girl, though I say it myself, for not only did my glass tell it me, but half the village besides, and John Christopher among the rest.

"It was an afternoon in May that I was standing at the garden-gate looking along the road to see if father was coming from market. I can see the road now, and the hawthorn all in flower along the hedges as if a fall of snow had come in the sunshine; and the great lilac bushes had come into bloom—I seem as if I could smell the scent now. And the laburnum tree, that was close by the gate, looked as if it were dropping a shower of golden drops upon the holly hedge; and the sky was as blue as blue could be, with never a cloud upon it, and there wasn't a breath of wind; the air was just as still as on a July day. I had set out the table for supper, and had come out to watch for father, and to enjoy the beautiful afternoon.

"Presently the cart came in sight, so I ran to give mother notice: then I went out again, and by that time the cart had come near enough for me to see that there were two people in it. Father was one, of course, and the other was a young man I had never seen before, tall, fair, with clear grey eyes, and a pleasant face,

"‘It's John Christopher,’ said my father; ‘he's son of one of my old schoolmates that you've heard me talk of, and he's come to live at Durford. He's got a place at the mill, and Durford Mill's not a bad place for a young fellow to begin at. He'll be miller himself some day, if he's the luck of his family.’

“ ‘He’ll never be master of Durford mill, though,’ said I, to myself; and my thoughts turned to the master who had just got engaged to Farmer Rufford’s only daughter, and the news had set the village gossiping, and some were for the match, and some were against it, as people always are when a marriage is in contemplation, though it’s no manner of business of theirs. But perhaps if people only talked about their own business they wouldn’t find much worth talking about. I was against the match, though I didn’t say so, for I had my own reasons for keeping silent in the matter.

“The miller of Durford was young, handsome, and well-to-do in the world. Sally Rufford had nothing to my mind but her money to recommend her, and some said it was that that had won the young miller; for gold leans to gold, and having made a heap of his own he wanted to increase it.

“Now I was a very pretty girl,” said Mrs. Minton, drawing herself up; “there was not a girl in Durford that had a better right to be thought so, and it made me think that I had a right to the best in the place. And the best in the place was the miller, and I had gone along by the river side dreaming of him, and had thought of him while I was at work, and had woven him into all my future, just because he had spoken civilly to me, and danced twice with me at Farmer Rufford’s on Christmas eve. And so I took it as a great affront when I found he had passed me by and had chosen Sally Rufford with her plain face and scarce a word to say for herself; for in those days I looked upon all without beauty with contempt, as if they were not to be considered; and to be sure I had some reason for doing so when I saw all around me how beauty wins favour. So I set great store by mine, and should not have been surprised if a prince had come and fallen in love with me.

“ ‘If I’d only had money,’ said I, ‘Sally Rufford would never have been thought of. It’s the money.’ ”

“But the admission made me feel that there was something that was prized even more than beauty; and this enraged me, for I knew that money I should never have. However, perhaps ’twas even; Sally with her plain face and a thousand pounds—I with my pretty one and no fortune. And the thought sprang up within me that if there had been a longer time before the engagement it might not have come about. Indeed, I had got to that pass that I began to look upon Sally Rufford as my mortal enemy, and though I had to keep up appearances, and be outwardly civil, I hated her in my heart, and looked upon her as a successful rival.

“Besides, here was I, the prettiest girl in the village, without a lover. Not but what I had had plenty, but I had turned them

all off with a sharp answer, so that they went elsewhere where they found themselves more acceptable. But I soared higher than the ordinary young men of the village, and had set my heart upon the miller of Durford, and coveted not only himself, but the mill-house, as pretty a black-timbered place as you'll find anywhere, with the old elms before it, and the trim grass plot, and the beehives and all its belongings. I coveted, too, the laid-up treasure in the bank, and in my idle dreams had settled how many a grand silk dress and gay bonnet I would have when I came into possession, and I thought how proud the miller would be of his pretty wife, and how all the people that saw us walking to church would say what a handsome couple we were.

"And all my dreams had suddenly vanished away, and I woke up to the mortifying fact that the miller of Durford was going to be married to some one else. It vexed me more than a little that my father should introduce John Christopher as a miller that was to be; and then, too, it vexed my pride that one who was to be a friend made much of, as I knew John Christopher would be by my father, should be serving my rival's husband.

"It put me into a bad temper, though the only way I showed it was by pretending to be busy over getting supper served, and so taking very little notice of our visitor. My father went on talking and prophesying great things for John.

"Why shouldn't he in time take the mill himself, when the present master had ground as much gold out of it as he wanted? Most millers had been millers' men themselves, and there was no telling what fortune was in store. The Christophers were a lucky family; all John's brothers had done well, and of course he had come to Durford to make good the luck of his family.'

"Well, that first night passed away, and days and weeks went by, and John Christopher came to our house as often as he could. His character rose in the place as a man who did his work well, and could be trusted, and great things were expected of him. As for my father, he thought no one to compare to him, and was as dull as could be if two days went by without our seeing him. I soon came to see that John Christopher would as soon see me as my father, and though I had not a thought of him, yet it pleased my vanity; and another thought came into my heart. What if John Christopher, through perseverance and industry, should come to be as rich or richer than the miller of Durford? The miller might lose all his money and go down in the world, whilst John might rise, for there were ups and downs for all. And I might have wealth, whilst Sally Rufford might lose hers, and so I should have my revenge. I did not stop to consider what grounds I had for revenge; but I was angry and mortified, and wanted to show

the miller that I could hold my head as high as he and Sally Rufford could.

"These thoughts made me more gracious to John Christopher than I had been at first, and he, mistaking this graciousness on my part for a deeper feeling, was encouraged to go on paying me more and more attention, till one summer afternoon, when we had all strolled over the meadows after church-time, John and I being a little behind my father and mother, we loitered under the great beeches on the common to take a look at the landscape, and, almost before I was aware, I had promised John Christopher to be his wife, and was listening to his plans of the future.

"I may say that during this time I had seen more of the miller of Durford than usual, and had begun to see that he was not altogether insensible to my good looks, but would pay me a compliment now and then, which I took the more heartily, as I knew he could not in any truth have paid them to Sally Rufford.

"After my engagement to John Christopher I saw even more of the miller, and a greater feeling than ever of rivalry and jealousy got possession of me. I could scarcely have described it, but it seemed as if my greatest desire on earth was to mortify the miller of Durford, and it seemed to me that I could do this through showing him that the miller's man would have a prettier, livelier wife than the master, and moreover, one that the master would have preferred but for the money that stood between. At any rate, this was the way in which I chose to consider the subject.

"My father and mother were pleased enough at what had happened, for they thought all the world of John Christopher, and he had a good character in the village, and had worked his way up in the mill till he stood next to the master, and had his own way pretty much, as well as a good salary; so that there was no reason why, as soon as a house could be found and furnished, we should not be married.

"It wasn't long before the very house that was wanted fell vacant. It was a good-sized one, let at a cheap rate, from its being old and having no land about it, which hindered people whom it might otherwise have suited from taking it. Therefore, it went at the rate of ordinary cottages.

"But it was the very house for me. I had been staying at the county-town with my aunt, and had seen there that things were much smarter, and rooms fitted up more tastefully than with us at Durford; and in this house that I have spoken of, besides the ordinary sitting-room, I should have a parlour for company occasions, just as good as any there was at the mill. Indeed, I decided in my own mind that it should be better, and for this reason I selected a room with a bay window, looking on the pretty slip of

garden that John had turned into a little paradise, in which he said I was to be Eve among the flowers, and he would take Adam's place, and do all the digging and dolving.

"My mother thought that I was going for too much, but John said he could afford that I should have my own way in this fancy, and so the bay-windowed room was fitted up with pretty chintz curtains, and a carpet with a pattern of roses on it, and it looked as near like the drawing-room at the vicarage as John's money and my skilful fingers and taste could make it.

"I was proud enough of it, and had Sally Rufford and the miller down to see it. "Isn't it pretty?" said I, "and the garden, too! John says it will be like living in paradise!"

"It will," answered the miller; and then, after a little pause, he said, in a lower tone, 'With you!' and he gave a half-sigh.

"And then I saw him look at Sally Rufford, and I knew, or thought I knew, that he was making comparisons between us, and that I came off the best; and it pleased me, and was a sweet salve to the sore feeling of revenge within me, which, though I knew it not, was the mainspring just then of all my actions, even of the love I bore to John. I was doing all in my power to make the miller feel that he had better have chosen me though I had not got a thousand pounds; and I was glad he should see I had more taste and spirit than Sally Rufford, who was meek as a mouse, and would live in the mill kitchen if he desired it. She did not care for fine clothes or fine furniture; indeed, before long, she did not seem to care for anything, for she caught a severe cold which laid her up for weeks, and nothing did her any good; so that I saw nothing of her, and scarce anything of the miller either for a long while; for he was very attentive to Sally, and always up at the farm.

"I had now no opportunity of showing off the fine things I was getting together for my wedding, which was to be on New Year's Day; for John said there was nothing like beginning the year well, and he could not do it better than by taking me to the home I had spared no pains or cost to make ready for me.

"Christmas was nigh, and Sally Rufford grew no better; indeed, a whisper went round that she was worse—that consumption had taken hold of her, and she was not likely to see the spring again.

"I was sitting hemming a set of fine handkerchiefs in the house-room with my mother when a neighbour came in and told us this news; and all at once a thought came into my heart that made my face flush up as hot as if it had been a hot July day, instead of a frosty one in December.

"If Sally Rufford had been out of the way I might have

married the miller of Durford ! At first I tried to put it away from me, but it kept coming up and up, and I began to wonder whether I had not been premature in getting engaged to John Christopher ; and from that I began to draw comparisons between the house I was going to and the mill house, and I could not help acknowledging to myself that one was but half the size of the other, also that one was the master, the other but the master's man even yet, and, for all that I knew, ever might be.

"I was discontented, and when John came I hardly spoke a word ; but he attributed it to my sorrow for the sad news of Sally Rufford, and was even more tender on account of it.

"'If anyone need pity the master it's you and me, Nanny,' said he ; 'for we know what he's losing : all the light of life, and the joy of a cheerful home. I cannot be too thankful for your good health, my darling.'

"But the more he talked and tried to comfort me, the more silent I grew, and I went to bed with a heavy heart enough ; but 'twas not for Sally Rufford, but for myself that I was taking thought. What a fool I had been ! I might have known that a sickly-looking girl like that couldn't have lasted long, and I need not have been in such a hurry. Then, as if to console myself under the new grievance, I called to mind all the pleasant words and looks the miller had given, until at last I fairly began to think that John Christopher had been in my way, and had hurried on our marriage to be out of the miller's way before Sally Rufford's death. For who knew what might happen afterwards ?

"Days went on. Christmas Day came, with its holly and mistletoe, and the crisp snow lying on the hedges and the roadside, and only the robin singing on the leafless branches, and the river frozen over, and the mill-wheel silent, as silent as the house at Farmer Rufford's, where now all knew that Sally lay dying.

"It was but a question of days now ; and instead of my having pity for the sorrow of the family, I thought only of myself, and how but a hair's breadth had lain between me and the miller of Durford.

"It wanted but two days now to my wedding, and I felt chafed and vexed, as if tight chains were holding me down and curbing my ambition. But two days and I should have become the wife of John Christopher, and all my worldly hopes and schemes would become merged in his.

"It was a bright, clear day, and early in the afternoon he came to tell me that the house was all in order now, and to ask if I would come and have a last look at it before I became its mistress. I would have put him off notwithstanding the disappointed look that came into his face, but my mother said—

“Go and put on your bonnet, Nanny, the walk will do you good; you’ve been moping too much of late, and it’s made you quite pale. You must think of yourself, and not be grieving like this over Sally Rufford.”

“If anything could have pricked my heart, her words might have done so; but they fell idly upon me. However, I put on my bonnet and shawl and went away with John Christopher through the quiet lanes, with the sun just beginning to fade away from them and the feathery branches of the great trees, a fairy sight to see against the evening sky. Many a time since I’ve thought of that walk, and how John spoke such words of love and of hope, that might have sent sunshine into any other heart than mine.

“With what pride he opened the garden-gate and led me through the trim garden, which, in spite of winter, gave promise of what it would be in summer! With what pride he opened the door and led me through each room, far better than anything I had any claim to expect; for I was a penniless girl, with no prospect of anything from my parents. The company-parlour, over which I had spent so much time and thought, was all in order, and a prettier room need not be desired.

“‘And here we shall live, my darling,’ said John Christopher, after he had gone over every corner; ‘and my whole life will be one long feeling of thankfulness that you have cast in your lot with mine.’

He was so happy himself that he did not need for me to say much, and we walked home silently in the fading twilight. He said good-bye to me at our cottage-door; for he had to work at the mill that night, as the miller was at the Ruffords almost constantly now.

“When John Christopher went away, I sat down before the fire and thought over all that had happened, and was likely to happen in the next few weeks. How that I should be bound, and the miller of Durford would be free, and all the good luck I had dreamed of through my pretty face would be at an end for ever.

“Yet with it all came an odd sort of consolation that I should triumph over the miller for not having chosen me when he could have had me; for I felt convinced in my own heart that he was not insensible to me, in spite of his engagement to Sally Rufford. I should have my revenge!

“After tea I went up to my room, and as I entered it the cupboard-door, being a little ajar, showed me my white wedding-dress, hanging with all its ribbons and trimmings. My aunt had chosen it for me at M——, and it was quite fashionable, and a little too grand, my mother thought, for a poor man’s daughter; but I had been pleased enough with it. Now it gave me quite a start,

as if I had seen a ghost, and I gave the door a push and shut the dress out of sight, for I felt as if I hated it. I was hot and flushed, and I opened the window and leaned out, looking over the snow. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the stars were shining out and the air was so frosty and still that I fancied I could hear the plash of the mill-wheel, though that was but my imagination, as it was not going. But still the sound was in my ears, and it seemed to say, 'Come, come!' and then I shut the window; but still I seemed to hear a voice, as if calling to me, 'Come, come!' and though I went downstairs and tried to settle to work, I could not.

"'Mother,' said I, at last; 'I believe I'll go up to the farm and see how Sally is; it's but a step, and I shan't meet any one.'

"'It's rather late,' said my mother.

"'Well,' I replied; 'if I feel timid when I get up there, I can step across to the mill, and John will walk home with me.'

"'Well, if you do that I don't so much mind,' she answered; 'but put on something warm, for the night's cold.'

"So I started off, but I did not get as far as Farmer Rufford's; for as I was turning into the lane after crossing the field I saw a man coming towards me, walking very rapidly, with his hat off and his hair flying back in the moonlight.

"It was the miller of Durford. Pale enough he looked, and haggard, and as he came up to me I said suddenly—

"'Oh, what is it? is Sally ——?' and there I stopped.

"He started as I spoke.

"'Is it you, Nanny?' said he; 'I was just thinking of you.'

"Again I said—

"'And Sally?'

"'Sally is no worse,' he answered, 'and no better.'

"Then after a bit he spoke again:

"'You're going to be married on New Year's Day, I hear, Nanny?'

"'Yes,' said I.

"'And I haven't given you my present yet,' said he; 'I've not had heart enough to bring it to you.'

"I thought there was a patronising tone in his voice, and it put me up and made me say sharply—

"'John has given me everything I want—you need not trouble yourself.'

"'I don't doubt it—he could not do less.'

"And his voice sounded so sad that I looked up, and in the clear moonlight I saw in the eyes that were fixed upon me a confirmation of all the vague fancies and wild imaginings that had haunted me

of late. The miller of Durford loved me; and before long Sally Rufford would not be between us—only my own marriage.

"Only my own marriage! Yes, I had brought myself to look upon it as an impediment, a drawback to all my ambitious hopes.

"Then, all of a sudden, like a flash of light bringing out clear some hidden spot of darkness, came the thought, 'But I am not married yet.' It came so bright and sudden that its vividness almost hurt me, and I gave a faint cry.

"*'Nanny!'* exclaimed the miller.

"But I could not answer: the suddenness of the revelation, or rather the knowledge of its certainty, had made me gasp as if I could not breathe; and in spite of the frosty night I felt as if I were going to faint, and I trembled so that I could hardly stand, and the miller put his arm round me to keep me from falling.

"*'Nanny, Nanny, what is it?'* said he, in a tone full of tenderness; 'what is it distresses you? Oh, Nanny, if you have any trouble, any anxiety that I can hinder, tell me—I would lay down my life for you.'

"I was sobbing convulsively, and yet, in spite of my agitation and half-terror, an exultant feeling was stirred within me as I felt the miller would not go unpunished through the marriage. Then he whispered again, too tenderly for me to hear without being moved—

"*'Nanny, darling, what is it?'*

"And I laid my head against his shoulder and sobbed without speaking. Half sorrow, half mortification, half triumph, all these feelings mingled, and yet a great feeling of joy was paramount over everthing.

"And there we stood for awhile in the moonlight, three nights before my wedding-day that was to be, and we forgot all upon earth but our two selves. He remembered not that his betrothed lay dying, whilst he was thinking of another love, and I remembered not John Christopher, nor my wedding-day, nor aught upon earth, save the man who stood beside me.

"At last, as if a wave had rolled nearer and nearer to the shore till it had washed over our feet, and the cold water had startled us, we returned to a consciousness of our position. I started back and stood leaning against the gate-post. The miller stood motionless at a little distance; we neither of us looked at each other, but we knew each other's hearts now.

"After a minute or two I turned to go home instead of towards the Rufford's, for I seemed a traitor to myself and to the dying girl, and I felt that I could not go then.

"*'May I walk home with you, Nanny?'* asked the miller, in a humble voice.

" 'No,' said I, speaking quite shortly.

" 'Don't be hard upon me to-night, Nanny, for I'm in sore trouble,' said he. 'Let me come for the last time!'

" He spoke very sorrowfully, and I gave a glance and saw the trouble then.

" 'You will let me come?' said he.

" 'I didn't say 'Yes,' but I didn't say 'No;,' so he walked along beside me. He did not speak till just as we came out upon the high road, and then he suddenly said—

" 'Nanny, I haven't a right to ask the question, but——'

" And then he stopped.

" And I had no right to listen, but some infatuation seemed to possess me, and I replied—

" 'You may ask me anything you please,' for I was mad to know the extent of my triumph and revenge. I never once thought of John Christopher, nor what I owed to his true straightforward love for me. I thought only of myself and of my dreams concerning the miller of Durforl. He still hesitated, but he spoke at last.

" 'You may tell me for a comfort to me in the future, now that there's an end to all hope. Would there ever have been a chance of my winning you if John Christopher hadn't been by? I haven't a right to ask; but it would comfort me to know.'

" For a moment I made no reply, then I said, 'What is the use of asking what you know already?'

" Then we walked on again.

" 'Nanny,' said he when we reached home, 'is it too late now?'

" He spoke in a trembling whisper, looking round as if he were afraid of anyone's hearing. I tried to draw away my hand; for now I knew all, and knew my power over him, I was half frightened; but he held it fast.

" 'Is it too late—too late?' he repeated.

" I spoke no word—but I gave one look—it was enough.

" Nanny, my own Nanny!' said he, and drawing me close to him he kissed me.

" And I did not say nay, in spite of the girl who lay dying at the farmhouse across the meadows, and of John Christopher taking his night-work at the mill, thinking of his wedding—the wedding that was never to be.

" I don't know how I got into the house or how I got into bed that night. I only remember waking from a heavy sleep with a confused idea that something strange had happened that hung like a leaden weight about me, and yet had something in it that gave me joy.

"I went about the next morning as one dazed, and complained of a headache.

"About noon John Christopher came down with the news that Sally Rufford was dead; she had died at nine o'clock the night before.

"'Just about the time that you came in, Nanny,' said my mother.

"And then I broke down altogether, and a great burst of tears came and I cried violently, and could not stop myself, and my mother said I was to go and lie down. I was glad enough to get away, but I spent a miserable day, crying and sobbing; now in a burning heat, now shivering with cold, till my mother grew alarmed and sent for the doctor, who said I must be kept quiet, that Sally Rufford's death had been too much for me, and a great deal more that doctors often say without knowing anything about the true state of matters.

"As for John Christopher, he was distracted, and believed I was going to have fever and should die as Sally Rufford had done, and so miller and miller's man would both be left disconsolate. As for the wedding taking place on the day appointed, that he knew was not to be thought of, so it was put off indefinitely. That it was put off for ever he had yet to learn.

"Towards evening of the next day, when the light was fading and it grew a little dark, I spoke to my mother.

"'Mother,' said I, 'I want you to tell John Christopher that I cannot marry him.'

"My mother looked at me as if she thought I was raving, and indeed I believe she truly thought so.

"'Nanny, are you mad?' she asked.

"'No, mother, I am not mad, but I have settled in my own mind not to marry John Christopher. I don't love him with all my heart, and I can't marry him; it's that that is the matter with me, and not fever or anything else. Mother, you must tell him, for I cannot—I will not marry him.'

"'You are not in earnest child,' she answered, 'this death of Sally Rufford's has upset you.'

"'It hasn't,' said I. 'If Sally Rufford hadn't died, my mind would have been made up all the same.'

"Then she called my father, but I kept firm to it and they could not move me. But they would not grieve John Christopher by telling him—that, they said, I must do myself, for there was no excuse for me.

"'Isn't it wrong and sinful to marry a man one does not love?' I asked my mother; 'you've said so a hundred times.'

"'That I don't deny,' she replied, 'but if you did not love him,

you had no right to make him believe that you did, and promise to marry him. You've behaved about as badly as a girl could do, and you must make the best of it to John Christopher yourself, for I will have nothing to do with telling him.'

"I thought it was very harsh of my mother; for I had been flattering and persuading myself into the belief that I was doing what was quite right and proper, and I thought it very unreasonable of anyone to find fault with me.

"The next day John Christopher came—it was the day that should have been my wedding-day. I would'nt come down to see him, but sent a letter that I had been writing for him, and which he took and read as he sat there.

"My mother said he turned as white as a sheet.

"'Is this in earnest?' said he, 'am I to take it for'—

And then he hid his face in his hands; but a moment after he rose up quite stern, and took his hat and walked out of the cottage.

"He wrote a long letter to me asking to see me once more, but ending that if there was no hope for him, perhaps it was better as it was, and he would take my answer as I chose to give it.

"I gave it in writing, for I did not care to see him again. I had the heart to wound him, but was coward enough to shrink from paining myself by seeing him. I was not afraid of any words of his persuading me out of my resolution, for the miller of Durford occupied all my thoughts, and I gloried in the idea of being mistress of the mill-house and quite a lady, as I said to myself, instead of the wife of the miller's man.

"I have wondered since how I could have been so hardhearted as I was, for I had not a care for the suffering I had caused to John Christopher: I was so full of ambitious thoughts about the future, that I was only anxious to get rid of him, now that the bar between the miller and myself was done away; and I did not even feel remorse when I thought of the poor pale couple up at the farm-house. I only congratulated myself that all had happened as it had done before my wedding was over.

"The next thing I heard was that John Christopher had given up his place at a moment's notice, and that the miller had made no objection, though it inconvenienced him greatly.

"So he went away, and the pretty old house was to let again, and there was to be a sale of all the furniture. There was, of course, a great talk in the village of how I had jilted John Christopher, and people blamed me enough, but not more than I deserved, for I had acted, as my mother said, as badly as a girl could act. As she said, I had no right to promise to marry John Christopher if I did not intend to keep my promise; and that if I

liked another man better, when I had promised to be John Christopher's wife, it only made me so much the worse.

"I kept quiet enough for the next few months, and only saw the miller now and then by stealth; but we were engaged to each other, and by the time the hawthorn began to show itself white in the hedges, it was buzzed about the village that I had given up the man for the master.

"Then there was another talk among the village folks; and all manner of things were said of us—some false, some true,—and we were looked upon as light of heart—if we had any hearts at all.

"My father and mother grieved sadly over John, whom they loved as a son. The miller was not half so pleasant with them; indeed, he had the feeling that they blamed him, and so there was always a sort of constraint.

"However, before Christmas came round again, I was Robert Minton's wife, and mistress of the Mill House, with not a stroke of work to do unless I pleased, and with servants at my bidding.

"But I found that it is not all gold that glitters; and that people seemed to think I had gained my position by unfair means; and many looked askance at me, and thought of John Christopher and the way he had been jilted.

"So I found that the grapes were not so sweet as they had appeared in the distance, and that the thorns among the roses scratched me terribly; and Robert felt something of the same sort, and we were neither of us very comfortable. So that a mill being advertised in another county, Robert went to look at it, and finding it suitable and convenient, we removed to it, and there we lived until he died, and there all my children were born, and there they all died except your father, Susan, and your aunt Annie, and she's gone now.

"After we left, John Christopher came back to Durford. He took the mill, and the owner was glad enough to let him have it, knowing how steady he was. And so my father's words came to pass: that John Christopher would be a miller in time. Yes, and what was more, he was, after all, miller of Durford."

Here old Mrs. Minton made a long pause, and Susan did not feel inclined to break the silence. At last she ventured to ask:

"And did you never see him again?"

"I can't quite say that, but I never spoke to him again. He was like a son to my father and mother till they died; but whenever I went over to Durford to see them John Christopher kept out of the way, and, you may be sure, I never went near the mill, and so we never met. I saw him once or twice at church singing with the choir, and his face had lost all its fresh colour, and he was grave and quiet-looking, and once I saw him gazing earnestly at me, and

for a moment our eyes met, and that was the last look John Christopher and I ever took of one another; and with that look it came into my heart how wrongly I had acted. For days and days his look haunted me, and seemed to make everything clear to me, and how that it was the cruellest wrong man or woman could do—to make another believe that he or she was beloved, and then to wake them up from the delusion.

“And it’s been the sore point rankling in my heart ever since. People talk of retribution, and it was said in the village that I should be punished in some signal way for my heartlessness; but in the world’s sight I never was. The world went smoothly enough with me; my husband was kind to me, and I had no fault to find with my lot. There was only the secret thorn pricking at my conscience, and sometimes the sorrowful face of John Christopher, as I last looked at it, rising up before me. But it was a thorn that I could never pluck out; for what was done was done, and there was no remedy for it—I could never make either explanation or atonement—I had wronged John Christopher, and the thorn must remain to my life’s end. And now it seems to me that if I go to his funeral I shall feel more at peace with myself, with him, and with all the world. We must go to the funeral, Susan. Heaven rest John Christopher, and may we go to our last home as peacefully as he has done!”

* * * * *

A fair spring morning, the sun shining, the birds singing, the early flowers peeping out from the tender green.

The bell was tolling, and a simple funeral entered the churchyard. Near the grave two figures in mourning were standing; they did not belong to the funeral procession, and yet they showed more signs of distress than any of the legitimate mourners.

The young girl was sobbing as if her heart would break, whilst the old woman leaned heavily upon her walking-stick. She trembled visibly, and when the coffin was lowered she tottered forward to take a last look, with tears rolling down her aged cheeks; then, taking her granddaughter’s arm, she returned to her home.

In the course of the afternoon romantic reports were flying about Kingslea; for John Christopher’s will had been read, and after a few legacies to those who had been kind and attentive to him in his declining years, the remainder of his property was left to Susan Minton, granddaughter of his neighbour, Anne, widow of Robert Minton, miller of Benton.

A small sealed packet was found addressed to Mrs. Robert Minton, and Kingslea was busy in conjectures as to its contents; they were, however, never known, excepting by Mrs. Minton

herself, who, upon opening the packet, found therein her own two letters, in which she had broken off her engagement, also a lock of her hair.

Across one of them he had written, "My engagement with Nanny, broken off on New Year's Day, 18—. Nanny, my first and only love! Such is life."

It was written in a clear hand, evidently about the time that the breaking-off of the engagement had taken place. Across the other, in weak, trembling writing, dated only a few weeks before his death, were these words—

"Nanny, I have forgiven long since. It is peace between us. Death heals all wounds, and Heaven shuts out all sorrow."

JULIA GODDARD.



ROUND THE ANTRIM COAST.

BY P. Q. KEEGAN, LL.D., etc.

WE maintain that throughout the length and breadth of the British Islands there is no beauty equally competent with that of the north-eastern coasts of Ireland to excite a well-grounded, heart-felt æsthetic interest. Beetling cliffs, majestic precipices, colossal shapes of rock, profound caverns, expansive bays, and the sublime splendour of the tempestuous ocean conjoin to constitute a feast of delight, which the most callous heart cannot fail to enjoy and appreciate. And yet all these comprehensive panoramas of grandeur and sublimity are of comparatively easy access to the inhabitants of England; and the wonder, therefore, is, that such springs and fountains of sterling entertainment are not more frequently patronised thereby. While vast shoals of Yankees, and of other equally outlandish individuals, annually invade these favourite places of tourist resort, the English pleasure-seeker is all the while conspicuous by his absence. Under these circumstances, we hope that the latter, in selecting a route for his annual holiday excursion, is not commonly guided by some more pressing, piquant, sensuous considerations than that of merely deriving gratification from the beautiful in nature, or the venerable in art.

However, without carrying the thread of our remarks any farther in this direction, perhaps we had better bring matters to a point as soon as possible, by simply declaring, that we had long been projecting a pedestrian excursion around the eastern and northern coasts of the county of Antrim, Ireland. Of course, like everybody else, we had frequently heard tell of the wonders of the Giant's Causeway. We had also heard of the surpassing attractions of the Antrim coast. On the whole, therefore, we considered that a walking tour, having its base of operations at the town of Larne, and extending all round the Antrim seaboard, so as to embrace the Giant's Causeway, and finally terminate at Portrush, would be an ample and satisfactory method of inspecting the scenic treasures of this famous locality. Happening to be in Belfast upon a late occasion, and having suitable leisure on hand, we determined forthwith to prosecute the expedition as now indicated; and having provided all necessaries, &c., we started upon our journey.

We left Belfast early one July morning, and travelling by the train to Larne, arrived there in the course of an hour or so. There was a passenger-van waiting at the station, and as we knew that

there was nothing particularly interesting to see between this place and Glenarm, we determined to avail ourselves of its bone-saving advantages to the latter town. Driving through the close, confined streets, we soon reached the magnificent coast-road which here hugs the shore for several miles. The day was remarkably fresh and fine. The sunlight poured down in brilliant copious streams, from an uncurtained azure, burnishing the floor of the sea, and rendering all things bright and beautiful. There was a fresh, dewy-laden, sea-born breeze blowing, too, which was delightfully cooling and invigorating. Far away upon the right, the ocean, revelling in deep cerulean splendour, and in everlasting, though gentle agitation, expanded to the view. Occasionally at a point where the wind had more conspicuously embossed the lustrous surface of the sea, a spark or two of silvery foam would be revealed under the glistening of the solar beam. The scene was brilliant and picturesque, and eminently calculated to linger long and fondly within the storehouse of the memory. As we advanced onwards, the facing of the coast-wall upon the left became more impressive and interesting. We reached a promontory called Ballygawley Head, where the first symptoms of the basaltic grandeur of the locality greeted the gaze. A range of huge basaltic pillars frown o'er the deep in a manner competent to evoke slight twitchings of sublime emotion. Further onwards, colossal masses of chalk became perceptible, piled one about another upon the cliffs, or lying in disorder about the shore. After winding about for a few turns in this chalky locality we were ultimately conducted into the town of Glenarm.

In this comparatively sequestered, outlandish portion of the British Isles few would suspect that there would exist a baronial residence of such incomparable splendour as that occupied by the Earl of Antrim. On entering the grounds attached to Glenarm Castle we were charmed with the sweet beauty of the scene therein displayed. A mountain torrent rolled briskly o'er a pebbly bed on its way towards the sea; a lordly forest of ancient trees expanded in massive depth and graceful outline over the adjacent sward; while far away in the distance, the stately castle reared its noble turrets to heaven, the whole conveying a powerful impression of sombre grandeur and stately magnificence.

Before proceeding further with our remarks, it will be proper to furnish a brief, concise sketch of the principal geological features of the county of Antrim. Six-sevenths of the whole county consists of basaltic trap. This lies upon the surface, often alternates with beds of red ochre, and overlies strata of hardened chalk, which again overlies strata of green sand. New red sandstone and mica-slate (the former overlying the latter), appear below the green-

sand ; while a patch of millstone grit occurs in the north-east corner of the county. It is the succession of variously coloured, horizontal strata, presenting different slopes of escarpment, that imparts the characteristic beauty to the scenery of the northern coast.

We quitted Glenarm, and advancing northwards (now upon "Shank's pony,") we entered the environment of a most beautiful bay. The azure transparency of the water was delightful to behold, and furnished suggestions as to delicious coolness mid the press of summer heat. At the inmost extremity there was a small village called Carnlough, wherein there is a very good little hotel. After partaking of some refreshment at this establishment we continued our advance northwards in the direction of Cashendall. Beautiful was the spectacle which now everywhere greeted the gaze. As compared with the previous scenic exhibitions, everything seemed more open, airy, and developed. No chalky banks occurred to check the wandering eyes ; and the fair and open sea upon the right furnished an inexhaustible supply of brilliant and refreshing prospects. The shore was profusely carpetted with tufts of seaweed ; but in many places it was piled up, and being burnt for the production of the *hep* which the ashes contain. The smoke ascending voluminously from these fires curled slowly and gracefully up the adjacent hills, thereby imparting, as we thought, a peculiar charm to the surrounding landscape. We soon arrived at Garren Point, on the slope of which a summer residence belonging to the Marquis of Londonderry is erected. We inspected the house, and found it well furnished though rather in a medieval style, with bare polished floors, etc.

After rounding the point, a spacious and beautiful bay was presented to our notice. Away across the waters in a northward direction, the bold, escarped, abrupt outlines of two headlands, one overstepping the other, were distinctly visible. The scenery at this spot may be pronounced incomparably wild and beautiful, and forcibly suggestive of æsthetic pleasure yet unrepaid. The range of seacliffs to the northward was broken up, and abruptly diversified ; so that an aspect of brightness and cheerfulness was communicated to a panorama in reality sad and sombre by reason of its characteristic wildness, "Fine headlands, here!" would be the spontaneous exclamation of any person possessed of the least trace of æsthetic sensibility. The arms of the land, too, projecting on either side far outwards into the sea, completely precluded all prospect of the external world ; so that a sense of utter loneliness, a sweet conviction of dreary solitariness impressed the mind, and powerfully enhanced the native attractiveness of the locality.

We advanced to the head of the bay, traversing the road which

still skirted the shore. Almost upon the sands, although at the landward margin of the road, there was erected a pretty neat little Catholic church. The situation of this house of prayer was admirably selected, and we considered it furnished a powerful and memorable testimony to the taste and devotional fervour of the inhabitants of this district. Pressing forwards in a more inland direction for about a mile, we arrived at the pleasant village of Cushendal, where we spent the night.

On the following morning we pushed onwards towards Ballycastle. At this stage of our journey we were compelled to abandon the regular county road on account of its pursuing an inland direction, preferring to skirt the sea-coast. When we had advanced for a short distance along this more irregular line of route, we turned and glanced backwards, so as to command a comprehensive survey of the scenery we had traversed on the previous day. The grand, colossal outline of Garron Point was distinctly visible against the azure background of the sky. Taken all in all, we may pronounce this to be the finest specimen of headland scenery we had ever witnessed. Its bold and picturesque contour is singularly impressive, instilling the mind with ideas of sublime grandeur and magnificence. Occasionally, too, as the lustre of the solar beam would be temporarily obscured by the passage of some voluminous cloud, the massive superficies of this imposing promontory would assume a frowning and dismal aspect, as if profoundly imbued with a dull blackish shade, or as if suddenly swollen with a tempest of passion.

After lingering for a few moments over this powerful exhibition of seaboard scenery we resumed our journey, traversing an inland cart-road, which, after conducting us over the crest of a gentle elevation, landed us somewhat suddenly in the midst of a little secluded vale. There were some symptoms of cultivation here; for sundry fresh green fields and pastures were revealed to view. We wandered here at random for a short time, and then arrived at a place where there ran a river, with a little town, Cushendun, consisting of a few straggling houses situated at a little distance off upon the seashore. There was nothing supremely grand or interesting about the scenery of this locality; so that we only dallied here for a very brief period indeed. Observing a road which we presumed led the way to some place or another we resolved to travel on it, and were conducted over the slope of a second little hill or elevation. Thereafter we advanced through a sterile and desolate track of country, where heath-clad mounds and boggy moors suggested the interesting ideas of grouse, etc., shooting, and ultimately arrived at an eminence where a glorious view of the ever-gleaming sea was once more obtained. An expansive array

of shelving sea banks, shielded at the bottom by armour of basalt, constitute the distinguishing features of the coast scenery prevalent in this locality. We had now reached a point situated about half-a-dozen miles south of the extreme north-east corner of Ireland; and as we presumed that a minute and thoroughgoing inspection of the neighbourhood would be crowned with a reward, we abandoned the road, and descending one of the banks, roamed about as fancy or feeling suggested, still, however, preserving a northerly course by keeping the sea on the right. During the course of our migrations in this quarter, we occasionally encountered a picturesque old dwelling, generally speaking tolerably well furnished and fitted with a chimney (a significant circumstance), garden, etc., and occupied by some kindly old dame. The soil itself was in many places well cultivated, but in many others it presented a rough, bare, dry, heath-like appearance, as if too destitute of inorganic constituents to afford the husbandman much prospect of agricultural success. Seawrack manure might possibly be copiously and cheaply applied as an auxiliary to its natural yielding resources, but it is to be feared that the absence of good roads and the remoteness of railways would render its extensive cultivation wholly profitless, if not impracticable.

Presently, as we advanced further northward, the region of banks and cliffs gradually disappeared. The land became more low-lying, and shelved down gradually to the shore. Sundry habitations of an humble character were scattered about the country in this quarter, and not unfrequently we felt profoundly impressed by the peculiarity of their situation, or by certain circumstances in connection with their external form or environment. We thought that, generally speaking, considerable taste and appreciation of the beauties of Nature were displayed by the fabricators or owners of these humble abodes. Far in the midst of some wild, sequestered dell, beside the waters of some babbling rivulet, the walls of some shepherd's or small farmer's hut would be observed rising in solemn mournfulness above the waste. Or again, fast by a natural excavation in the face of a bank—in a tiny hollow encompassed on all sides, save seaward, by steep mounds, a cottage, whose walls seem mouldering with age and exposure, is obscurely located. On slight consideration, we might be induced to suppose that denizens of such lonely places would be overcome with *ennui* and want of excitement; but we must also bring into account the supreme stability of nervous element which such a career engenders—the sameness and sobriety of spirit which may be induced by the frequent contemplation of Nature's most imposing phenomena.

Here, in a corner of a pleasant little bay, the spectacle of a little Catholic church, reared close by the roadside, appeared to us

surpassingly interesting. We were conscious of its being most profoundly comforting and suggestive, that here, amid this desolate wildness and solitude, the worship of the Creator was not entirely neglected. We profoundly sympathised with the pious founders of this little edifice. We felt, indeed that their piety was truly beautiful in the sight of God, and edifying in the sight of men. The dim and shadowy aspect of the locality conjoins with the absence of distracting influences to generate a sad and solemn thoughtfulness, and a sobriety and imperturbability of spirit, which adapt it most adequately for the experience of devotional fervour and the steady practice of morality.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at that point of our course which approximated most nearly to the north-east corner of Ireland. Hither the weather had been eminently propitious for our undertaking. The atmosphere was calm and clear, and therefore especially favourable to the survey of natural scenery. The sky, the sea, the land basked amid the lurid rays of a powerful and beautiful sunshine. But now, as we approached within two or three miles of Ballycastle, the curtains of a dense mist were slowly drawn over the face of Nature, and completely precluded for a time all definite inspection thereof. In consequence of this unwelcome visitation, we were compelled to deviate from what would have been, perhaps, the most interesting portion of our present route; in other words, we were constrained to travel by a more inland direction, thereby unfortunately foregoing the enjoyment of gazing upon the promontory of Fair Head, and of being enticed by the sublime spectacle of the Grey Man's Path. The mist wrapped up the surrounding fields in a dense cloak of vapour, thereby, we thought, profoundly deepening the interest of the situation wherein we now found ourselves involved. Fortunately, unlike that commonly prevalent in London, the mist was balmy and refreshing, rather than noxious or suffocating. It was fresh and evidently sea-born; so that we laboured onwards under its influence with no pressing difficulty or inconvenience.

Presently the vapoury cloud all rolled away, or perhaps we had advanced to a point beyond its outskirts, when, on looking forward in a westward direction, we perceived the gable-ends, roofs, spires, etc., of the town of Ballycastle gleaming in the distant landscape. As we approached the outskirts of the town, the spectacle of a valley of eminent beauty was exhibited upon the left-hand side of the road. Two little hills clothed with dewy verdure reared their crests above the encompassing fields; while between their tiny slopes the prospect of a long-drawn vale wreathed in an undefined, misty loveliness, aroused the fantastic imagery of the brain with suggestions regarding the supreme beauty and attractiveness of the

scenery in that vicinity. Considered as a whole, it was an eminently impressive specimen of wild Irish scenery, and one calculated, when dwelt upon in after-time, to strike many a solemnly pleasing chord upon the heart.

We passed the night at a tolerably fair hotel in Ballycastle, where, by the way, we were lavishly and cheaply feasted with some of the excellent salmon which abounds in the neighbouring seas. On the following morning we hired a boat and the services of a couple of boatmen, in order to visit the interesting island of Rathlin, which lies off the coast at about five miles from the town. Although the weather was remarkably genial and the breeze light, we experienced, after progressing but a short distance from the shore, such a tumultuous agitation of the sea, such a swell and turmoil of waves, that we might have fancied we were placed in circumstances of considerable danger. We advanced steadily, however, although in an oblique direction, towards our destination, and arrived safely in the course of an hour or so in Church Bay, Rathlin Island. Here the harsh tones of the native Gaelic tongue first grated on our ears. This island, we may mention, is about eight miles in length, and consists of two arms almost at right angles to each other. It is principally composed of basalt, and is recognised to be linked, as respects this geological structure, with the Giant's Causeway on the one hand, and with the coast of Scotland on the other. We advanced at first in a north-eastern direction across the island, and arrived opposite a lofty, perpendicular precipice, on which were reared the scanty ruins of an ancient castle, said to have been at one time tenanted for a brief period by the renowned Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. The remains of this ancient establishment are comparatively insignificant; but the locality itself is replete with historical associations. We now advanced in a northerly direction, and inspected the interior of a lighthouse recently erected in that corner of the island. At this point a most charming view of the Mull of Cantyre, on the opposite coast of Scotland, is obtained. The floor of the sea was serenely calm and lustrously blue, and the Scottish cliffs gleamed with surpassing splendour far in the distant seaward.

We remarked that Rathlin is cultivated in some places but bare and desolate in others. At Doon Point, upon the eastern arm, there occurs a remarkable range of basaltic columns, which are compressed into sundry fantastic shapes, and furnish prospective glimpses of the unparalleled grandeur of the Giant's Causeway. Here, as everywhere around this enchanting coast, there broods upon the face of all things an aspect of profound mysterious sombreness and antique reverence which is profoundly impressive upon the sympathetic soul. The mind, even when the immediate

impression has long since subsided, feels disposed to linger long and fondly therein; and the spectacle of a picture or other suggestive representation revives the primitive scene with all the force and emphasis of reality.

Having terminated our inspection, we once more embarked in the boat, and on our way towards Ballycastle we obtained a most effective view of Fair Head. Westwards the sun had declined low in the horizon, exhibiting the aspect of a dense ruddy ball of fire projecting a long road of trembling light across the gentle heaving surface of the waters. Near at hand there was ranged a company of dark, frowning cliffs, at whose base the sea dashed itself into voluminous sheets of frosty spray; while, towards the left, the cliffs of Fair Head, reposing in still majestic beauty, gleamed clearly and distinctly through the evening air. Comprehensively considered, this was a scene of incomparable beauty and magnificence, one which, once admitted within the chambers of the soul, is only expelled therefrom with difficulty and after a lapse of years.

On the following morning we advanced triumphantly and in an undeviating course towards the grand central goal, the ultimate destination of our pedestrian labours, viz., the Giant's Causeway. Following an inland road for a short distance through a tolerably well-cultivated tract of country, we eventually skirted along the coast, scaling the steep banks, etc., which prevail in that quarter. Nothing of special interest greeted our ever-watchful eyes until we arrived in the vicinity of the far-famed Carrick-a-Rede. The spectacle here exhibited mainly centered on a lofty, isolated configuration of rock upheaved above the sea, and communicating with the adjacent mainland by a shaky flying-bridge, constructed of boards fastened together with ropes. A broad chasm yawned beneath, and imparted to the spectacle a comfortable feeling of awe and sublimity. The most interesting feature in this exhibition was the bridge, and this on account of the hazard and difficulty attending the passage thereof. We tried the experiment, however, and although we found the structure rather shaky and unstable, we, nevertheless, managed to cross over unto the rock itself with tolerable ease and confidence. We would recommend, however, certain "jovial" spirits whose nervous systems have been debilitated by midnight carousals, etc., not to attempt to "display their agility" by trying to cross this chasm. Having arrived at the other side, we scrambled down to the foot of the rock and enjoyed a cool and pleasant bath in the waters beneath. Here, as elsewhere around this rockbound coast, the sea seems to be in an everlasting state of effervescence and agitation. The waves possess a wildness and turbulence of character commonly unknown among the more secluded bays and those sheets of water which do not verge on any

of the great oceans. Even in the chasm where we were now posted there was a perpetual swell and agitation, which being heavy and majestic, imperiously suggested its mastery power over the perishable fragile works of human hands.

We scrambled up the rock again, and safely reaching the bridge prosecuted our advance in the direction of the Causeway Hotel. We now advanced by a more inland course, traversing paths by the side of fields, etc., still preserving, however, a westward direction as far as possible. In this portion of our journey the imposing grandeur and picturesqueness of the company of rocks and cliffs in the neighbourhood of Bengere Head constituted the principal source of attraction. We did not stay to minutely inspect the geological structure, etc., of the manifold fantastic shapes of rocks, cliffs, etc., which abound upon the coastline in this locality, but preferred advancing in a straight line from Carrick-a-Rede to Dunsenerick Castle. This latter structure, although almost entirely levelled to the ground by the assaults of wind and weather, possess, nevertheless, by reason of its local situation and association, manifold claims upon the attention of the tourist. Only a portion of a bare wall or gable end now remains of what once constituted a magnificent edifice. This remnant is perched in an evidently very precarious position, or situation, upon the top of a cylindrical solitary mass of rock, which is apparently encompassed on all sides by the sea. Even now it seems to be daily fast crumbling into atoms; yet it exhibits, in its grandeur of decay, symptoms of a dim and shadowy magnificence; and the spectacle of its insulated, apparently inaccessible seat, awakens a train of sadly pleasing imagery, and infuses a solemn stillness and placidity into the present current of thought. The view looking westwards across the coast which this castellated rock commands, may be regarded as one of sublime picturesqueness. A broad belt of tough, hard trap rock encircles the coast as far as the vision can range; and this the everlasting buffeting of the storm-vexed waves have hewn and sculptured into a thousand fantastic shapes most marvellous to behold. Over all the feeble rays of the sinking sun shed a pale, mellow lustre, which admirably harmonises with the sombre, solemn beauty of the enchanting scene.

After wandering through a lonely, desolate tract of country, we arrived at the Causeway Hotel, and having partaken of a substantial repast, we proceeded to visit the far-famed Causeway by moonlight. Fortunately we were not invaded at the outset by any miserable host of guides, specimen-vendors, boatmen, &c., whose selfish, importunate gabbling contributes, in places such as this, to seriously diminish the enjoyment of the tourist. In this respect we considered ourselves very fortunate. But fortune smiled

on us, too, in other respects; for the tide happened to be out, and our advance was completely unimpeded. As we approached we obtained a general survey of the entire basaltic exhibition, and then, having advanced nearer, we walked slowly and solemnly among the wondrous accumulation of pillars, inspecting their structure and conformation at sundry particular points, and endeavouring to trace the special relations of each to the encompassing group, &c. We confess we had never seen such an extraordinary spectacle before. Vast and lavishly strewn piles of beautifully shaped and polished columns of rock appear before us in all the magnificence of boundless extent and endless diversity. These columns are mostly of five, six, or seven sides, and planted perpendicularly close together. At one spot they are of about the same height, so as to present the appearance of a rough, unhewn pavement; at another place the workmanship is still more uneven, so that the bare sides of many columns are exposed to view. At first sight, and taking into consideration the instance of the Egyptian Pyramids, the structure would seem to be the work of human hands—as it were, a magazine of ready-cut building stones; but the contemplation of the gigantic extent and widespread prevalence of the columns soon dispel such an opinion. Far in the distance, upon the flanks of a steep bank, an imposing colonnade of basaltic pillars (the Giant's Organ) is upreared; while farther away still, upon the edge of a sloping promontory, three tall, rocky posts present a conspicuous object to the spectator's gaze. Far and wide, and over all this extraordinary specimen of Nature's fantastic handiwork, there broods an air of remote antiquity and of dim and solitary grandeur most mysterious and awesome, and most profoundly affecting to the sensitive spirit. And while the eyes were ever rivetted upon this most marvellous assemblage of rocky shapes, the ceaseless roaring of a stormy sea impressed the ears, and inspired the soul with emotions of a shadowy terrific character.

In a geological point of view, it is the succession of many-coloured horizontal strata, presenting also different slopes of escarpment, which constitutes the characteristic beauty of the scenery of Antrim. In the Causeway itself we notice the terraced form of escarpment, and there occurs, too, a rich and varied play of colouring which communicates thereto æsthetic features of thrilling interest. Moreover, the settled, regular outlines of the structure, as contrasted with the sweeping, varying ones observable in ordinary scenes of Nature, operating in conjunction with the wild, sequestered character of its seat, have powerfully induced the human mind to trace the sources of its existence not to a Divine but rather to a human agency. Innumerable stories and traditions

concerning giants, fairies, and such man-like creations of the brain are in vogue, and may be had in retail from any of the garrulous tribe of guides which infest this locality. All such suppositions have been assiduously built up by the creative, imaginary energies of the human mind acting under the influences of a superstitious fear and a depressed condition of the animal force. But while no man has assigned a *quasi* human origin to a butterfly or an elephant, the attributing the creation of such a marvellous structure to a gigantic race of men admirably illustrates, we think, the extraordinary and unique character thereof.

Having satisfactorily terminated our inspection of the Causeway, we, in the next place, hired a boat in order to pay a visit to Purtcoon Cave. The sea was rough and turbulent, but we arrived safely within the shadowy chambers of the colossal sea-hall. Once within the portal, the dark and gloomy recess itself, its apparently infinite extent, and the blue depths of ever swelling waters that roll perpetually beneath, conspire to constitute a spectacle of unparalleled impressiveness and sublimity. The spirit was deeply conscious of being subjected to the powerful empire of an intense, voluminously-felt emotion of awe or fear which completely engrossed the mental regards and communicated to the mental forces within an intensity and prominence never experienced during calmer moments.

On the following morning we continued our march westwards, and paid a visit of inspection to the famous Dunluce Castle, situated about three miles from Portrush. It would be almost impossible to render competent justice to the unrivalled attractions of this ruin. There is a round, precipitous, almost water-bound fabric of rock projecting from the mainland, and perpetually buffeted by a merciless surge. The upper surface thereof is comparatively level; and, fixed on this foundation, the castle rises in all the rugged and shattered nakedness of ruin. An ever-varied, irregular, fantastic accumulation of walls, gable-ends, towers, turrets, chimneys, &c., constitute the main features of the soul-stirring picture. The walls are in some places unimpaired, but in others they are sadly broken up and disordered. The whole display is grey and hoary, and everywhere impressed with the reverend aspect of antiquity. It is almost impossible to convey an adequate impression of the effect which this supremely interesting spectacle produces upon the feelings. The comprehensive, disorderly, sharp, jagged surfaces which everywhere greet the eye, communicate an unequivocal character of picturesqueness to the ruined mass; while the fantastic imagery of the brain, being inordinately exerted, the mind conjures up pathetic visions of the time when this was the theatre of ancestral pride and baronial ostentation. Here one might wander

about for hours and hours, now minutely inspecting the array of ruined walls and antique chambers, now gazing seawards from some dilapidated window, and enjoying the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean that rolls perpetually beneath, but never failing to be profoundly impressed with the train of associations inevitably conjured up by the spectacle under review. In an historical point of view, we may not know what scenes of warfare and riot, of luxury and dissipation, or of love and romantic vicissitude that were here enacted in days of yore; but we know that the ground whereon we stand was once the seat of human passion, of human interest, and vainly do we regret the violence of the stream of time that thus inexorably washes away the dissoluble fabrics of men.

Having satisfied ourselves, we continued our advance on Portrush, passing through the town of Bushmills, of whiskey notoriety. As we approached our destination, we derived much satisfaction from the fresh, lustrous beauty of the chalky cliffs and burnished sea. Having arrived at Portrush we terminated our memorable expedition along the Antrim coast,



H O R A C E D R A P E R.

BY J. T. W. BACOT.

Author of "Mary Burroughes," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A FORGERY.

ON the morning of the very day which brought Edward Chalmers to Eichelskamp, to tell the story of Gregory to Miss Huntingdon, Captain Draper and Gregory were sitting in Jermyn Street, occupied deeply in the affairs of the very same individual. The Captain was in very high spirits, as he thought how completely he would set Huntingdon's mind at rest, by restoring to him the lost certificate of his fatal marriage with Alice Chalmers. He almost chuckled as he recounted all the particulars of his interview with Mr. Gregory. As he finished his narrative he took out of his desk the momentous paper and handed it to Geoffrey.

"Here, old friend," he said, "rest easy; your ghost is laid at last."

Geoffrey took it to the window and examined it closely. Suddenly he gave a start and his face grew ashy pale.

"Draper!" he cried; "the scoundrel has cheated you—this certificate is a forgery!"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the astonished Captain, "and I paid one hundred pounds for it!"

Geoffrey took his friend's hand and gave it a hard squeeze.

"Thanks, Draper," he said; "you are very good, but this is not my signature. But that, after all, is not the worst of it; it is almost a perfect imitation of the real certificate! It is done so cleverly that I was deceived for a minute; but I never wrote that name. Don't you see the real certificate must be in existence, and very likely this fellow Gregory has it? Where is he?"

"I have not the slightest notion. There is a knock at the door. Who is it, Stephens? I cannot be interrupted now. Say 'not at home.'" The servant gave Dr. Sharper's card to his master. "Sharper!" exclaimed Captain Draper; "I forgot he said he would call again to-day. How very singular that he should turn up just now!"

"Don't send him away, Draper," said Mr. Huntingdon. "If he has business with you, I can leave you for an hour; if he has

nothing to say of any consequence, I will stay. I am sick of hiding and avoiding other men's eyes."

Dr. Sharper came in, and after shaking hands with the Captain he bowed politely to Mr. Huntingdon. After a minute or two Geoffrey rose up.

"I will take my leave," he said. "I will come back in the afternoon."

"Pray do not go, Mr. Huntingdon; I almost think you had better hear what I have to say to Captain Draper. It happens that you know a little of the person I have to speak about. It is young Gregory, the fellow you fired at down at Greylings."

"Young Gregory!" exclaimed Geoffrey and, Captain Draper, simultaneously.

"Yes, the fact is, that young man means mischief, and I rather suspect, to Captain Draper."

And then Dr. Sharper repeated all that Thomas, the waiter, had told him of Mr. Gregory's proceedings, of his counting out his money, and of his sarcastic remarks about Captain Draper's deceased relative.

"So he is at Silverbeach, then?" asked Geoffrey Huntingdon.

"He was when I left it. I came up to put you on your guard, Captain Draper, and this very morning I have received a communication that looks as if the man was up to mischief in more directions than one.

"What is it?" asked Captain Draper, nervously.

"Do you remember going at my request down to Gravesend to call on a Captain Mowbray?"

"Yes; please go on."

"And you saw him and his daughter, Anne?"

"Yes."

"You remember, too, that you found out that this young fellow, Gregory, had been a lover of the girl's, and had behaved badly to her?"

"Exactly," gasped the Captain.

"Very good; then listen to this. It is a note I got this morning from the waiter at the 'Hoy,' tavern where Gregory has been stopping. I may as well tell you that I asked this waiter fellow to keep his eye on this young man, and let me know if anything in particular happened. Of course I did not mean him to spy or do what he has done; but as I have got the information I mean to use it. 'Dear Doctor,' he begins—that's the man's impudence. 'Our mutual friend, so to speak, is up to more games. He's off from Silverbeach; there is another lady in the case, and my eyes! isn't she a pretty one! I could not help thinking what you'd have given to have your eye at the hole in the wall, as I happened to

have when she came into his room. Such a tremendous row, Doctor! She falls on his neck and kisses him, and she cries, and he cries; and that very same afternoon off they bolt together. He's a coming back, for he told them to keep his room at the Hoy, and he told me if any letters come in the next two days they was to be forwarded to Captain Mowbray's, 13, Upper Parrock Street, Gravesend.' "

"It's damnable!" cried Captain Draper, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I say, Geoffrey, listen to this; it is too bad. Oh, that infernal scoundrel, and that wretched girl! Oh, my dear Frank!" and here the Captain broke down utterly and groaned aloud.

"What is it, Draper?" said Geoffrey.

"Had I better go?" interrupted Dr. Sharper, who could not understand the Captain's extreme agitation.

"No, please don't leave me; I consider you as a friend, and I want your help. Geoffrey, you don't know who lives in Parrock Street."

"No."

"Why, that girl, Anne Mowbray, is your nephew's wife! Look here, it's a shameless piece of business. Her husband, Frank Lumsden, has only just left for India, and her father died a few days ago, and the very moment she is free from all restraint she goes off to her old lover, Gregory! I'll expose her!" cried the excited Captain, "and I'll shoot that fellow Gregory. I'll take the first train to Gravesend, and then——"

He had risen from his chair as he spoke, but suddenly he turned very pale and fell back again in a fainting fit. After a little time he recovered his consciousness.

"You are ill," said Dr. Sharper, "and not fit to go. Will you trust me? All that you can do I can do in your place, and perhaps more; for she knows you, and might refuse to see you."

"Say yes, Draper," interposed Geoffrey; "I am sure it is a better plan, and I will stay with you until Dr. Sharper returns."

"Very well," he replied. "Let Sharper go."

"Let me speak privately to you one moment, Doctor," said Mr. Huntingdon; "we may step into Draper's bedroom. I want to explain to you the mischief that Gregory intended towards my old friend, Draper. He has robbed him of a hundred pounds, by selling him a forged certificate of the marriage of Alice Chalmers and of Horace Draper."

"Was it a forgery, Mr. Huntingdon?" asked Dr. Sharper, very gravely.

"Yes, I beg you will listen to me for one minute. I want you

to know the truth. It is true that I married Alice Chalmers under the name of Horace Draper; it is a fact that I committed bigamy. If proof were forthcoming I should be a ruined man. Do not mistake me. I am asking no favour of you. What I have done I have done. I think the real certificate must be in this man, Gregory's, possession. He is evidently under the impression that Captain Draper is the guilty person, and it seems to me he wants more than money; for some reason or other he wants revenge. I do not want any one to suffer for me; I dread to think that Gregory may know how very dear Frank Lumsden is to my old friend. I beg of you, Dr. Sharper, to do your best to save the girl, if it be possible, and you may tell Gregory where to look for a victim if he wants one."

Dr. Sharper looked very hard at Geoffrey.

"I will do what I can for the best," he said. "Pray do not think I am your enemy. God have mercy upon us all!"

A couple of hours later in the day Dr. Sharper knocked at the door of Captain Mowbray's house, which was opened by the same girl who had insisted upon looking on Frank Lumsden as the very moral of the prodigal son.

"Is Mrs. Lumsden at home?" asked Dr. Sharper.

"She isn't then," replied the girl; "and I wish she was. She has gone up to town, and has left me all alone with him."

"Oh, he's at home, is he?"

"Oh yes. He's a resurrection man, as one may say; he's been took out of his grave; and he will go back again soon, I think!"

"His name is Gregory, I believe?" said the Doctor, insinuatingly.

"Is it? He ain't a got married—have he?"

"Why?"

"Because his name used to be Mowbray. He was Henry Mowbray, and she was Anne Mowbray when they was single parties. Now she is Mrs. Lumsden, and I'm sure I don't know what his name may be now. Do you want him?"

"Yes, take up my card—Dr. Sharper. I daresay he will be glad to see me."

"He ought to be glad," replied the girl; "for he wants a doctor; he's mortal ill. He fainted dead off twice to-day since Miss Anne that was went up to town."

Mr. Gregory was lying on the sofa when Dr. Sharper entered the room. He looked very ill, and all the more so from being dressed in black.

"Don't move," said the Doctor. "You look ill."

"So I am, worse than when I was under your care at Silver-

beach. Just look here," and he opened his waistcoat and shirt front, and the Doctor could see the tumultuous beating of his heart.

"You ought to be quiet. Why did you leave Silverbeach? it is a better place for you than this, Mr. Gregory."

"I am not Mr. Gregory, Doctor, I've got my old name back. I am the representative of the house of Mowbray, or supposed to be so. Don't you know I am Mrs. Lumsden's brother?"

"Why, bless me!" exclaimed Dr. Sharper. "Captain Mowbray told Draper that his own son died some years ago."

"I daresay he wished it," replied the young man. "Poor old chap, he made an awful muddle of it all. My sister's husband will find I've married into a queer family; not but what Anne is good enough for a prince."

"Will you allow me, Mr. Mowbray, if I am to call you so now, to ask you a serious question?"

"Yes."

"Why do you persecute Captain Draper? And why have you sold him a forged certificate?"

"No one can prove that excepting the person who signed the certificate. I think I have seen the man, and have got his money. If the Captain has not got the right paper after all that's his look out. He was a villain once, and now he's been a fool; and he may go into a magistrate court and say so if he chooses. Anne has got some nonsense in her head that Captain Draper is not the man. I know better."

"Would you mind telling me where the real certificate is?"

"No; I don't care. I gave it to a young fellow I took a fancy to. He was a German with an English name—Edward Chalmers; he wants the document to get some property, I believe. And now, Doctor, I think I will wish you good-bye, for I'm tired."

"Won't you let me speak to some medical man here about you?"

"No, thank you."

"Or a clergyman?"

"No; they can't make me a new heart!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE JUDGES.

GREAT was the astonishment of Geoffrey Huntingdon and Captain Draper when within an hour of the departure of Dr. Sharper for Gravesend the servant announced that Mrs. Lumsden had called, and wished to see his master.

"Yes," said the Captain, "ask her up. Geoffrey, you stay with me, it will be better that you should hear what I say, and she can make no objection to speak before her husband's uncle."

"Very well, Draper; only don't get excited, and listen quietly to her explanations."

When Mrs. Lumsden entered the room Captain Draper placed a chair for her; but he did not offer her his hand, nor did she appear to notice it. She sat down quietly and kept her veil lowered.

"To what may I attribute the honour of this visit, Mrs. Lumsden?" asked the Captain. "Anxiety, doubtless, on your husband's account? Allow me to present to you Mr. Geoffrey Huntingdon—he is your husband's uncle."

Mrs. Lumsden bowed, but did not rise from her chair.

"I am glad," she said, in a low voice, "that Mr. Huntingdon is here; that is, if anything can make me happy again. I mean it is better that he should be here. Both he and you have a right to know how I have wronged my poor Frank."

"Then by Heaven it is true!" burst out the Captain; "that villain, Gregory, is with you."

"Please do not call him that," she said; "he is my only brother."

"Your brother!" exclaimed the astounded Captain; "why, your brother is dead. Your own father told me so. This man Gregory, is well known to be your lover. Why add to your guilt by inventing this lie?"

"My guilt! Gregory my lover!" cried Anne, as she sprung to her feet. "How dare you wrong me! God forgive you! but you don't know," she said, more quietly, as she sat down again; "and why should I be angry? Listen to me. I want to tell you how Frank has been injured, but never, God knows, by a thought of mine!"

"I must confess I do not understand you, Mrs. Lumsden," said the startled Captain. "Your own father told me that your brother had died years ago."

"Yes, that is true, and that is what I want to explain. I shall not detain you long. I have a miserable confession to make, although I am not so vile as you think me. I have come to restore you some money, of which you have been cheated—to acknowledge that my own brother robbed you, and to tell you that I am not Captain Mowbray's daughter. Gregory is really and truly my brother; but we have no right to the name of Mowbray."

"What do you mean? What money? Is it that forged certificate?"

"Yes, my brother did not know. I mean that he thought he

had some kind of right. He fancied he had some claim on you."

"What possible claim could he have on me?" gasped the perplexed Captain. "You must really make your explanations more intelligible, Mrs. Lumsden."

"Yes, I suppose so. He thought that our mother had been wronged by you; but you must not imagine he believed you to be our father."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I believe you must be wandering a little in your mind," exclaimed the Captain.

"Alas, no! Captain Draper, it is all too true. Our mother married Captain Mowbray, and we always thought he was our father; but Harry found out long ago that my mother had been married under a false name to some one else before she married Captain Mowbray."

"Upon my word, this is a most extraordinary story," said the Captain. "You must excuse me if I require a little confirmation of these astounding statements."



NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

A STRANGE DOWRY.

BY MRS. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER XIX.

"That serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on.

While with an eye, made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the heart of things."

WORDSWORTH.

It was some time before I could regain my composure. Fortunately the path was but little frequented, therefore no one passed while I was struggling to subdue my very mixed feelings of joy and sorrow.

Keeping my veil down I ventured forth at last, but on reaching the hotel I found that it was impossible to deceive Miss Stanhope, who noticed my disfigured eyes and face, and unhappily took the worst course she could have pursued to prevent my breaking down again, as she began by saying, in a voice full of sympathy and concern—

"What has happened, my dear, you look so distressed?"

It wanted but this to unloose the tears which her sympathy almost made hysterical, showing that I was formed of anything but heroic stuff; but what with the events of yesterday, and the scene I had just passed through, I was so unstrung that I was glad to hide my head on her shoulder and cry my eyes out, as the saying is; while thus engaged who should walk in but Colonel Stanhope?

"Well, how have you settled it?" he inquired, cheerfully, seeing us, as he thought, in a most affectionate conference, for, the

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room being large, he had advanced from the further end and did not take in the situation quite clearly at first.

"Not very well as yet; don't come in for awhile; the poor child is not very well," I heard Miss Stanhope say, as she motioned to him to leave the room.

In the meantime the shame of being thus discovered made me struggle to control my distress. I looked up to beg Colonel Stanhope not to mind me. He was standing nearly opposite, transfixed, with that awful look once more in his face that I before noticed as having struck me so forcibly on our first meeting.

"I can't bear it!" he exclaimed, passionately, while Miss Stanhope looked hopelessly from one to the other, dreading the result of all this agitation upon his delicate nerves and heart.

"Ah, I feared as much!" she cried, and then I saw her start forward to help him into a chair.

"Ring the bell, dear, and order the servants to fetch Mr. Addison at once; and let George (his valet) bring the usual remedies. How unfortunate!" she cried, in a tone of distress. "I so dread these attacks, and he is so delicate. I hope that Mr. Addison is not very far away: he was here not long ago," she continued, as she chafed her brother's cold hands in both her own. "I think, dear, if you don't mind, you had better return home. I will see you in the morning; I could not speak about anything now, and I must keep him very quiet for the rest of the evening."

"I seem nothing but a trouble to every one!" I exclaimed, bitterly, for I felt hurt at her dismissing me at such a moment. I would have liked to remain to help her, but her sending me away reminded me painfully of my uselessness.

"No, dear child, don't say so," she expostulated; "but hurry away, for such trying scenes are not good for you to witness in your present nervous condition."

My state of mind during my walk home may be imagined. It was one of those dreary moments in life when looking back is a regret, and forward a despondency. This last scene had bewildered me. What on earth had made Colonel Stanhope so agitated on seeing my distress? Was it simply a gentleman's known cowardice of tears, or something more? and, if so, what did it mean? I knew that I was an established favourite of his, but never dreamt that my tears could so affect him. This was the second man I had unintentionally afflicted in one day? Was this to be the colour of my whole life? Would no one be the better and happier for my existence? Why had Miss Stanhope hurried me away? Why did she not let me stay and help her?—were the questions with which I kept tormenting myself.

My uncle met me at our gate, and inquired what was "up."
"You look, Mary, as if you had lost a wager and couldn't pay it. You haven't been getting a lecture on the 'right set' from Mrs. General St. Vincent, C.B., have you?"

"You have promoted her," I said, striving to smile.

"Yes, my dear; why shouldn't she have all the honours of her defunct General in addition to his pension? I wonder how Mrs. Colonel Domville will comport herself? I am very certain of one thing, that she will drill the elegant Reginald to perfection; and if she can do that, why, then I'll forgive her for throwing herself away upon him."

"Drill Reginald Domville!" I exclaimed. "She will be a clever woman to accomplish that feat."

"I'll lay you a wager of any money that she reduces him to entire submission. I shouldn't wonder but that she even turns him out a respectable member of society. It is remarkable what some women can do if they like. I have seen, in my day, some of the most ineffable dandies and prigs turned into capital husbands and fathers, with all the miserable nonsense knocked clean out of them. I don't know that your aunt did not have some such influence over me."

"My dear uncle! as if the wildest imagination could ever picture your having been a dandy!" I exclaimed, as I surveyed his comical appearance, which always outraged existing notions more or less.

"It is a fact, I assure you; and if you don't believe me, ask your aunt, who, by the way, sent me out to see what had become of you. Is it all settled about your journey?"

"Not exactly. Colonel Stanhope was taken ill while I was there, and I had to leave before anything was arranged."

"Yes, poor fellow, he is always ailing: a very dead-and-alive sort of man. Not a bad speculation for any one wanting to be left as a rich widow," said my uncle, bluntly.

"Worthington, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed my aunt, who was pouring out tea as we came in, and had overheard him.

"What have I said wrong *now*, ma'am?" he cried, testily.

"You shouldn't give vent to such opinions before Mary."

"The sooner Mary learns to know that there are two sides to every question in this world the better. How could I pat her on the back and call her a good girl if I did not put before her a view of things that I hope, and am quite sure, she would turn away from. I don't hold with spoon-feeding after people cut their teeth; and especially their wisdom teeth."

"I give you up as a bad bargain," said my aunt, shaking her head.

During the evening I received a note from Colonel Stanhope to say how sorry he was that he had interrupted my visit, and hoping that he had not alarmed me; adding further that they had decided to return to Clynden in a week's time, if that would suit me.

A week later accordingly found us on our way to Clynden. It was situated on the slope of a hill, and buried among beautiful trees, from which it peeped forth every now and then as we came to a bend in the road.

"How very pretty!" I exclaimed, as I caught a full view of it on nearing.

"Yes; it is a fine old place," said Colonel Stanhope, wearily.

"I am glad you like it."

"Like it!—that but poorly expresses what I think. You forget how little I have seen of English country life; but here you seem to have it in perfection. I am almost sorry that I have come, do you know. I am afraid it will spoil me for my commonplace existence elsewhere," I said, laughing.

"The only remedy for a result so disastrous is to ask you to remain here altogether," he returned, smiling. "I am sure you would be doing us the greatest kindness by thus infusing some cheerful young life into our quiet, dull home."

"I cannot imagine your ever feeling dull in such a place," I said, as we neared the house, which was a roomy, old-fashioned mansion of Queen Anne's time, the front looking out upon a fine park, scattered here and there with magnificent elm and cedar trees. We drew up at the principal entrance, to the left of the house, where the butler and most of the servants were assembled to welcome their master and mistress home again.

I followed Colonel and Miss Stanhope into the hall—a handsome apartment richly ornamented in carved oak, which had grown dark with age. On either side, leading to the corridors above, ran a staircase, also of carved oak; several statues of white marble, thrown into relief by a background of crimson draperies, stood in various directions, and the walls were hung with valuable paintings.

From this we went into the ordinary reception-room, a luxurious spot, that seemed, at a first glance, nothing but a glowing mass of costly velvets and glittering ornaments. The chimney-piece, of polished black marble, stood very high, and had the arms of the family carved in bas-relief on the under part. Over this hung the portrait of a lady, painted by some famous artist, and, from the likeness, I judged it must have been the portrait of their mother in her girlish days. The windows of this room looked over the park,

and leading from it at either end were the drawing and dining-rooms.

As soon as we were in the reception-room, Colonel Stanhope, as he was about to leave us, turned to me, and, in the same timid, humble manner which he so often adopted when speaking to me, said—

“Welcome home, Mary! I hope that we may succeed in making you happy, and, remember, the longer you stay the kinder you will be.”

I felt bewildered, though grateful for his kindness. I tried to thank him as well as my imperfect powers of expressing myself would allow. It was the first time that he had ever called me Mary, and his voice faltered as he spoke the word, as if it were one he found it difficult to utter.

“My dear girl, you must be tired,” said Miss Stanhope; “come with me, and I will take you to your room—you will be refreshed by a rest before luncheon; but, first of all, let me see if Adrian has everything that he requires in the library. Come and let me show you where he lives.”

She led the way, through the folding-doors to the right, into the drawing-rooms, known as the pink and green drawing-rooms, from their coloured satin hangings, upholstery, and gorgeous *portières*. All that taste could devise to make a dwelling at once sumptuous and comfortable seem to have met together in this home, I thought, as I walked through the rooms after her.

“Pretty rooms, are they not?” she remarked, looking round. “I am very fond of my home, for Adrian’s sake as well as my own. I love beautiful things, so we surround ourselves with them; an object of art diverts his morbid melancholy, and a beautiful picture is one of his few delights,” she concluded, sighing.

“My astonishment is, how you ever came to remain away so long from such a lovely home, especially to bury yourselves in such a place as Southport.”

“It was my brother’s wish, he took a fancy to the place; but here is my private entrance to his room.” Touching a spring in the door at the further end of the large drawing-room she led me into the library. “I am the only one privileged to use this entrance,” she said; “that is the regular one—leading from the hall—and even I am not always free to come and go here as I like; for my brother is a regular recluse, and shuts himself up for days together; when that is the case I know that even I am not welcome.”

There was nothing particular in the room to mark its difference from other libraries of the luxurious class. It was large and well lined with books; comfortable chairs and lounges were scattered

here and there, inviting ease; in the centre stood a writing-table, hidden from sight by a large folding screen, which shielded the occupant of the reading-chair from the observation of any abrupt intruder. Two French windows looked on to a verandah extending the whole length of the left wing; anyone could have gained access to the library from the end drawing-room window, which was uniform with those of the library.

"My brother's rooms are over this, he has his own private staircase," said Miss Stanhope, as she surveyed everything and satisfied herself that his invalid wants were all supplied.

She then led the way across the hall, and I followed her upstairs.

"I occupy the other wing," she said; "the centre of the house we leave for our visitors, not that we ever see very many, for Adrian does not care for them; at one time I tried what society would do to rouse him, but without success. I feel it a privation—I have been so accustomed to live all my life with our house full of people. This is your room, dear, on the other side of my morning-room, so you are not very far away from me; but before we go in, come with me to the morning-room, the view is so lovely—you have nearly the same from yours. I have had a rose-garden planted underneath the windows, and you cannot think how deliciously the air is filled with the scent when the roses are in bloom. I revel in it as I sit here at work."

It was a charming room, hung with light blue cretonne, and sparkling in all directions with beautiful little fanciful things—Dresden china mirrors, shepherds and shepherdesses, &c.

"This is my brother's taste," she said, looking around with an air of gratified affection and pride.

"You have everything that the heart of a woman can desire!" I exclaimed.

"Except happiness!" she added, softly.

"You always seem so happy and cheerful, I cannot understand your remark."

"Contentment and resignation are not bad counterfeits of happiness, and I have accepted them, as most people have to accept them; instead," she remarked, "but I will tell you more about myself another time, now I want you to have a rest. There is a clever little French girl who will wait upon you, so ring for what you want, and make yourself as much at home as we wish you to be." With this kind assurance from her amiable lips I went to my room.

Such a pretty room as it was! What a new world! I thought, as I went to the window to make acquaintance with the landscape, which spread like a glorious picture in richest hues of Nature's

colouring. A river wound its silvery way along the valley beyond, and lost itself in the distance. The village church, its glinting spire tipped with the gold of a summer's sun, lay hidden among the trees, sleeping its peaceful week-day sleep along with the silent dead at rest beneath its shade. Distant flocks were browsing in the meadows, the murmur of a busy mill-wheel, together with a chorus of bird-like harmonies, from many-throated fluttering songsters, gave the landscape life and voice. Undulating hills of variegated colouring, from richest brown to brightest green, stretched away until they met the horizon ; while in the foreground, standing in bold outline against the blue cloud-flaked sky, rose the magnificent elm and stately cedar trees of the park, majestic and grand as epic poems sung by those of old, with the heroes of which they became associated in my imagination.

The whole scene recalled those tender lines of the poet Herbert, who says :

“ More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of.

Oh, mighty love ! man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.”

And truly I felt, that in our many cries and longings after another and a better world, we forget and overlook the boundless riches of this, the beauty of which we so blurr by our discontent, and inability to see in this our day the things which belong unto our peace.

At that moment I was glad to acknowledge the blessings of my life, and to feel conscious that I recognised them as such, for was I not surrounded by all that could minister to happiness ?—kind human hearts that loved me, and mother Earth in her richest garments of summer glory, laden with gifts in which all are free to rejoice. Ah ! we are not half grateful enough for these ever-present ever-speaking voices of the Creator, in listening to which the old revelations are being continually renewed, and in a thousand ways we are made to realise the exquisite and blessed truth that “ God is love.”

I left the window, and in passing the mirror caught the reflection of myself and paused. I had never thought much about my personal appearance, but just then I was attracted, for the reflected image recalled my poor mother, the legacy of whose face and figure I now as richly prized in myself as I had loved it in her. I never regarded it as a possession of which to be vain apart from her whose memory I revered, but as something that she had bequeathed, whereby she still lived in and through me. Thus may we, in one sense, be said to be immortal. In the transmission of our

souls and features do we not still continue to live? As thus we forward the wheel of life, so do the revolving waters of memory keep alive our personality in the breasts of those whom our love has helped to create.

"Adrian rarely comes in to luncheon," said Miss Stanhope, as we sat down to table in the large dining-room.

"Is he very fatigued after his journey?" I asked.

"Not so much as I expected. He is in the library, and has settled down to his old life as if he had never left it."

"Could we not devise some means of driving away his melancholy?" I suggested.

"I wish we could; but it is too late now, I fear. I have done my utmost: as I have already mentioned, I filled the house with visitors; I have travelled with him everywhere,—but all to no purpose. It is the old story and request, 'Let me alone, Catherine,' until now, of course, the disinclination has become a disease."

"Was he always so?" I ventured to remark. "What a pity it is that he was never married!"

"There are some subjects I can never touch upon with him, and although I quite agree with you, still I never dare mention such a thing to him, as this is one of the forbidden topics between us. He will never marry now, that is certain," she said, with a sigh. "It is sad to think that this beautiful old place will never be inherited by a child of his. I could sit down and cry when I think of it. It has been ours for so many generations, descended from father to son, and now I suppose it will go to the hammer, and the money be left to the hospitals; for it is not entailed, and he can do with it as he likes."

"But then you might marry?" I suggested, innocently.

"I am afraid that I am something like my brother," she replied, colouring, "I have put the subject for ever away out of my life entirely. As I remarked to you upstairs just now, I have everything but happiness, and indeed when I see my poor brother, and remember my own sad story, I am not wrong in speaking as I have done. I can talk of my own case now, but I could not for a long time. I was once engaged to be married to the eldest brother of our neighbour, Sir Miles Crofton, but he died suddenly a few days before we were to have been married. He was the idol of my heart, with whom I had every prospect of happiness; but God willed otherwise," she added, humbly.

After a pause she continued: "I lived here with our poor father until he died—our mother died shortly after I was born, and my father never married again—I lived with him until he died, and then Adrian left the army and came home to me a wreck,

wounded in body and mind. Thus have we lived ever since—varying our lives only by an occasional absence, such as we have lately taken, either to the seaside or the Continent. Never was there a truer proverb than the homely one of ‘all is not gold that glitters.’ Some of earth’s loveliest spots often shelter its most aching hearts.”

“But don’t you think that Time is a great healer of griefs of all kinds? There are very few that don’t recover under its influence.”

“The temperament of the Stanhopes is unhappily not so acted upon. They have always taken their griefs to heart with morbid keenness. My father never married a second time—he mourned all his life for our mother when she was taken from him. I could tell you wonderful tales of some of our family in this respect.”

“Was it a loss of this kind which has so affected your brother?” I asked with interest.

“I fancy so,” she said, hurriedly; “but don’t let us talk of it, my love; and if you won’t mind my saying as much, I want you to be careful never to touch upon such a subject in—

“As if I would! Oh, Miss Stanhope, what must you think of me!” I cried, not suffering her to finish the speech she had begun.

“Don’t misunderstand me, dear,” she said, kindly. “I mean that by-and-bye, when you get to know him quite well, as of course you will, you might inadvertently refer to his marrying, in joke: this is what I would like you to avoid. You are sure you are not offended with me for making such a request?”

“Of course not, but I don’t think in any case that it is a subject I should ever take the liberty of discussing, unsolicited, with anyone—certainly not with him.”

“I felt sure that I might trust your discretion,” she said, rising. “I must leave you for a little; will you amuse yourself until my return?”

“I have a whole afternoon’s work before me in writing letters to my sister and aunt, who will be interested to hear from me, and how good and kind you are to me—I don’t know how I can repay you.”

“By staying, as my brother suggested, as long as you can,” she said, smiling. “I am afraid that I am slightly selfish in my request, but I think your being here will do my brother more good than anything. He will feel the necessity of exerting himself to amuse you, and that will help considerably to take him out of himself. He is fond of young people, and is never so cheerful as when Amy Crofton invades us, and carries him off either to ride or drive. She is a very bright girl, about your own age. I think I

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You see them in everyone. What poor fellow was it that reminded you of your sky-terrier? Perhaps if I recall your favourite kitten it may help you to solve the problem that is causing you so much unnecessary disturbance," he said, in a bantering tone.

"You may laugh," she said; "but people are very like animals in many instances. By the way, to return to your theory, I expect those people are only in their first human existence; having transmigrated straight from the bodies of the animals they resemble into human form, they are unable to rid themselves of their animal resemblances until they have advanced to the second stage; not, however, that I include you, Miss Prior, in the remark which Colonel Stanhope's speculations suggest, for you are not in the least like my favourite kitten; but you do remind me strongly of some one. Is it a picture, I wonder? Yes; now I come to think of it, it is a picture; and it is that very one!" she cried, starting up, and pointing to a space above the fireplace.

"Why! where has it gone?" she exclaimed, in blank surprise—"the picture—the one I liked so much! You have not performed a miracle, and turned it into flesh and blood, have you? You are full of odd spiritualistic notions, and can send tables and chairs flying in all directions. You have not been doing away with my picture, I hope. I declare, Miss Prior, if you could have seen it you would have remarked the likeness yourself—it was the very image of you."

"Don't be dreaming, Amy," said Colonel Stanhope, impatiently, "that was a fancy picture of a Florentine lady, and I have lent it to an artist."

"It was a likeness all the same, and I congratulate you, Miss Prior, for it was Colonel Stanhope's favourite picture; but I can quite understand his readiness to lend it now that he has found the original."

The subject was growing so distasteful to him that he rose from his seat and walked to the window; while I, not knowing quite what to say, remarked: "I never saw it, so can form no opinion."

"Oh, never mind the picture," interrupted Miss Stanhope; "I hope you are satisfied now, Amy. I am sure I have been very patient all this time waiting for you to tell me about Arthur. When does he come?"

"To-morrow, and a great blessing it will be, for many more days' waiting would kill mamma outright; as it is, she is ill. And that reminds me that one object I had in riding over in advance—beside the desire to see you—was to give mamma's very kind love, and she hopes that you will all come and dine with us the day after to-morrow; and then, Colonel Stanhope, we can talk over the ball

you are going to give. After remaining away nearly a whole year, you really must do something for the good of the neighbourhood generally, and me in particular ; and now there is Miss Prior, also, who will put in her claim. I am sure you like a good dance, don't you ? We are going to give a ball ; but we want yours first, Miss Stanhope. What do you say ?"

"You know I only live to do my brother's pleasure ; you must get his consent. If he yields to your wishes, I shall be charmed to carry out the executive part of the matter."

"You don't mean to tell me that I shall have to plead in vain ?" said Amy, looking most pathetic in her appeal to Colonel Stanhope, who had resumed his seat. "You couldn't resist giving two dear young creatures an evening's amusement, could you, now ?"

"I never dreamt of opposing the request," he replied, smiling ; "you are welcome to any number of balls, if you will only give me my library. I must bargain to have this one room held sacred."

"Do you suppose we should ever do otherwise than consult your every whim and fancy ?" she said, as she rose and gathered up the folds of her riding-habit before wishing us all good-bye.

Miss Stanhope followed her out of the room ; I was about to leave also, when Colonel Stanhope detained me, saying :

"Why are you going, Mary ; I hope I don't frighten you ?"

"Not in the least ; only you have just bid us all remember to hold this room sacred. I was but obeying you ; beside, you look as if we had fatigued you."

"I am not more tired than usual," he answered, wearily, as he lay back in his chair and closed his eyes. "I always feel more or less tired of being alive. I often envy that fine fellow Addison, who works like a horse. Would to Heaven I had been a poor man, compelled to work for my daily bread, and the support of others. I wish I had fallen in with Addison when I was a younger man ; he seems to have got a fine notion of the true meaning of life, which would have influenced me some years ago ; but now it is too late, and the fifth act of the drama is all that I am waiting for : I don't care how soon it is played out."

I pitied him deeply ; his dejection was so hopeless. As I felt unable to sit by and say nothing—I faltered out, timidly : "I wish you were not so often unhappy."

"Unhappy !" he cried, starting up, "that is no name for what I endure. The tortures of a chained Prometheus—except that I am weak, and he was strong,—with an ever-gnawing vulture at his heart, may give you some idea of the pain I suffer—a pain which can never be cured ; for the only consolation I could dare to hope

rousing me from my reverie. "What were you thinking of so earnestly?"

"I was thinking, if we could have some chances in life over again what a good thing it would be," I answered, with a sorry smile.

"You are too young for such an experience," he said, questioningly; "I might say that—but you?"

"I was only arguing generally, of course," I said, correcting myself. "The reflection is a platitude for which I ought to apologise."

Miss Stanhope came in at this moment, inviting me to accompany her for a drive.

"Yes, take her away, Catherine," he remarked; "she has already caught the disease of this gloom-infected apartment."

"Indeed you are mistaken," I cried.

"But won't you come with us?" asked Miss Stanhope; "do, the afternoon is so fine; it will do you good."

"No; I want to write to Addison. I wish we could get him here."

"That I am afraid you won't succeed in; he has something else to do," she returned, "bearing the burdens of others."

"Yes; he is one of the few men whose spirituality is substantial, and has preserved his manliness from evaporating into cant and humbug. He has one of the most perfectly sympathetic natures I have ever known; and that is the secret of his power over all with whom he comes in close contact."

"Yes, he certainly seems to possess the secret of attracting whom he will towards him," said Miss Stanhope. "And the way he has of infusing the leaven of his culture into the ignorant is marvellous. How true it is that without sympathy our civilisation is a mere empty boast; for the wealth and culture of the few will never promote the civilisation of the many—on the contrary, it seems only to promote and foster selfishness."

"I am inclined to think, heretical as it may sound, that we really do want a little of that 'distribution,' which, as Shakespeare says: 'undoes excess, and each man have enough.' For at present the balance is so unequal, what with enormous wealth and lavish expenditure on the one hand, and penury and privation on the other, that the extremes promise some day to meet disastrously."

"This is a new philosophy you are preaching, Adrian. What would Sir Miles say to such political principles?"

"Poor old Miles! he is a good fellow, but a political incubus. We are dead-locked by the like of him and those who take their place as legislators, because they were born to inherit land, regard-

less of their fitness to govern—men, who accept alike their religion and policy without a question as to the soundness of either.”

“Ah; you should let the women have a turn,” said Miss Stanhope, laughing.

“What about their physical disabilities? But for these there would be no difficulty in the matter. As it is, I am quite sure that the women are at the bottom of much governing that really goes on. Take old Miles, for instance. Do you mean to say if he were in the Cabinet you don’t know who would be *de facto* minister?”

“Lady Adelaide, of course.”

“Of course she would. I can imagine how she would drill him into carrying out the measures that she thought best for the nation; so that women, after all, possess the best of it—the right of governing those who govern.”

“Not all of them. What are you to do for the women who have no husbands, or don’t happen to be on friendly terms with those they have—for all men are not under the delightful petticoat government that you describe.”

“Ah, now you put a question I would rather not answer—it is fatiguing. Wait until Addison comes, and let him propound this weighty matter to you.”

“If you can get him, that is to say.”

“I mean to try,” he began, as he looked at his pen to see if it was in good writing condition. “I may be more successful than you think. What do you say, Mary?”

What could I say? I could only smile vacantly, and wish, and hope, and long for what I feared was too good to be true; and so I left him without an answer.

CHAPTER XXI.

“A month or twain to live on honeycomb
Is pleasant; but one tires of the scented time.”

SWINBURNE.

THE following evening we dined at Crofton Grange, which was about three miles distant from Clynden.

“Go into the library, I will be with you presently—Adrian is there,” said Miss Stanhope, as we went downstairs together before starting for dinner at the Croftons.

“I am afraid I disturb you,” I said to him, entering the library with some hesitation, in obedience to Miss Stanhope’s direction. “Your sister wished me to come.”

He looked up from the book he was reading and smiled, closed it, and surveyed my dress.

"How pretty your dress is!" he remarked. "I shall be asked to give my consent to your being carried off some of these fine days, I am afraid. Well, I shall not object if you fall into good keeping."

"Colonel Stanhope!" I exclaimed, flushing crimson at his unexpected remark.

"You must not mind an old man's good wishes, Mary. I do wish it sincerely. I hope you may live to experience what I have missed."

And what I felt it more than probable I should miss, considering all that I had lately learnt to know of myself, I thought.

"I think a passage in the book that I am reading has rather suggested my remark. The biographer of Göethe says—speaking of the poet—'He knew little of the exquisite companionship of two souls striving in emulous spirit of loving rivalry to become better, to become wiser, teaching each other to soar.' A very beautiful passage this, and surely no bad wish for you, Mary."

"It is very kind of you, but I am never likely to meet with anything so perfect," I said aloud, thinking the while of Philip Addison and all that I had lost in him, with sorrowing regret. I did not know what the future had in store, but of one thing I was sure—that the truest and best portion of my heart would always retain an aching void which he alone could fill.

"So sorry to keep you good people waiting," said Miss Stanhope, bustling in.

"Don't apologise, Catherine, we have been improving the occasion, have we not, Mary? I have been warning her against the heinous sin of flirting."

Before I could contradict so false a statement Miss Stanhope said—

"Yes, take care of Arthur—he is a dangerous character."

"I would not give much for a girl's chances of happiness with Master Arthur," said Colonel Stanhope, as we went into the carriage; "though I don't deny that he is a very fine-looking young fellow."

"You had better turn the horses' heads and leave me at home," I said, laughing; "I think you both very cruel to expose me to such a fire of temptation."

"Anyone who marries Arthur will have to run the gauntlet of my Lady Adelaide—no slight ordeal, I should say," remarked Colonel Stanhope.

"Yes, she is very absurd in some things, especially about Arthur. One would think, to hear her, that she was the first mother who had ever had a son. The fact is, being the daughter of a distinguished man, who spent his life in politics, she is very

ambitious that Arthur should make some figure in the world, either in a military or political career. All her hopes are centered in him. He is to go into parliament after he leaves the army; he is to marry an heiress with ministerial interests, and then he is to go into the Ministry; and I know not what other wild scheme of advancement she does not entertain for him, all of which he is sure to disappoint."

"I am not so sure of that; I think she holds the reins too well in hand," said Colonel Stanhope.

When we reached the Grange I followed my friends into a very large drawing-room, at the upper end of which stood the Crofton family.

Sir Miles, a jovial fine old gentleman, was loud and warm in his welcome. Lady Adelaide Crofton was the opposite of her husband. The daughter of an earl was the hall-mark with which she was unmistakably stamped. Her manners were stately and courteous to a fault; but she was one of those who hand their affability and kindness across a gulf, to traverse which they would witness the drowning struggles of an impertinent intruder with haughty satisfaction, not unmixed with astonishment at the attempt. Yet, seeing her as she then appeared, in her rich satin dress and soft falling lace, it was impossible to withstand the charm of her bearing, which was at once fascinating and freezing.

"My son, Captain Crofton," I heard her say, and I was being introduced to the object of our previous discussion—a mother's idol and a world's darling,—and no wonder. In looks, bearing, and easy manner, he was as pleasing a man as his sister was a girl. In face and figure he resembled his mother, but without her expression of hauteur. This description is the result of later experience, for my first introduction showed me nothing but a very handsome young man, with the usual military close-cut hair, small moustache, open face and white teeth, and to whom I bowed.

There was one other gentleman present, Lord Delamaine, a brother officer of Captain Crofton's, and a particular friend of Amy's.

"You are a stranger in our neighbourhood?" was Captain Crofton's first remark to me when we were seated at dinner.

"Yes; the Stanhopes are quite recent acquaintances, or rather friends, I should say, in speaking of such kind people as they are to me."

"He is an awfully nice fellow, is he not? His sister just missed being my aunt—pity he has such bad health—got knocked over in India—tried hard to get killed in some fight out there, but only got a heap of medals instead." Here the speaker paused to take some dinner, continuing presently. "India did him up—he has never been good for much since. There is no getting him to

shoot, or hunt, or anything—slightly touched, I should say on some points,” he remarked, lowering his voice, and wrinkling his eyebrows to indicate the locality that was unsound.

“Commend me to my dear friend for a character,” I thought, with a smile, as I listened to his *résumé* of Colonel Stanhope’s disposition and habits.

As I made no reply he continued ironically. “Jolly sort of life it must be, going about from one stupid out-of-the-way little seaport town to another; or from Paris to Nice, back again to his library. That is the sort of existence he has led; it is an awful pity. We tried very hard to get him to stand for the county along with my father at the last election, but he refused point blank. I was surprised when Amy told me there was a young lady stopping with them. They have never had one before in my recollection—that is to say, not since I have arrived at years of discretion, and learnt the supreme worth of young ladies,” he said, smiling. “Miss Stanhope tried having the house full of visitors at one time, thinking to get him out of his fits of melancholy, but he put an end to it. Amy is the only one who does just as she pleases with him.”

“No doubt it was to give her a companion that I owe the pleasure of being their guest,” I remarked, without any purpose beyond feeling that some response was expected after so much information.

“Oh—ah—yes, I dare say. They are awfully fond of her, you know—the Colonel especially. I hear she has actually got him to promise that he will give a ball—an unheard-of piece of gaiety on his part!” And here Captain Crofton put down his knife and fork to give full vent to his surprise.

As I was getting very tired of his conversation I leant back in my chair and looked around in search of fresh interest. Lord Delamaine was making the most of his opportunity, and pretty Amy’s smiling face showed that she was happy. Colonel Stanhope and Lady Adelaide Crofton were grave and dignified, as if contemplating some deep subject; while Sir Miles and Miss Stanhope were laughing heartily over some joke of the former.

As the ladies rose, Captain Crofton remarked: “What a pity you don’t smoke! I wish you did, there would then be no need for your leaving us all alone after dinner. So sorry you must go!”

I did not like to tell him what would only have been the truth—that I was heartily glad to be relieved. I was pleased to find myself in the drawing-room once more, talking to Amy, who found me a seat on a luxurious ottoman, and planted herself beside me.

“I am not the same as most ladies,” she began, having overheard her brother’s remark; “I enjoy the quiet half-hour after

dinner without the gentlemen, especially if I have a nice girl to talk to. Men are all very well in their way, but they are not everything. I can't understand women who don't like to talk to their own sex. I always think there is something wrong about them, somewhere. Don't you think so?" she asked, eagerly. "There is Lord Delamaine's sister, for example, she is just one of that sort; she sits after dinner and stares at us all as if she were dumb or sleepy; it is only the arrival of the gentlemen that has the power to bestow upon her either the gift of speech or wakefulness."

"I rather think the true secret of the dumbness you complain of is the absence of anything to say."

"How do they find so much to say to gentlemen, then? But perhaps it is as you remark, for my small experience of the world has taught me that men delight in talking to women, who, as a rule, have nothing very much to say for themselves beyond the most common-place observations. An aged aunt of mine used to say, 'Only listen to a man, declare his opinions are quite your own, appear to cherish his least observation as something original and profound, and he will pronounce you little short of divine, if not in looks, at least in the far superior quality of good common sense;' and I declare I think she was right."

"Ah, I see," I said, laughing; "you think that what women lack in wit men supply with vanity; but I ought to have explained myself better when I made my first assertion. I meant that when ladies get together there is so little talked of beyond the gossip of society, children, and servants; topics, to many women so utterly distasteful, that they are glad to feign a dumbness that promises them remission from such subjects, and they welcome the arrival of the gentlemen as likely to open out other points for discussion. To some minds the small-talk of life is so utterly wearisome; they take it for granted, and crave some stronger stimulant than that supplied very often by their own sex. At the same time, I quite agree with you, that a woman is not half womanly who cannot sympathise with the weakest of her sisters. As you remarked just now, men are all very well, but they are not everything."

"Poor men!" said Amy, with a most ludicrous tone of patronage, as if she took the superiority of her sex as a point beyond dispute. "Take them all-in-all the world would be a very poor sort of place without them! I for one would not care to be in it. Would you?"

"I don't fancy I should," I answered, thinking of the one or two that made up my small world, and without whom, my life, as I had lately learnt to know it, would have no colouring. "But then, I have never had much experience of them," I continued. "We were left orphans, and lived for ten years with a single lady."

"How dreadful!"

"We did not find it so."

"Have you no brother, then?"

"No; only one sister, who is lately married."

"Don't you wish that she had been a brother?"

At that moment of cross-examination I felt some sympathy for the dumb after-dinner ladies, but Amy went on, not waiting for my reply:

"I don't know what I should do without Arthur. He is a dear fellow. We ride and hunt together, and when no one is here I go out shooting with him. I am a regular country girl, but I like a season in London for a change. We did not go this year, as mamma wanted to keep Arthur at home; she thought after being abroad it would be better, but I enjoy London; for a month or so it is great fun, after that it becomes a bore; the girls are all so utterly tired out, with a nobody-coming-to-marry-me look on their poor pale faces as they sit back in their carriages in the drive, until I declare one feels quite sorry for them. Mamma never keeps me until the end of the season, just as she never allows me to dance after supper at a ball. She says—my mother is a very clever woman, you know—that a girl has double the chances if she leaves a party just as all the gentlemen are wanting to dance with her."

"How very tantalising! Don't you find it so?"

"Sometimes; but not as a rule. I am generally so used up by the fatigues of a hard-working London day in the season that I am always ready to go. I enjoy the morning ride in the Row more than anything; but here are the gentlemen," she said, brightening up, although the alarm was false; "so I cannot tell you much more at present, but you must come over and see me very often, and I will do the same to you. I must always have a *fidus Achatès* of some kind. I am sure you are just the one to suit me. You seem like an old friend already—it is that picture, I imagine; I am so fond of it—I wish you could see it."

"The one Colonel Stanhope has lent to an artist, do you mean, and about which you had that long altercation the other day?"

"Yes, the same; I believe he has spirited it away. He is a Spiritualist, you know—goes in for digging up the dead!" she said, making a pretty grimace, as if she anything but relished the idea. "Did you ever turn tables and go in for that sort of amusement?" she asked.

"Never, nor do I wish to; I have only read of their proceedings. There must be something in them, I fancy, since they have occupied the attention of some of our gravest philosophers."

"I dare say, do you know why? I heard a most capital reason

once—the fact is that most of these men have ceased to believe in Moses and the Prophets, and now they ask to be convinced of the immortality of their souls by a message from the dead. I have long fights with Colonel Stanhope, who is always wanting to inveigle me into one of his dark seances; but I tell him that until the spirits are above board, and prefer light to darkness, they are not fit company for me.”

“I don’t see that he is altogether so mistaken.”

“What! You don’t mean to say you believe in chairs and tables moving, and becoming the medium of disembodied souls?” she exclaimed, interrupting me.

“I am not competent to form any opinion in the matter, since it is a subject that I have never studied practically; but a thought just flashed across my mind to account for the lively properties latent in furniture. You may depend upon it that they are only the souls of all the trees which have been cut up for tables and chairs, and that they are living again in the furniture!”

“You are joking, surely!” she cried.

“I suspect that I am,” I said, laughing; “at the same time I treat the matter with some reverence, for I think it is the height of folly to condemn what we have not the wit to understand. Most things in life are, after all, but questions of eyesight, mental or bodily. It would be absurd in me to question your power of seeing a picture hung on the opposite wall, and to declare loudly no such picture to be there, simply because, my sight being short, I could not see anything held at such a distance.”

“How long the gentlemen are!” said Amy, who had not listened to my last remark in her anxiety for their return; “I heard them coming long ago—didn’t you?”

“You can’t go beyond the half-hour!” I said, laughing.

“Oh, can’t I! wait until I afflict you with one of my long confidences! It is funny, is it not, how girls always fall in love with each other before they reach the grand climax of bestowing their exuberant affection upon one of the opposite sex. There is nothing I love like a long talk with a girl of my own age—one’s very flirtations have a double zest when we live them over again in the ear of another.”

“As dead secrets we are the first to divulge!” I said. “This reminds me of my brother-in-law, Colonel Domville, who was always quoting that detestable man Rochefoucauld, and making me smart under the lash of his odious but very true maxims. Do you know the one I allude to?”

“Dear me, no! I never study unpleasant subjects; but quote it to me, if you can. I never could quote anything in my life unless I had the book before me,” she said, laughing.

"You should have lived awhile in the society of my brother-in-law, he would have taught you to remember a few; this one is very pointed, however: 'How can we expect that a friend should keep our secret, whilst we are convincing him that it is more than we can do ourselves?'"

"But for all that it is very pleasant to get rid of the load. I hate secrets, and, worse still, secret people; they always seem to belong to the vampire tribe—they fascinate all your secrets out of you, and give you no confidence in return; you find yourself in their power before you know how greatly you have committed yourself. I dislike such people immensely; they make me nervous and uncomfortable. But here come the gentlemen at last!" she said, rising with alacrity, as if she had talked quite enough on such serious topics and was glad of a change. Colonel Stanhope took her place, saying—

"Well, Mary, how have you been getting on? How did Arthur behave?"

"Awfully well!" I replied, laughing.

"You have discovered Master Arthur's pet adverb, I see; he is not a bad fellow; but"—and he lowered his tone as he spoke—"I put you on your guard against his mother."

"I am never likely to interfere with her," I said, with surprise.

"I am not so sure of that. Arthur's weak point is an easy susceptibility, with his mother's will as a strong anchor whenever a breeze threatens to become dangerous and carry him out to sea too far. Take care, my little girl," he said, with a sudden earnest tenderness; "the world is before you, and we must see that no little hearts are broken at the outset;" then adding, in a lighter tone, "You must appoint me your father confessor—won't you?"

"When there is anything to confess, I promise that you shall fill the post," I replied, gratefully.

"That is a good girl." We were silent for some moments, when he exclaimed: "Oh, what a bore, I knew it was coming; Crofton must have his rubber, and I am victimised accordingly; and there is Arthur looking wistfully across in this direction, wondering why I don't vacate in his favour; so I must go."

Amy was at the piano, playing a delicious tarantella by some modern composer, with Lord Delamaine in waiting to turn the leaves of her music.

"You sing, don't you?" said Captain Crofton, coming up to me. "I am awfully fond of singing."

"So am I—do you sing?"

"No; I wish to heaven I did; but I go regularly to the opera when I am in town. I am awfully fond of the opera—I was

only a night or two in London as I passed through, and I went to hear — in Faust. It is the finest thing out, where she sings the duet, you know, and the scene before in the garden. Oh, it is awfully fine!"

"I have never seen the opera, but I know the music."

"Do you? Can you sing the jewel song—that one with the shake? I don't know the Italian for it."

"I know the one you mean, but it is hardly suitable for a drawing-room. I think that you want the scenery and the jewels to give it effect and point. It is so difficult to make people understand what you are in such ecstasies about unless they see the cause."

"Never mind the scenery if you can sing the music; as the showman said to the little boy who asked which was Pharaoh and which was the host? 'You must imagine the 'ost, 'cos the canvas isn't large enough to contain 'em.' So we must imagine the jewels and all the etcetera. Do come and sing it! Amy is just finished; we have the music, so you haven't the ghost of an excuse. Here, Amy, get your score of Faust. Miss Prior is going to give us the jewel song, and you can accompany her."

"Oh, by George! that is awfully fine!" he exclaimed, as I finished it, while Amy laughed in the midst of her thanks, saying—

"You have completely destroyed Arthur; he won't recover this for a week," and indeed, when I looked at him I could not help laughing with Amy at the lackadaisical expression of his face.

Notwithstanding the frequent repetition of the irritating adverb, to which I soon grew accustomed, there was something very agreeable and genuine about Captain Crofton. It was impossible not to like him, he possessed a freedom and charm of manner that refused to be kept at a distance; and I enjoyed my evening very much.

As time passed on, and I became the object of his unvarying attention, I felt that it would require a very stout heart to remain insensible to his fascination. That he would ever have the power to supply Philip's place I knew to be impossible; but Philip, since he had refused Colonel Stanhope's invitation, was fast becoming a dream of which I despaired. It is at this point of aching vacuity that we so often wreck our lives by filling the void with any pleasing object that greets the fancy. So impatient are we then of suffering that we fling off pain with rebellious laughter, and defy our longings with hollow substitutes.

It was thus I strove to stifle pain, and with success, for I took no heed of aught but the simple pleasure of living in the midst of everything that could enhance the delight of life, and make it one of pure physical enjoyment.

“OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY,”

(BY J. E. MILLAIS. IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1876.)

SCOTLAND, that generations breeds,
Of heroes! soil of matchless deeds!
Scotland, the nurse of sturdy creeds!

Oh, rugged land of proud tradition,
That foster'd many a mad ambition,
Then saw it hurl'd to deep perdition!

Oh, land of dauntless patriots!
Oh, land whose 'scutcheon stain'd with blots,
Yet blazes bright through chequer'd lots!

Oh, land of gory wild romance,
Whose sons sprung up at every chance,
To hurtle battle-axe and lance!

Oh, lovely land of crag and glen,
That seemed a fair Gehenna when
You drank the blood of martyr'd men!

Here, by the poet-painter's art,
Behold a living, breathing chart,
Of hill and dale, of thee a part.

It is a heathery inland bay,
Where circling mountains stretch away
Unto the portals of the day.

Where, on grey stones, the crowing grouse,
Like revellers from a late carouse,
The sleepy startled morn arouse.

Where, by moist reed and mossy peat,
The wild-duck hath his procreant seat;
The shy hare stamps his chilly feet.

Over the Hills and Far Away.

Where oft is heard through mingled bristle,
Of yielding rush and angry thistle,
The snipe's shrill shriek—the plover's whistle.

Where, while the smiling showeret fills
The mouths of eager-drinking rills,
God lays His bow upon the hills.

This wild, that common footsteps shun,
Will echo oft the sportsman's gun,
Beneath the fervid August sun.

And oft, knee-deep in heather, he,
From yonder mountain-top will see
Land-maps of lovely mystery.

Nor, seldom the sun, sinking slow,
Linger to touch with golden glow
The lonely cairn upon its brow.

MOTLEY.



THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

PART I.—NOVELIST.

"SOMEBODY once said, 'Thank God we have a House of Lords;' I say, 'Thank God we have the Earl of Beaconsfield at the head of affairs.'"—Such was the remark we overheard made by a member of that class which Mr. Bright styles "the residuum," on the day that it was announced to the world that Mr. Disraeli had been created a peer, and had left the arena of his life-long battles and triumphs, to take his seat in that "hereditary and august chamber," the grandeur and importance of which he has never failed to recognise. We were at once struck and charmed by the remark, because it seemed a powerful corroboration of the opinion we have always entertained, that notwithstanding the persistent and profligate efforts of the Radical press, combined with Radical politicians, "*Spargere ambiguas voces in vulgum*,"—that popular instinct, which lies deeper than mere education and which cannot long remain blinded, had pierced through sophistries and misleading influences, and clearly recognised the man under whose guidance the destinies of the nation were safe. For our own part, while sharing in the pride which the whole country feels at the dignity which Mr. Disraeli's Sovereign has conferred upon him, we cannot echo too heartily the observation of the artisan, "Thank God that Lord Beaconsfield still remains at the head of affairs." We cannot, as some of the Liberal press do—the wish, we fear, is father to the thought—look upon the fact of Mr. Disraeli becoming a peer as the closing act and consummation of the drama; for we are persuaded that much yet lies in the future that will add both to Lord Beaconsfield's usefulness and renown; but at the same time we feel that what has happened is, so to speak, the placing of the top stone on one portion of the edifice of his fame, and that it is a peculiarly seasonable moment in which to bring before the public some passages in a career perhaps the most marvellous, and certainly the most unique of the century. As probably everybody knows by this time, Mr. Disraeli (as he was then) became known to the public first of all as a brilliant novelist. His first production, "*Vivian Grey*," though, as he himself intimates, "*written by a boy*," was devoured and talked about in fashionable circles. In one of his prefaces, Mr. Disraeli speaks in the most disparaging tones of "*the first heir of his invention*," and actually declares that he used every effort to prevent its being

reprinted. This, we confess, has always astonished us; and with deference to the author, we think, that in spite of the affectations and exaggerations which seem to irritate him, "Vivian Grey" is a work of which any one might be proud, and the suppression of which would be a decided calamity. We have lately been re-reading it, and it is astonishing the combination of youthful vitality and ripe wisdom that it displays. There are touches of satire worthy of Thackeray, and philosophical comments which indicate a profounder knowledge of human nature than Thackeray ever attained to. We need scarcely allude to the many romances, at once sparkling and thoughtful, which followed "Vivian Grey," and which Mr. Disraeli made the vehicle of conveying his opinions upon politics and other questions to the public. So late as 1870 he was a novelist, for in that year appeared "Lothair," which we hold to be one of his most important, and certainly not the least masterly of his works. It is a pity that those persons who are so fond of echoing the stale cant about Mr. Disraeli's political inconsistency, unscrupulousness, and all the rest of that dismal jargon, would have the candour and take the trouble to study him in his writings, and compare the portrait which they will there find with the original as exhibited in his realised career. It is, however, the fashion so much in certain quarters systematically to disparage and depreciate Mr. Disraeli that we suppose it is hopeless to expect from those who do so either, on the one hand, the ingenuousness of confessing themselves willing to have their eyes opened, and of doing tardy justice to a great reputation, or, on the other hand, of bringing themselves to the exertion of examining things with their own eyes instead of lazily depending upon the stupid hearsays which float around them.

In a merely literary sense the novels of Mr. Disraeli must always maintain the highest reputation, and we have confidence that the verdict of posterity will not reverse this dictum. They fulfil all the conditions which go to constitute genuine works of art. Their plots have unity; their characters are vividly portrayed and subtilly discriminated; they are filled with happy descriptions of scenery, they abound with wit, with humour, with tender sentiment, with true pathos, with those "snatched graces" which are almost "beyond the reach of art," those magical touches of nature which "make the whole world 'kin," and which are never revealed but to the insight of the true poet, whether he write in verse or in prose, whether his creations move in the drama or in the novel. By way of example, what finer natural touch could there be than that in "Tancred?"—where two ancient retainers of Tancred's English home are sitting together discussing the queer customs and food of that land of Palestine to which their young lord has brought them,

and one of them remarks with a sigh, "Well, I do long for the family prayers and the home-brewed!" In "Vivian Grey," again, there is a tender little scene of genuine nature, where Cleveland's children rush up to greet the sorrow-stricken hero of the Carabas conspiracy; and in "Contarini Fleming," what can be prettier than the episode of the two gipsy girls making Contarini travel between them in their caravan? Mr. Disraeli has entitled this particular novel a "a psychological romance," and mentions with very natural pride that Goethe and Heine were anxious to learn the name of its author. In all Mr. Disraeli's novels there is this to be specially remarked—they are pervaded by the healthiest and most bracing of atmospheres. This is a characteristic which they share in common with Fielding, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and the whole order of robust geniuses. Mr. Disraeli is the determined enemy of shams of every kind; he detests false sentiment, milk-and-water pathos, mock heroism, cant, flabby humanitarianism, goody-goody philanthropy ("the bray of Exeter Hall," par example), cheap piety, and, in fine, every specious development of quackery, on the surface of which the divinely-gifted eye of genius discerns the "trail of the serpent." Even in what have been held by some critics as the vagaries and exaggerations of a flaming imagination there is a full-pulsed vitality, a healthy vigour that associates itself with the wanton gambols of a high-spirited colt in its field, or the beautiful unthinking madness of a generous schoolboy in the playground. The writing of the word "schoolboy" recalls to our minds an exquisite passage in "Coningsby," which we will quote as illustrating that wide and finely-wrought sympathy which is one of the chief features of Mr. Disraeli's mind, and without doubt the main secret of his power, not only as a novelist, but also as a public man. "At school friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All loves of after-life can never bring its rapture or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing and so keen. What tenderness, and what devotion! illimitable confidence, infinite revolution of inmost thought! ecstatic present and romantic future! What bitter estrangements, and what melting reconciliations! What scenes of wild recrimination, agitating explanations, passionate correspondence! What insane sensitiveness, and what frantic sensibility! What earthquakes of the heart, and what whirlwinds of the soul, are confined in that simple phrase—a schoolboy's friendship! 'Tis some infinite recollection of those mystic passages of their young emotion that makes grey-haired men mourn over the memory of their schoolboy-days. It is a spell that can soften the acerbity of political warfare, and with its witchery can call forth a sigh even amid the callous bustle of fashionable saloons."

Another salient characteristic of Mr. Disraeli's genius, looking at it, as we are now doing, from a purely literary point of view, is its amazing variety and versatility. In reviewing the long array of his romances one cannot help being struck with the number of paths which his footsteps have trodden. In "*Popanilla*" we have a satire in the manner of Swift; in "*Ixion*" a brilliant classical burlesque; in "*Contarini Fleming*" a profound psychological study; in "*Venetia*" a story founded on certain passages in the lives of two of the most refined spirits of the age; in "*Coningsby*," "*Sybil*," and "*Tancred*" what the author designates "a complete trilogy," dealing in turn with the political, social and religious sentiment of the day; and again, in "*Henrietta Temple*" "a love story," than which there is probably nothing more graceful and perfect in the whole of English fiction. Lastly, at an age and at a period of his public life when, in all probability, a fresh romance from the hand of the veteran novelist was about the farthest thing from the expectations of his countrymen, Mr. Disraeli produces "*Lothair*," at once a genial satire on the British aristocracy and a masterly exposure of the practices of the Church of the Vatican. A well-known but fallen statesman has, as everybody knows, been occupying his retirement in the composition of theological pamphlets chiefly in the form of attacks on the Romish system. We candidly confess that we were quite unable to read any of these productions word for word; for the arguments are so terribly spun out, the style is so melancholy, and the author's habitual method of dividing his theme into, God knows! how many divisions and sub-divisions, so uncomfortably reminded us of those long-tailed Presbyterian discourses with which the Sabbaths of our childhood were blasted, that we were forced to wrench out the pith of the essays with the utmost despatch possible, and let the letter shift for itself as best it might. Of this, at least, we feel convinced, that an epigram or a sacerdotal portrait in "*Lothair*" has done more to shake the arrogant and vaunting church of St. Peter than all the laboured and woe-begone "*Vatican Decrees*" that have ever been printed. There was one thing in "*Lothair*" which attracted universal attention—that is to say, on the part of those who had either the curiosity or the wisdom to read the book. This was the incomparable and amusing portrait of "the Professor;" that excessively clever young man, who yet, "with overweening vanity," professed to represent in himself the opinions of "venerable Oxford." Most people identified this picture with Professor Goldwin Smith, a gentleman who at one time "professed" political economy in the University of Oxford, but who has since crossed the broad Atlantic to find a wider field for his talents in one of the colleges of the New World. We are not ourselves personally

acquainted with Mr. Smith, we only know him through his marvellously clever essays in *Macmillan's* and other magazines of the day, and by his photograph, which at one time used to flourish in some of the shop windows, and which gave us the idea of a face shrouded in a kind of solemn blackness, as if the abstruse nature of the gentleman's studies had cast a permanent shadow over his features. It is a curious fact, however, that Mr. Smith himself put the cap on—which is commonly taken as the sign that it fits—and betrayed his agony in a somewhat hysterical letter, which contained some rambling complaints concerning “cowards” and “stingless insults.” Assuming then, on the showing of the original himself, that the portrait in question was meant for Mr. Goldwin Smith, we are bound to say that it was as deserved as it was masterly. Before he left this country Mr. Smith was in the habit of tramping about the provinces and delivering what he thought were lectures on politics to simple-minded audiences, in which he took occasion to make systematic and scurrilous attacks on the present Prime Minister, one of which, we believe, once drew from Mr. Disraeli the contemptuous allusion in the House of Commons, to “that rampant orator and itinerant lecturer.” For ourselves, we were immensely delighted when we contemplated that speaking likeness of “the Professor,” for we were of opinion that surely the time had arrived when some wholesome castigation should be administered to an academic quack, who, on the strength of some nebulous ideas connected with “the dismal science,” and some dry papers in a heavy periodical, went out of his way to annoy a great statesman and man of genius by throwing dirt on his garments. We are happy to think that if Mr. Smith's physical loins did not taste sufficiently of the salutary birch when he was at school, there has been some compensation in the strokes which his mental ones have received in later life. But enough of Mr. Smith. Scarcely less important and interesting than “Lothair” itself was the preface appended to it. Mr. Disraeli has done good service in setting his face against and persistently ridiculing the theories of those conceited philosophers who have lately founded the two schools which are generally known as the “Rationalistic” and the “Materialistic,” and which, respectively, are looked upon by many as some new gospel or illumination that is to extinguish all mystery, and to account once for all for everything relating to “the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world.” The following earnest and admirable reflections occur in the preface: “It cannot be denied that the aspect of the world and this country, to those who have faith in the spiritual nature of man, is at this time dark and distressful. They listen to doubts, and even denials of an active Providence; what is styled Materialism is in the ascendant.

To those who believe that an atheistical society, though it may be polished and amiable, involves the seeds of anarchy, the prospect is full of gloom. Man brings to the study of the oracles more learning and more criticism than of yore; and it is well that it should be so. The documents will yet bear a greater amount both of erudition and examination than they have received; but the Word of God is eternal, and will survive the spheres. Scientific, like spiritual truth, has ever from the beginning been descending from Heaven to man. We may analyse the sun, and penetrate the stars, but man is conscious that he is made in God's own image, and in his perplexity he will ever appeal to 'Our Father which art in heaven.' " We have been vastly amused, though at the same time filled with an infinite pity, at observing that whenever Mr. Disraeli has had occasion to touch upon religious subjects, or to put forward a defence for the National Church which he so much loves, that motley tribe of sceptics, who either affect to, or really look upon him as a kind of Mephistopheles, or even the devil himself, in a suit of sables, at once scream out at the top of their voices, "Behold how he *poses*!" This cry of "posing," whenever their enemy reveals himself in a character which they cannot understand, is the convenient way in which these generous wiseacres sever the Gordian knot. On the other hand, the late leader of Her Majesty's Opposition gets credit *carte blanche* for "intense conscientiousness," "profound piety," and all the rest of it. How it illustrates the ways of man! Given a solemn face and a serious manner, with the faculty of saying "the thing" about "the good Book," or "the old, old story," at the opening of a "mechanics' institute," and the halo of saints wreathes your head at once; while, conceal the most radiant and transcendent truths under an aspect of mockery, and, save by the true seer and thinker, you are consigned to the limbo of mimics and persifleurs. We recollect that Mr. Disraeli also dealt a heavy blow at the particular schools we have referred to in the course of a powerful speech on the Irish Education Bill of 1873. "This is an age," he declared, "in which young men prattle of protoplasm, and young ladies, in gilded saloons, talk unconscious atheism." That predominant faith in "the spiritual nature of man," indeed, consistently pervades and animates the Prime Minister's writings and speeches, and on questions of religious speculation and thought he is as much the sworn antagonist of the schools of Mr. John Stuart Mill and Professor Tyndal, with their confused and presumptuous jabber about the Benthamite nonsense of "greatest happiness of the greatest number," "brain secretes thought as liver secretes bile," "nature abhors a vacuum," "the greater contains the less," "potencies in atoms," and the rest of the childish formulæ, as in politics he is of "the economist," and "the professor."

With respect to Mr. Disraeli in his character of a novelist, there are just two other points to which we desire to call attention before bringing this paper to a close ; one is the surpassing loveliness of the female creations in his books ; the other is, his power, when he chooses, of poetic word-painting. Mr. Disraeli has presented us with a gallery of women who for spiritual beauty and general artistic grace, are to our mind, only eclipsed by the transcendent heroines of Shakespeare. They are all females of the most perfect breeding—true natural aristocrats, though they may not always happen to be social ones. Edith Millbank, in “*Coningsby*,” is the daughter of a rich Manchester merchant, a “self-made” bourgeois, yet nothing can be more truly patrician than her manners and conduct. Had Mr. Disraeli made his women mere picturesque abstractions we could not love them as we do, for we do not become enamoured of statues, however beautifully they be moulded, we only exceedingly admire them. But all Mr. Disraeli’s heroines are human and natural to the backbone ; their pulses bubble and their cheeks glow with youthful health ; their flesh is warm and soft with natural vigour ; their pure bosoms heave with lovely emotion ; their tender eyes fill with tears at the sight or tale of suffering ; their laughter rings out joyous and strong ; they are exuberant with high spirits and fun and all kinds of enchanting innocent follies. Like Shakespeare’s divine women, Mr. Disraeli’s are never common-place or insipid, yet are they never pedants or blue-stockings, or eccentricities. They all have hearts ; and the poetry of Mr. Disraeli’s own nature seems to be subtilly diffused through their being, although he does not need to make any of them scribble verses. No matter how humble her station may be, the heroine of Mr. Disraeli’s romance is a lady ; and if she happens to be perched on the extreme altitude of the social fabric she is not more. This we take to be the highest tribute that can be paid to Mr. Disraeli’s deep and accurate reading of female humanity. A bungling artist, in trying to represent a lady in the form of a rustic maiden would have drawn an apish waiting-woman caricaturing the manners of “high life ;” in depicting a duchess he would have given us a haughty exclusive, entirely absorbed in “the sustained splendour of her stately life.” Not such are Sybil or “the Duchess” in “*Lothair*.” One of our greatest favourites is, May Dacre in the “*Young Duke*.” She is the very ideal of an English patrician maid—lofty without being haughty, affectionate and gracious without being gushing, superb in her pure and ancient blood, and her rich heart, which together give a bewitching grace to her form and a nameless refinement to her spirit. We have already alluded to, Edith Millbank. Then how winningly is Henrietta Temple with her artless Juliet-like passion for Ferdinand, which she pours forth

in those incomparable letters, ending one with what we have always thought a magical touch of tenderness; "May Heaven bless my Ferdinand! And now I am going to pray for him." Who does not love the child Venetia, who is as sweet and perfect on paper as one of Sir Joshua's cherubs is on canvas, and who develops afterwards into the tried and loving lady over whose unhappy vicissitudes we weep? In his latest novel the ancient cunning of Mr. Disraeli's right hand has not forsaken him. We have there three exquisite female creations—the heroic Theodora, the enthusiastic and religious Miss Arundel, and the noble Corisande. We once lately had the privilege of meeting one of those excessively vigilant and particular Mammas who are not certainly conspicuous by their absence in the presentage of varied phenomena, and she informed us that "Lothair" was a forbidden book in her family circle. On inquiring the reason of so astonishing a veto, this rigid moralist replied that she had been warned (we fancy by some "unco'-righteous" minister; for the lady cultivated the cassock) that the beautiful friendship of Theodora and Lothair was—"well, you know, not quite the thing—hardly proper, in fact, for girls to read about." And thus it was, that owing to the supernatural purity of this virtuous lady, or of her long-eared clerical adviser, the daughters were debarred from becoming acquainted with the high and healthy influence which an heroic matron may exercise over the soul and the actions of an ingenuous youth who, however, is without a motive in life. Alas, alas! for the budding maidens of Britain if the general quality of their "pastors and masters" is of this type. In place of being introduced to forms of female excellence like Theodora, who can give her life in the cause of Italian independence; or like Miss Arundel, who thinks nothing of a man "unless he can draw his sword for Christ;" or like the high-minded Corisande, who loves so deeply, and yet so self-respectfully,—they are encouraged to pore over the outrageous imbecilities of the author of "My Mother and I," or the self-conscious heroines of Mrs. Oliphant; or to devour authoresses whose vapid and gushing women are given to falling down in adoration before the first man they meet, and to "wailing their monstrous melodies" of love to the moon instead of going to bed like rational beings; or, at the best, are bidden to admire and adore the conventional and terribly reasonable girl which Anthony Trollope is so fond of depicting. We once heard that the late Bishop Wilberforce had expressed the opinion that "Vanity Fair" was a book which every girl ought to read,—a circumstance which is in rather curious contrast to the behaviour of an esteemed female relative of our own, who forbade her niece to read Mr. Thackeray's admirable work, "because it gave such an unamiable picture of life." Notwithstanding the

difference of opinion that we run the risk of encountering from our worthy relative, we venture to say, with regard to Mr. Disraeli's fictions, what Samuel Wilberforce said about "*Vanity Fair*,"—they are books which every young lady ought to read—every young lady, that is to say, who has been born with a taste for imaginative literature, and wishes to gratify it. Mr. Disraeli, we have said, possesses amongst other qualities of a great writer, the power of descriptive word-painting. As an illustration of this, we quote the celebrated description of the Tenebræ in "*Lothair*," which always reminds us a little of De Quincey, that mighty master of English prose-poetry:—"Manifold art had combined to create this exquisite temple, and to guide all its administrations. But to-night it was not the radiant altar and the splendour of stately priests, the processions and the incense, the divine choir, and the celestial harmonies resounding and lingering in arched roofs that attracted many a neighbour. The altar was desolate, the choir was dumb; and while the services proceeded in hushed tones of subdued sorrow, and sometimes even of suppressed anguish, gradually, with each psalm and canticle, a light of the altar was extinguished, till at length the Miserere was muttered, and all became darkness. A sound as of a distant and rising wind was heard, and a crash, as it were, the fall of trees in a storm. The earth is covered with darkness, and the veil of the temple is rent. But just at this moment of extreme woe, when everything is symbolical of the confusion and despair of the Church at the loss of her expiring Lord, a priest brings forth a concealed light of silvery flame from a corner of the altar. This is the Light of the World, and announces the resurrection, and then all rise and depart in silence."

Before leaving "*Lothair*," and with it the contemplation of Mr. Disraeli as a novelist, we must quote a remarkable passage in a recent number of the "*Edinburgh Review*;" the more remarkable because the "*Edinburgh Review*" is the recognised organ of the Whig party, and can, therefore, scarcely be suspected of any overpowering partiality for the right honourable gentleman:—"People read, '*Lothair*,' and amused themselves by identifying its heroines and heroes with this member of society or that; and it is no offence to Mr. Disraeli to say that some of the absurdities of his books are better remembered now than its notes of warning, either about Vatican politics or international societies. But subsequent passages have shewn that these passages were prophetic. Mr. Disraeli showed us, with wonderful skill and appreciation, the personal piety and the political obliquity of a party which assumes to be the only possessor of truth, the only bulwark against errors in faith, against communism, infidelity, and general disorder,

against the absence of order, and that general spiritual chaos which Pius IX. discerns in the world."

In our next paper we propose to turn to the career of Mr. Disraeli as a politician, tracing that career from the time that he first held a seat in the House of Commons, up to the day when he was translated to the House of Lords by the title of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

M. S.

THE MODERN STOIC.

KNOW I remorse ? If 'tis to dread the day,
 Beneath whose glare the conscience cannot hide,
 To hate the sleepless visions of the night,
 When mocking demons futile prayer deride,
 I know remorse !

Do I know misery ? If to be alone
 Without one friend to offer sympathy ;
 Credit and money, hope and honour gone,
 While good men on the other side "pass by,"
 Yes ; I know misery !

Do I know agony ? As much as breaks the will,
 And turns a man into a child again,
 To idly fret, and ceaseless battle still,
 To ears all reckless of another's pain ;
 Yes, I know agony !

What is my secret ? Why, with smiling face,
 I bear such trouble as would most unman ?
 Is it religion gives me so much grace,
 Or knowledge that this life is but a span ?
 Not just exactly !

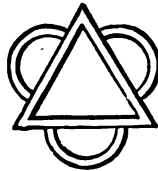
It is, *I am a man*, and won't bemoan
The sorrow which make vulgar natures cry.
'Tis true *these grievances were not mine own*;
Still, heroes should not idly moan, but die.
At least, I think so !

Yet as I sip my wine, I sigh for Joe,
I know that it was hard on brother Bill,
That Uncle Tom had his full share of woe ;
But each was wanting in the "power of Will."
As I oft mentioned !

"Hush, hang you ! hush, indeed ! oh, get away !
I've got a bit of coal-dust in my eye !
Send for a Doctor !" "Bear it," do you say ?
"Martyrs alone could know such agony,
And couldn't bear it !"

Finish his dinner first ? Oh, my eye, my eye !
Dally with wine-glass, knife or fork, or spoon,
Brute beast, who cares not if I live or die !
And won't be here before the afternoon ?
Oh, let me howl !

J. T. W. B.



IRISH PRIDE.

By the Author of "Not all Fiction," "Whilst the Snowflakes Fell," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"NOT IN OUR SET."

"WELL, Cecy, you are become quite a fashionable young lady," said Uncle Oliver, on the evening appointed for Mrs. Adare's ball, to which at the eleventh hour, and judging by his hilarious humour moved solely by some secret reason of his own, he had suddenly volunteered to chaperone his grandniece. "Mind, however, if I see you attired in any Mab-artifice I shall send you straight home. No nonsense, Miss—run off now and dress; you have just an hour. I shall go and return early, mind *that*. I expect my friend, Lindores, here on business directly, so make yourself scarce, and be punctual."

Cecy departed. An hour—abundant time surely, but this night she must be particular. She was so glad she had such a pretty new dress, pretty enough to suit the difficult taste of Mrs. Macnamara's old maid, who had lived long enough to have great experience in what ladies' costumes ought to be, and quite fit for the Queen's own drawing-room, this functionary finally pronounced Miss De Burgh, as she sent her down stairs to submit her toilette to the criticism of grandmamma and Uncle Oliver. No; Uncle Oliver was not in the sitting-room; and there stood by the mantel-piece a gentleman—Mr. Lindores.

Was not business over yet? Perhaps it would interfere with the ball—terrible!—and Cecy paused within the threshold, her poor little pulses nearly stopping their beat at the idea. The gentleman turned, and held out his hand—

"How do you do, Miss De Burgh?—Are you quite ready for the ball?"

"Yes."

Her spirits rose again, and she smiled, and her colour deepened making her look still prettier.

"Have you been going out much since we met at Lady Kemp's?" he went on in his quiet, indifferent tone.

"I have been at two or three parties since. Ah, here is Uncle Oliver.—I was ready *first*, uncle."

"For a wonder. And *you*, Lindores?"

"Are you going to the ball?" asked Cecy, only now observing that the business visitor was in evening dress.

"Yes. Will you give me a dance?"

"I thought you scarcely ever danced."

"Never with tired partners; but you cannot be tired yet, and you look more amiable (forgive me) than when last I solicited the honour."

"No; it was Uncle Oliver did that," she returned pettishly. "I am engaged for two dances, I don't know when they come in or what they are, except that they are fast" (she continued hesitatingly, mindful not alone of her promise of two to Fred, but of that young gentleman's avowed opinion of Mr. Lindores, 'a cad' he had called him—yes—*cad* was the word). "Will a quadrille do?"

"A quadrille? anything you please. The carriage is at the door, I believe!"

"*Cab*, you mean," she corrected, laughingly. A carriage it was, however, and a very luxurious one.

"I asked Lindores to bring his carriage, like a good-natured fellow, and save us a cab," explained Uncle Oliver, mildly. "Step in, Cecy; very comfortable exchange—is it not?—from our usual evening mode of locomotion."

Cecy made no reply. She did not dare confess she would have preferred the most jolting, shabby, *uncomfortable* cab in town, and silent and cold she took her place. Mr. Lindores sat opposite. In the glimpse the lamps afforded of her face, he caught its expression, and divined partly the cause thereof.

"I only feel honoured by your acceptance of a seat I should not have dreamt of offering," he said, stiffly.

"Oh, you are very kind!" equally stiffly. Then feeling she was ungracious. "We ought to thank you for acting the fairy godmother, and transforming our cab into a coach." And she half smiled, wishing mentally all the time she were a hundred miles away from the said coach. She availed herself rather hastily of her uncle's assistance as she descended from the hated equipage, and clung to him pertinaciously in traversing the crowded vestibule leading to the ball-room. When it was reached she raised her eyes, and only breathed freely on finding the friend invisible.

The presentation to Mrs. Adare over, she glanced round, hoping to behold Fred, but it was too early for his fashionship to put in an appearance; and whilst she wondered when he would come the band commenced clashing, and a partner was introduced to her. She hardly heard his name, but did not care; that it was *not* Mr. Lindores she was glad, not Fred, she regretted. At last the wished-for voice struck its greeting on her ear; and she could scarcely

restrain an exclamation of joy. It spoke in her eyes, however, and pleased Mr. Frederic Macnamara mightily.

"How late you are, Fred!"

"Late? Why, I shouldn't have been here for hours to come, only I knew my primitive rural relations would be early. Now, what about my dance? Have you no programme? Verily, Uncle Oliver is a chaperon—come, here are any amount," as he led her up to a table in a nook adjoining the ball-room. "Now, book me—or, stay, I shall inscribe myself—waltz, of course—number one; number two somewhere farther down."

"Not too far; uncle said we must leave early."

"Never mind uncle! I swear you shan't. Mazurka number two, that's settled. The waltz won't begin yet, so let us talk. Epitomise for my benefit all you have been doing, saying, thinking, since last we two parted; and in return I'll enlarge your mind as to my doings, etc. By-the-bye, an ice would help us to beguile the time; for, do you know, I have got the most horrid news to impart to you, Cecy. At least, it is horrid to me—perhaps you won't care."

"What is it?" murmured Cecy, feeling as though a bar of ice had suddenly fallen on her.

"I am going away from Ireland," replied Fred slowly, and angrily.

"Going—when—where?" And as Cecy faltered out the words Uncle Oliver passed where she stood, and she could not help fancying a gleam of unwonted satisfaction illuminated his countenance.

"The 'when,' is terribly soon—next week, perhaps; the 'where,' is Russia. My kind family have succeeded in procuring me an *attachéship* in Lord Ecclefield's Embassy to St Petersburg," said Fred, with deep ingratitude in his voice. "It is an awful bore, the start coming just in the middle of the season, too! Any *other* season I shouldn't have minded it; but now," and he broke off with an emphasis and abruptness, that involuntarily called up a brighter rose to Cecy's cheek.

"Yes, it's an awful bore!" repeated Mr. Macnamara. "But some people are born unlucky; I was, and it is useless contesting fate. Let us think of something else. To begin—I must congratulate you on your improved toilette. You look *absolument jolice* *soir*, as Mab would say. Have you come across her majesty yet?"

"No; is she arrived?" returned Cecy, abstractedly. She could not keep pace with Fred's effervescence, and evanescence of spirits.

"Arrived, and knee-deep in flirtations already," he laughed.

"Look, here she comes; the very impersonation of Bret Harte's heroine—

" *Æt*at twenty, complexion fair,
Rich, good-looking, and *debonnair*."

Perhaps I might omit the 'rich;' but she is, at any rate, on the look-out for riches, next best thing, of course—clever Mab!"

Cecile laughed a little also, a good deal, struck at the same time by Miss Power's appearance. Waxlight was truly Mabel's day, it showed her off to perfection; her neck pure, snowy as marble, rose out of her pale-green corsage like a lily from its foliage. Drooping tendrils of the same verdant hue twined amidst her shining tresses. Her eyes sparkled; art lent its aid where nature was niggardly, crimsoning the full lips and darkening the light brows. Her arms—models for proportion, mould, and whiteness—glittered with bands of gold. A circlet of the same enclosed her throat, completing a toilette whose undulating wreaths of green and gold combined to bring forth in special lustre the waxy fairness of the wearer. She nodded *en passant* to Fred, but ignored Cecile's proximity, it being a strict article in her code of etiquette to see nobody in a ball-room beyond a partner present, or possible.

"You never will learn the way of the world, Cecy," commented Fred, quite amused. "Nor understand there are moments when it is legitimate to cut one's nearest and dearest. Be consoled; our waltz is striking up—*Avançons*."

"Did Frances and Lily come with you?" she asked presently.

"I believe we all came, as you express it, under the same cover. If your visual organs were penetrating enough, you might, beyond yonder crowd, behold Fan discoursing -isms and -ologies with young Mandeverer, who was plucked last term, and never hopes to take out his degree. Here we are opposite the happy pair. Observe the male victim's physiognomy; he has precisely the look of a man swallowing a pill!"

"I wonder Fan talks to him."

"I introduced them. She does not know anything about him, and I told her he was immensely clever, but so modest that he endeavoured to conceal his profundity under a show of simplicity; so there she is digging away for the precious metal that does not exist. I like absurdities. These 'blue' girls in acquiring our faculties frequently lose their own. Now, perception is a strong point *naturally* in women; but Fan has not a scrap. She believes that fellow is clever, with duncie as plainly written on his forehead as if the foolscap were round it already."

"Where is Lily?"

"Behold her in the dizzy mazes of the dance, gyrating at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Lily is in her element but don't accost

her. She is even more oblivious than Mab of her relations in public places. Hush! the music ceases, muscular action is suspended, partnership dissolved, and for a short time I must restore you to your ancient chaperon—*must I?*”

Yes, the *must* was sad but inevitable. Uncle Oliver, the very embodiment of vigilance, stood in too close proximity to be escaped, and beside him stood a friend, seemingly of the Colonel Hughes type. Cecy hated his friends, but that did not matter; she had to undergo the unwelcome introduction, and consequent mild exercise framed on the precept, “It is the *pace* that kills.” Then there was Mr. Lindores’ quadrille, during which penitential performance she had the satisfaction of feeling herself the object of unmitigated horror and contempt from Fred, who leant gloomily against an adjacent doorway, and the instant the quadrille ended drew her off unceremoniously, muttering—

“How could you be so silly as to dance with that creature, Cecy?”

“I could not help it. What will you say when I tell you we came here in his carriage?”

“Cut him in future, as I do. Did you note the frigid bow I gave him? He is *not* in *our* set!” quoth Fred, loftily.

“How is it he comes here?”

“*Money—viola tout.* He is one of *les nouveaux riches*, and has the superintendence of some respectable properties, *ours* amongst the number. He is disgustingly well off, I assure you. By-the-bye, he has bought your old place—hasn’t he?”

“Yes.” Cecile’s eyes flashed, then her feelings subsided into a sigh. “Uncle Oliver seems to like him very much,” she added, ashamed of her angry resentment.

Fred laughed.

“Uncle Oliver likes only people whom everybody else dislikes—that is his special idiosyncrasy. I hate Lindores, and I think you should also, considering the fellow stands in your brother’s rightful shoes. The idea of his asking you to dance! I positively can pursue the subject with patience no longer. Come to Frances; she wants to speak to you.”

“How are you getting on, Cecy?” inquired Miss Macnamara. “Is it not wretched amusement? Now, confess my *matinée* was far more rational.”

“The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, Miss De Burgh,” interposed Fred.

“I am horribly illiterate you know, Fan, and——”

“There, don’t go on; you are like the rest of the world, I fear,” mourned Frances, solemnly, as Lily, in a cloud of diaphanous

draperies floated by, and Uncle Oliver came elbowing his way through the whirlers.

"Half-past one Cecy. Won't wait another minute."

"Half-past one! Why, the evening is only just beginning, and she has had no supper yet. Whoever heard of leaving a ball without feeding?" objected Fred.

"Don't care. Plenty of refreshment going all night, and I have had supper. Three hours pirouetting ought to suffice, even a modern grandniece of the period."

There was no help for it, despite Fred's accusation of a breach of promise, regarding the far-down mazurka—despite even Fan's entreaties,—Cecy had to obey. Fred escorted her faithfully downstairs, whispering vows of deadly vengeance should Mr. Lindores or his carriage be in presumptuous waiting to convey her home. But neither was visible this time; so, in happy exchange, Cecy—pretty dress and all—was huddled into the first dirty cab Uncle Oliver could hail: *sic transit gloria mundi*.

CHAPTER VIII.

"COME, LET US BE MERRY TO-NIGHT."

"I DON'T know how it is, Cecy, but the saying Good-bye to *you* feels twice as bad as parting from all the rest. I wish I hadn't to go to-morrow—I hate the idea of Russia—I am sure the climate will kill me. However, that matters little—nobody cares for younger brothers; they must accept and be thankful for the crumbs, the dregs of independence, whilst the eldest born is lapped in luxury. Primogeniture is a horrible law. Now, if I were a Frenchman I should be entitled to a good slice off Derrycarne—four or five hundred a year, at any rate, and poor Percy who has grown tired of the navy and is always threatening to leave it, would be able to do what he liked also."

"But if that were law, wouldn't Derrycarne be very small?" ventured Cecy. There would have been your uncles?"

"Hang my uncles! you are growing as cold and calculating as Fan, who told me last night I ought to be thankful for the chance of being frozen to death, or having my hair ruined by the *plica polonica*."

"I don't know what that is."

"It is a horrid disease, very painful and unbecoming, every separate hair swells and expands to the thickness of your finger. Fancy me returning some years hence, my head apparently crowned with tubers in a high state of vegetation!"

"Oh," and Cecy absolutely shuddered at the hideous picture

her. She is even more oblivious than Mab of her relations in public places. Hush! the music ceases, muscular action is suspended, partnership dissolved, and for a short time I must restore you to your ancient chaperon—*must I?*”

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"Oh," and Cecy absolutely shuddered at the hideous possibility

of Fred's waving chevalure being transformed into a garden of roots.

"And there's the Patrick's ball," went on Mr. Macnamara, piteously. "I'm losing it, too, and yet you'll go and forget me. I thought you had a softer nature, Cecy."

Poor Cecy! Was she likely to forget him whose society had formed the very sunshine of her life lately, whose every word, every look lay treasured within her very heart? She was silent through fear of saying too much.

"You seem quite indifferent, Cecy; and I care so much for *you*."

"Oh, Fred, I care—you know I do." She fairly broke down. Mr. Macnamara was mollified.

"There, don't cry, child! I believe you, and it will be a comfort to me, when far away, to feel there is *one* who will sometimes cast a thought to the poor exile. But, Cecy, I want something more. Could you promise to care for me—to be constant to me through possible years of separation?"

Fred's voice sounded awfully tender, and he genuinely felt so at the moment. He became impatient at Cecy's start, hesitation, and dead silence. Poor child; her heart was suddenly conscious of reciprocating Fred's avowed sentiments, and with this consciousness rose another, the consequent disapproval and anger of her grandmother and Uncle Oliver—especially Uncle Oliver. She remembered his look of pleasure at the ball when, *en passant*, some words of Fred's bad news must have reached his ears.

"Cecy, I know what keeps you silent," urged Fred, mournfully. "Fear of that bothering old pair, grandmamma and granduncle; I am quite aware they dislike me. They have only just one little crime to lay to my charge, and that is that I am a *younger* brother. Now, if Crofton, who is a chronic invalid, were to propose to you, they would be perfectly enchanted!"

"Oh, no," interrupted Cecy, with a dread recollection of the one half-hour she had spent in Crofton's society.

"I tell you they *would*," persisted Fred; "and that is why, if you care for me at all (which I almost doubt), our engagement must be a private, secret one. I'm heir presumptive, at any rate; and perhaps some day, in the dim future, your amiable guardians will be glad to acknowledge me. Cecy, will you give me the promise I ask? I shall go away miserable if you refuse."

"What am I to promise?" she faltered.

"That you will be true to me till I come home again. There, you are my good little Cecy; how happy I will be, knowing you care even a wee, wee bit for me! Heigho! here comes Lily. Wait till you hear the insufferable amount of nonsense the small

doll will enunciate, the platitudes she will rehearse for my benefit. —Hullo, Lily, are not you sorry to lose your only available brother, for going out?"

"Of course, very," responded Lily, absently, her mind being at the moment distracted, evolving the trying question whether she could conscientiously give young Dacre of the Greys, four dances at the next ball. "But then, Fred, one should do one's duty and keep up."

"Delightful sentiment and logic! It is pleasant to belong to a really affectionate family," sneered Fred. "I shall depart perfectly steeped in essence of regret. Fan, too, is I believe composing a farewell ode in my honour."

"Oh, that is to me a surprise! She will be quite disappointed that you know it."

"Confound her surprise and disappointment! what good will accrue to me from a maudlin set of verses, whose rhyming cost more thought than their subject?" retorted Fred, as Frances entered and had the gas lit.

"Fred, dear," she began, in the pompous, superior tone Fred hated. "Don't look so depressed; it is not right, and makes mamma really unhappy. This is our last evening, and——"

"You need not remind me of that. Are not all my cousins, to the remotest degree, invited to celebrate the auspicious event?"

"No; only your two favourites—Cecy and Mab."

"Pray, don't class them together," cried Fred hastily. "They are opposite poles—queen Mab is——"

"What!" demanded her majesty's self, sailing in all her evening glory into the room and glancing suspiciously round the group. "Pray finish you sentence, Master Fred; what is queen Mab made of—made of?" She affected a playful accent, but her eyes gleamed angrily.

"Well, if not of every creature's best, at least of Rimmel and Rachel's best," answered Fred, tormentingly. "I am in a morose mood to-night, Mab; so beware."

"A perfect brute, indeed!" said Mab. "I'm sorry I came."

"There, don't pout; a good woman you are, and there's plenty of you."

Mab relented, and sat beside Fred, smiling and talking till tea, after which Frances solemnly produced the song she had specially written for the occasion.

"I have set it to an easy air," she announced, placing herself at the piano; so that all can join. I shall read it over first," and she unfolded her paper.

The very beginning line woke Fred's indignation. "Come, let us be merry to-night." He had expected a small epic immortalia-

IN RECESS.

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

GONE the long struggles of the working time,
When need, or wealth, or honour urge the strife,
Waged by unlettered or the taught, to climb
Onwards or higher in the path of life.

Hushed is the senate's busy hum : the brow
Of ardent statesman by the wave may clear,
Be soothed to sleep where sea-foam whitens near,
Or wear its calm 'neath singing pine-tree bough.

Life moves more leisurely, like some fair cloud,
Its shadow widening on the purple waves,
Advancing slowly o'er the deep-sea caves,
Where varied treasures lie, a nameless crowd.

What mighty changes who shall prophesy,
On the horizon of the social plain ?
But Wisdom holds the joyance and the pain,
Conceals, but for our weal, the future from our eye.

Then let us take with thanks the golden glee
Of moving with the spacious, heaving waves ;
Or stern delight of gazing from the crags,
Where eagles erst would wheel full bonnily.

H. P.

THE PATRIARCHAL THEORY OF HISTORY.

"STRANGE ! that fatherly authority should be the only original of Government amongst men, and yet all mankind not know it : and stranger yet that the confusion of tongues should reveal it to them all of a sudden." It was, as the reader will probably be aware, from the pen of the immortal John Locke that this exclamation proceeded, in his just wrath against the specious but absurd arguments of Sir Robert Filmer. But the words bear a peculiar significance in modern times and seem to breathe almost a prophetic tone of thought ; for, however strange the contemplation, it yet remains a fact that modern historical science *has* established the Patriarchal Theory of the origin of society upon a sufficiently scientific basis to take it, from the domain of theory, almost into that of established fact. " The effect of the evidence derived from comparative jurisprudence," says Sir Henry Maine, " is to establish that view of the primæval condition of the human race which is known as the Patriarchal Theory ; " * and this conclusion from the latest developed of the comparative sciences almost closes the evidence of the various studies which are now recognised to be constituent elements of history.

But the writers of the seventeenth century viewed the evidence of patriarchal society from a stand-point wholly destructive to its scientific value. If the spirit of historical study be traced with the growth of English learning, it is easily perceivable how the mind, in trying to unfetter itself from the narrowness of historical vision, had drifted into narrowness of philosophical research, and this state of things militated against the acceptance of the Patriarchal Theory as an historical fact apart from a religious belief. A class of thinkers arose who affirmed its importance from its position in the Jewish writ, and deduced constitutional maxims for their own age and country which were applicable only to that stage of progress in the development of a nation which altogether precedes the political. Sir Robert Filmer's work naturally opened the door for Locke's theory of the original contract ; and the celebrated chapter of controversy on the literature of this age again developed the theory of Hobbes. But these celebrated exponents of thought, though differing so widely in their conclusions, agree in the one point, that they exhibit an actual unhistorical condition of the human race. Where they used history at all they degraded it into an instrument of political controversy, and

* *Ancient Law*, p. 122.

therefore made it assume the narrowness of political party, and this shuts out the possibility of being able to consider their systems as well-developed scientific conclusions. Though, therefore, the Patriarchal Theory has now been brought into the area of scientific facts, it is nevertheless true that when it was used by the Tories of 1689, Macaulay has great reason to style it "absurd;" for Filmer's treatise, professing to show the origin of government, was really a treatise on divine right and passive obedience, which, however made by modern phraseology to quadrate with the state of things at the dawn of social life, could hardly descend uninterruptedly to the political era.

Though it is impossible, then, to admit the historical position of the great philosopher, and equally impossible to accept the prophetic value which modern research has brought to his words, we must not be disposed to cast them aside as altogether valueless to the historian. They yet stand as a test to what the whole domain of history forcibly suggests—that the most valuable phenomena of man's progress pass away from view till they become veritable portions of the past, and that often, even then, they do not recall themselves to his observation, even when thrust out of a particular history, as examples, from one people to another, of an archaic to a civilised community. It is proposed to illustrate this from the position of the Patriarchal Theory in history.

For very obvious reasons, and from what has already been said, it will be better to pass over Eastern history. The peculiar position which the historical books of the Bible occupy in Western thought preclude the evidence to be derived from their pages from entering into the calm scientific area which Western history admits of; and the remains of those great empires of civilisation which preceded the rise of the Jewish nation are not yet sufficiently elucidated to gather any clear evidence of their appreciation of historical study, and their recognition of the value of institutional life.

Considering that historical composition commenced so early in Grecian literature, it might have been expected that something would have been reflected from Homeric life to the subsequent stages which the Grecian people arrived at. But the isolated bounds of Grecian experience prevented a comprehensive view of early institutions.* Their antipathies, too, were against spreading their inquiries far back into the life, or beyond the frontier line of their own people. Thirlwall ("Hist. of Greece," vol. i. cap 10) has taken great pains to show that Aristotle's survey of the Greek forms of

* Professor Jowett would exempt Plato from this proposition. He is far above the vulgar notion that Hellas is the civilised world, or that civilisation only begins when Hellenes appear on the scene.—*Introduction to Plato's Laws*, p. lxii.

Government was furnished from a vast store of information which he had collected from more than one hundred states in the mother country ; but this, by the light of modern historical science, only goes to strengthen the remark of Macaulay, that the Greeks admired only themselves; for had Aristotle but surveyed, with more than an incidental glance, the contemporary history of Græco-Italian life, he would have gained much to help his judgment on the Grecian forms of government and done all that was necessary to lift the historical compositions of his age out of that groove which, as Mommsen says, undertook to form links of connection between Greece and Rome by the spread of Hellenic story and fiction in keeping pace with the extension of geographical knowledge.*

It was not only experience from foreign history that the Grecian philosophers refused to use, but from their own history at an earlier stage of progress to that in which they happened to live. Though Mr. Gladstone considers that we scarcely find the strictly patriarchal king in the *Iliad*,† we have ample evidence that the poetry of Homer points back to patriarchal times, which, whether arising from Aryan or purely Grecian legend, undoubtedly shows a connection between Grecian political life and Grecian tribal life. We catch a glimpse of a period when a constitution had not been formed, and when "they had neither assemblies for consultation, nor *themistes*, but every one exercised jurisdiction over his wives and children, and paid no regard to one another."‡

It is this quotation from Homer which is used by Plato when he proceeds to speak about the origin of society. Professor Jowett, in his introduction to the *Laws* (p. lxiii.), points out that Plato's chief object "in tracing the origin of society, is to show the point at which regular government superseded the patriarchal authority, and laws common to many families took the place of old customs." Yet this object of the greatest of heathen philosophers seems to have been shielded behind the supposition of infinite time ; seems rather to have generalised the conception of progressive development, than to have fixed a period when the distinction of nationality first began to be possible, and patriarchal chieftains became monarchs. He says that we may accept Homer's witness to the fact that there was a time when primitive societies existed ; but the process by which

* "History of Rome," book ii., cap. ix. (vol. i., page 484), E. T. I would refer also to some remarks by Baldwin in his "Prehistoric Nations," p. 46.

† "Homeric Studies," iii. p. 30.

‡ *Vide* Gladstone's "Homeric Studies," iii. 141 ; Maine's "Ancient Law," p. 125. It is peculiar to note that Pope's translation of this passage of "The Odyssey" is singularly vague in its meaning, while some passages in his "Essay on Man" convey very distinctly this stage of society. May we not see here the influence of his friend St. John, to whose historical criticisms the present age is much indebted ?

"we seem to have stumbled upon the beginning of legislation," fills up but indistinctly that immense period of time which is as vaguely delineated in Plato's writings as it is certainly existent in his mind.*

It is important that we should point out now, by tracing its subsequent career, how this idea of a great lapse of time overshadowed, for so long a period, the growth of subsequent historical thought, which might otherwise have sought to fill up the period between man's national and natural life, by evidence from contemporary sources, when the modern civilised nations of Europe were primitive tribes.

It passed into the system of the Stoics and so severed later Grecian thought from Homeric thought. When the classical jurists of Rome appealed to the Stoic philosophers for their principles of morality, they clothed their *jus gentium* with notions entirely at variance with the equity of early Roman law, and produced, in Justinian's Pandects and Institutes, a *jus gentium* whose principal feature is its ambiguity. The *jus gentium* of the classical jurists of Rome suggested the Natural Law of the moderns (Austin's Lectures, No. xxxi.), which, in the instance of the Lockean theory of the origin of law in a social compact, scarcely conceals its Roman derivation.† "Though the theory of Hobbes," says Sir Henry Maine, "was partly devised to repudiate the reality of a law of nature, yet these two theories resemble each other strictly in their fundamental assumption of a non-historic, unverifiable condition of the human race, for the authors agreed in thinking that a great chasm separated man in his primitive condition from man in society, and this notion, we cannot doubt, they borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, from the Romans." It is unnecessary to suggest further how, in its career from Plato's hazy conception of the dawn of society, it has passed through phases wherein its principal features lay dormant under an enormous mass of empty declamation, as John Austin terms it; and that it again reared its head in a later age, when philosophers, forgetting or neglecting its original home, once more desired to *stumble upon the beginning of legislation*.

It will be necessary to notice shortly how the indefiniteness of any theory on the origin of society is still more apparent in Aristotle's system of half empirical, half *a-priori* method of thought. In Book i. cap. 2 of the "Politics," he clearly traces society from its germ in a single family to the combination of many families, which was *instituted* for mutual and lasting advantages, "and hence by the way," he adds, "states were originally governed by kings, for

* "If a man wants to know the origin of states and societies, he should behold them from the point of view of time."—*Laws*, book iii.

† *Vide* Maine's "Ancient Law," p. 114.

they were composed of those who were always under kingly government, for every family is governed by the elder, as are its branches, on account of their relationship." In the same division of the work, however, we are told that "in the order of nature the state is *prior* to the family or individual;" and, in book iii., cap 15, a further passage occurs which is still more inconsistent with an historical belief in the Patriarchal Theory: "The reason that the first governments were generally monarchies was because it was difficult to find a number of persons eminently virtuous, more particularly as they dwelt in particular communities."

And yet the period at which Aristotle lived was not so far separated from that stage of Grecian life which may be termed patriarchal, that no remnants of such a system existed as evidence to the historical observer. The laws of King Italus were still obtained during his time, and Dr. Mommsen thinks they may denote the institutions common to Græco-Italian life, when the association in communities of families under patriarchal chiefs contained the germ out of which the laws of both nations were moulded.* The tribal form of patriarchal life had not entirely died out, and here and there the ancient genealogical tribes existed side by side with the more modern local tribes;† and still Aristotle, with that peculiar knowledge of Grecian history for which, as before mentioned, he is so much lauded, fails to record the change—fails to recognise, in the contrast, an item of pure history, and in the older form, an argument for many of the points raised in his system of politics.

We have to turn to a different source than historical or philosophical writings in ascertaining the Roman conception of Patriarchal authority. What Homer has done for the Greeks has been very imperfectly accomplished for the Romans, whose origin was veiled even from their own eyes;‡ though there are some glimpses of a possible national epic in the odes which used to be sung on festive occasions, in the houses of men of rank, in praise of the heroes from whom they claimed descent, which are alluded to by Cato in his treatise "Origines," and regretted by Cicero that they had become obsolete.§ The Romans sought for their history in Grecian mythology and Grecian genius;|| but we are now coming upon an age when the lost works of Cato may be somewhat compensated for by modern researches into Roman archæology, and Roman history

* "History of Rome," book i. cap. ii., vol. i. p. 20, of E. T.

† Niebuhr's "Rome," vol. i., p. 262. E. T.

‡ Ortolan's "History of Roman Law," sect. ii.

§ Cicero, in Brutum, sect. 19.

|| Ovid's *Metamorphosis* views the world unfolded through the mythological and ancient times down to the days of Julius Cæsar. And see Mommsen's *Rome*, book ii. cap. ix.

be constructed from Roman sources, from whence evident traces of the common patriarchal system of the Aryan race will find their proper place in the narrative of Roman progress.

The source from which we gain the Roman conception of the Patriarchal Theory is their legal system. We can only see here its decay, existing in the form of its principal relic—the *Patria Potestas*. Though this important element in Roman law to a great extent superseded the whole machinery of modern criminal law,* though the whole basis on which Roman family law was founded is that of *paternal authority*,† there is no trace of its origin ever having been sought for in the patriarchal primitiveness from which the nation had descended. With its first introduction into written codes, we perceive also the commencement of its decay, but not a sign of its injustice or its arbitrary introduction into their system. The Twelve Tables make provision relating to the control of the father over his children—the right existing during their whole life to imprison, scourge, keep to rustic labour in chains, to sell or slay, even though they be in the enjoyment of high offices. By the side of this despotic rule, however, is a section (and it derives additional authority from being an original fragment of the celebrated code, which the preceding is not) stating that three consecutive sales of the son by the father releases the former from the *patria potestas*—*si pater filium ter venum duit, filius a patre liber esto*.‡

Now, so completely is the origin of *patria potestas* obscured at the time of the Antonines, that Gaius affirms there is scarcely any other nation where fathers are invested with such power over their children as at Rome, “although I am aware,” he adds, “that among the Galatians parents are invested with power over their children.”§ Sir Henry Maine observes upon this, that had he glanced across the Rhine or the Danube, to those tribes of barbarians which were exciting the curiosity of some among his contemporaries, he would have seen examples of patriarchal power in its crudest forms. But neither did his contemporaries, and amongst them the noble genius of Tacitus, perceive sufficient analogy to trace a common origin from a patriarchal commencement of tribal life, though, according to Professor Stubbs, it is on points of social and political organisation that our greatest debt to Tacitus is due. We owe to his historical taste a narrative which has supplied to modern scholars the place of a Pentateuch or Iliad and Odyssey; but his own country

* Austin, lecture xlv. † Ortolan's *History of Roman Law*, sec. 119.

‡ These are portions of the fourth table; but the first one is not included by Dr. Wordsworth in “*Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin*,” p. 256. It is given in Ortolan's *History of Roman Law*, p. 107—Nasmith's translation.

§ Institutes, i. 55.

owed to his historical vision absolutely nothing, or much of the opposition and bitter hostility of Roman and barbarian might have been influenced by the softening power which is now exerting itself on Hindoo and Englishman.

In passing from Roman to English history, it must not be supposed that we are passing from ancient to modern thought. The mediæval age of the world stretches far down into European history, and the subject of this paper illustrates this conception of Bunsen very clearly. Moreover, a peculiar parallelism is observable in that, instead of tracing the evidence from the literature of the age, it is necessary to have recourse to the legal or political actions of the government, as they stand unrecorded except in the dry annals of official routine. The long series of chronicles, due chiefly to the Romish monks, give but very little elucidation of the course of early English historical life; and it would be an interesting chapter of English literature to trace the causes which may account for the late development of historical writing.

England falls equally short with Greece and Rome in failing to perceive what was going on around her from a properly historical point of view. We meet this with peculiar significance in the treatment of Ireland by the English Government.* Sir Henry Maine, in his valuable work on *Early Institutions*, while noticing the invectives of Sir John Davis and the author of the "*Faery Queene*" against the "lewd" institutions of the Irish, claims that they were virtually the same institutions as those out of which "the just and honourable law" of England grew. In following the lectures of Professor O'Curry on Irish history, it is easily perceived that the whole basis claimed for Irish institutions, and more particularly those which roused the anger of the English ministers of Elizabeth, was derived from that system common to the whole Aryan people—the Patriarchal system. It is not found that the Irish claimed this for themselves, any more than Greece and Rome did of old. Though much of what might have remained had yielded to the raids and innovations of English conquerors, we find that, at a much earlier period of English history the same narrow view of historical evidences was taken as that in Elizabeth's reign. In 1277, King Edward I. wrote to his chief-justice in Ireland that 8000 marks were offered him to establish the English laws in that country; and that he consents to do it, because, says he, those which the Irish make use of are abominable in the sight of God and by consequence ought not to be deemed laws.† The English Justinian held a broad and states-

* *Vide* Dr. Sullivan's *Introd. to O'Curry's Lectures on Ancient Irish*, page clxxxiv., on the custom of gavelkind.

† *Vide* Rymer's *Fœdera*, ii., p. 78.

man-like view of English juridical necessities, and so earned a place in English history which far out-values the questionable honour from the title borrowed from his Roman prototype. But historical thought had not proceeded to that phase when men can look beyond the trammels of fixed systems of knowledge and perceive the unity of all knowledge (to borrow an analogy from Mr. Freeman's celebrated Rede Lecture); beyond the trammels of nationality and perceive the unity of race; beyond the trammels of race and perceive the unity of mankind.

It may, I think, be gathered from this review of the Patriarchal Theory in history, that hitherto, it has existed on an insecure basis because it did not derive its history from the broader groundwork that modern science has opened up. Among the ancients it was faintly recognised as a condition of society in which they once lived, though totally *unconnected* with later circumstances; among the moderns it has been dragged into political controversy and lost altogether its historical value in the assertion of its religious authority. Among the ancients it sank into insignificance because it had no connected literature for its historical support; among the moderns it has, on the one hand, been argued to be the *only* origin of kingly power, because it has been preserved in the records of religious writ; and, on the other, it has been cast aside as altogether useless, because, first, it was unhistorical and then unscientific.

This paper has, it is hoped, explained the position of the Patriarchal Theory in modern historical thought to be not altogether inconsistent with its past, though placing it on a somewhat new basis.

G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.R. Hist. Soc.



A SONG OF TRADITION.

"Now let us praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

Ecclesiasticus, chap. xlv. 1.

LONG bygone scenes lived once again
Shall prompt both song and chorus ;
Now let us praise our famous men,
And laud our sires before us.

Chorus : Long bygone scenes, &c.

A cheer for Royal Alfred's name,
The patriot, warrior, trader,
Who made our hallowed England's fame,
And quelled the fierce invader.
For letters, laws, and liberty,
We raise the song and chorus ;
Now let us praise our famous men,
And laud our sires before us.

Chorus : For letters, laws, &c.

Let's hymn the Lords of Runnymede,
(That camp of legislation),
For many a wise and noble deed,
The patterns of our nation.
'Twas they who, first from discord dire,
To right and reason bore us.
Now let us praise our famous men,
And laud our sires before us.

Chorus : 'Twas they who first, &c.

A ringing cheer for Queenly Bess,
That moon by stars surrounded,
Whose worth still envious realms confess,
Whose fame a Spenser sounded.
The light that shone on letters then,
Inspires a deathless chorus.
Now let us praise our famous men,
And laud our sires before us.

Chorus : The light that shone, &c.

A Song of Tradition.

Of Anson, Clive, and Wellington,
 The names shall live for ever,
 And Nelson's dauntless deeds each son
 Shall nerve to best endeavour.
 A cheer alike for victor's crown,
 And wreath for death decorous.
 Now let us praise our famous men,
 And laud our sires before us.

Chorus: A cheer alike, &c.

Hurrah, for all who dying make
 Humanity a debtor,
 Who gild this world for duty's sake,
 And silent, preach a better.
 Till angel harps alone be heard,
 We'll raise the strain sonorous,
 Now let us praise our famous men,
 And laud our sires before us.

Chorus: Till angel harps, &c.

Who wielded well the sword of Truth,
 And proved its point and keenness;
 Who Falsehood's barb disclosed to youth,
 And Vice's sordid meanness;
 Who trod the narrow path of right,—
 We hymn in song and chorus.
 Now let us praise our famous men,
 And laud our sires before us.

Chorus: Who trod the narrow path, &c.

Our lives will swell the seething sea
 Of history and tradition;
 Then may our children, glad and free,
 And proud in their position.
 With mantling flush on open brow,
 Still raise the song and chorus.
 Now let us praise our famous men,
 And laud our sires before us.

Chorus: With mantling flush, &c.

TURKE :

ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND RESOURCES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART VIII.

MINES.

SERVIA has profited by its vicinity to more civilised countries to have its mining resources particularly inquired into. As far back as 1836, Prince Milosch engaged M. de Herder, captain of mines in Saxony, in this service. It appears from these researches added to what was already known, that in the N.E. of Servia the limestone and porphyritic sienite are accompanied at Maidan-Pek* and Butsh by masses of oxide of iron and argentiferous grey and carbonated pyrites, which gave occupation at one time to twenty-four furnaces. Cupriferous oxide of iron exists in the same position at Tzernaika, oxide of iron at Tanda, galena and copper pyrites, between sienite and mica-slate, at Luka. The galena was formerly wrought in mica-slate at Golubatz, carbonate of copper exists in limestone at Moldava in the Bannat, and formerly argentiferous galena was worked at Stara-Kutschaina.

More to the south, there were ironworks in olden times near Bela-Konie, and argentiferous galena works at Lukovo. Gold washing has been carried on in the bed of the Timok and the Pek, and there were smelting works at Oreschkovitz. The mines at Maidan-Pek, were abandoned by the Turks in consequence of the attacks of brigands, but they were reopened by Tzerni George, as also at another maidan or mine in the Rudnik mountains, but with little success, neither capital, skill, or science being brought to bear upon the undertaking. It was thought that enough was done to ensure success by carrying away a miner from the Bannat by force, and keeping him in Servia. These mines in Rudnik are somewhat similar to those at Maidan-Pek, only there is no copper. The argentiferous galena is met with in veins of quartz of from six inches to a foot in width, but mixed with blende, iron pyrites, and oxide of iron. The quartz is, however, like the auriferous quartz of Transylvania in a siliceous porphyry associated with sandstones, it is supposed of the supra-cretaceous epoch. Two galleries are still to be seen, and a heap of scoræ attest to the works

* A mine is "maden" in Turkish, "maidan" in Albanian, Slavonian, and among the Greeks of Turkey, "bae" in Wallachia, and "metalleion" among the Hellenic Greeks.

of Tzerni George. The Austrians themselves, however, met with no better results in some works carried on at Visoka, south of Belgrade.

In the west of Servia, masses and even small veins of galena are met with in limestone breccia at Krupagna and Korenitztza, but they have never been turned to any account save to manufacture musket-balls. The peasants grope for galena and blende at such times as they have no agricultural work on hand.

In the south-west, there are indications, more especially at Zeovitsch, of argentiferous galena, and one mountain is called Suvo-Rudintsche, or the place of exhausted mines. Hydrated iron, as at Rudnik, and oxide of iron, with garnets, are met with in porphyritic sienite near Kopaonik.

There are iron mines in Bosnia, near Vischegrad, as also at Voinitztza, near Kreschevo and between Butzovatz and Visoka, not far from Serajevo. The same beds are utilised in Croatia at Novi-Maidan, at Maidan proper, at Stari-Maidan (old mine), and at Priedol. There is another maidan, or mine, near Gratschanitzza. These mines give employment to several smelting furnaces and foundries. The iron is found in cavities in limestone mixed with clay and limestone fragments, and is supposed to owe its origin to ferriferous springs like the pisolitic iron of Dalmatia and Carniola. It is extracted on the surface or by means of wells, sometimes from fifty to sixty feet in depth. Old Roman works are to be seen near Srebernitzza, whence the name of the place, Silver-town. Other sites of argentiferous galena are said to exist at Krupa, and at the sources of the Sana, in the southern chain of Turkish Croatia, but the latter are most likely the same argentiferous copper ore (Fahlerz) which is met with north of Livo.

There is on the frontier of the Servian district of Oujitze, a mountain called Slatibor, or mountain of gold; but nothing is known of its wealth, and several rivers, as the Bosna, the Verbas, and the Laschva have the reputation of being auriferous. Pliny says the Romans wrought a gold mine at Slatnitzza, near Travnik, and at the sources of the latter river.

There were ironworks in the Balkan of Etropol, where the mineral was extracted from limestone in clayslate and talcose shists; but the works were abandoned from, it is said, the rapacity of the tax-gatherers. There are existing furnaces in Upper Mœsia at Klisura and in the Urtska-Rieka, as also near Egri-Palanka. Iron is also extracted from the alluvial beds at Samakov, where are furnaces.

The shistose and quartzite mountains near Novo-Brdo, Kratovo, and Janovo, have the reputation of having been once rich in silver and gold. The monk Save is reported to have

employed German miners in this district as far back as 1227. A colony of Saxon miners is also said to have existed at Novo-Brdo, and from 1427 to 1437 the mines of Upper Moesia were conceded to the Ragusans by George Brankovitch for an annual payment of 200,000 ducats. The works were put a stop to by the conquests of Amurad in 1439, but they were resumed in 1444, when George was reinstated by the aid of the valorous Hunyad. Historians estimate the annual produce of the mines at 120,000 ducats (*"Geschichte des Freystaats Ragusa," Engel. p. 163*). When, in 1455, Sultan Muhammad captured Novo-Brdo, the Servian King, in announcing the disaster to the King of Hungary, designated the place as "*caput patriæ et ob mineras nervi bellum.*"

There are still some small works at Karatova, in Macedonia. The mineral wrought is an argentiferous galena mixed with pyrites and hydrate of iron, in a vein of calc spar, in porphyritic sienite; and similar mines, only in mica-slate, were wrought near Salonica in the time of the Kings of Macedonia. Belon visited these mines in 1568, when there were from five to six hundred furnaces, and government received from 18 to 30,000 ducats from them every month. Mr. Urquhart tells us in his "*Turkey and its Resources*," vol. ii. p. 120, that these mines obtained, under the name of Madena Choria, the privileges of self-administration to the inhabitants, at the expense of a given amount of tribute.

Mines are said to exist near Kostendil and Ochrida. Mount Vitosch, near Sophia, is also reported to be metalliferous, so also of the Rhodophus, alluded to by the ancients as such, and some furnaces still exist at Jelovtzi near Beretkeli, but all these are of uncertain and unknown value.

It is in a similar manner pretended that precious metals are to be met with in Albania, and several streams bear the name of "*Ergent*," but more probably from the brightness of their waters than from the existence of silver. It appears, however, that the ancients wrought mines in Mount Ergenik, south of Tepelen, in Epirus, and copper is said to exist in the serpentine of the same province.

Wallachia derives more profit from its salt-mines than from any metalliferous deposits. The chief of these are at Pizineaga, in the district of Buseo; at Stanikul, in Sekujani; at Oka-Mare, in Vultscha; and at Akra, in Braovo. There are, however, some important copper mines at Baga d'Arama in Little Wallachia. The veins, which are very uncertain and not to be depended upon, are said to extend over five miles of country, in clayslates passing into mica-shists associated with serpentine and diorites. Several rivers of Wallachia are reported to be more or less auriferous, and M.

Schuler found native gold in veins of quartz in clay-slate near the sources of the Tscherna.

The mines of Asia Minor are far more productive than anything met with in Turkey in Europe, but they are much neglected, and everything is carried on according to the most primitive fashion, with no end of waste in time, fuel, and labour. It is difficult to say what might not be the result of the introduction of capital and science at many of the best-known Asiatic mines. Argentiferous galena has been long known to exist at Maden in the granites and mica shists of the Ida, but the mines are now utterly neglected. The fact is that the inhabitants are deterred from venturing into mining speculations, from the fear of being mulcted by rapacious pashas of more in actual money than can be obtained in metal from the works. Hence it is that the more productive mines are in the hands of pashas who employ uneducated Greeks and Armenians in the works, under the superintendence of still more ignorant Turk captains. All parties are alike suspicious and jealous of one another, and between them all the least possible amount of real work is got through.

The celebrated copper mines known as Maden Kapur, in Taurus, in the neighbourhood of Arganah, are generally spoken of as the mines of Tokat, because the copper is smelted at that town, there being more wood in the neighbourhood. These mines exist in diallage, serpentine, and hornblendic rocks with stea-shists and talc-shists. There are upwards of fourteen different galleries or shafts carried into the hills to extract the ore, and according to information gathered on the spot, the annual produce was said to be 151,000 maunds, or 2,250,000 lbs., upon which there is a loss in the smelting and refining furnaces of 25 to 35 per cent. 1721 maunds of extracted ore is said to yield 154 maunds of copper. There is little reliance to be placed on these figures, although obtained under peculiarly favourable circumstances, the mines having been examined at the request of Hafiz Pasha, at that time Governor of Dyarbekir. An immense amount of copper is consumed by the natives themselves, who use little iron and no tin, whilst every cottage and every Kurd tent has its copper utensils. The richness of these mines may be judged of from the fact of powerful beds of copper ore cropping out to the surface in the bed of the stream that flows at the foot of the mountain. These beds are probably not worked, as from want of appliances the mines would be liable to be flooded.

The so-called Maden-Gomush, or, "Silver Mines," also known as Kapan-Maden are on the Upper Euphrates in the heart of a country rich in mineral products. The formations are mainly argentiferous galena with corneous silver, lead and iron, sulphurets of silver, lead and antimony, and other minerals. The veins, beds, and nodules,

are met with in granite, chlorite shists and limestones. A more minute account of these mines is given in "Researches in Assyria, Babylonia, &c.," p. 279 *et seq.* The mines are said to yield 13,000 maunds, or 195,000 lbs. of lead and 400 okas or 1000 lbs. of silver annually; 130 maunds or 1950 lbs. of lead yield from six to seven lbs. of silver. The same quantity gave formerly as much as 20 to 24 lbs.

There are, or were, furnaces for smelting iron at the town of Divriki, north of the silver mines. That metal must be very abundant in the neighbourhood, for great boulders of iron were seen in the valley of the Ekmah chaye and on the plain of Divriki. Specular iron, or oligiste, was met with in the same neighbourhood, as also sulphuret of silver with pisolitic chacedony, and likewise native gold disseminated in particles in granite, the latter in the Dumbu Tagh Mountains, between Divriki and the village of Seliski.

Next in importance to the copper mines at Arghanah, are those called Pakur Kurahsi, not far from Kastamuni. These mines are of great antiquity, and the author of the "Jehan Numa" notices them after Strabo. Gibbon says that in the time of Muhammad II., Ismael Bey, the Turkoman prince of Sinope, yielded to the conquerer of Constantinople, on his summons, a city and a revenue of 200,000 ducats, derived, it is said, chiefly from the copper mines. At the time we visited them ("Travels in Asia Minor, &c.," vol i., p. 77) there were sixteen furnaces, the bellows worked by water-wheels, and convicts were busy turning over and sifting old refuse; but it was said that no ore was extracted from the shafts. The head man of the place was, however, suspicious and reticent, and would neither give information himself nor allow others to give it.

The mines in the Ishik Tagh, north of Angora, were minutely examined at the request and with the aid of Izzet Pasha, as those at Arghanah had been explored with the aid of Hafiz Pasha; but the results were very unsatisfactory, for the country was buried in snow at the time, and the veins to which shafts and galleries had been carried appeared to be utterly exhausted. A more ridiculous result attended upon an attempted exploration, also made at the request of Izzet Pasha, of an old shaft long since abandoned, and the entrance closed with shrubs, in the Haimaneh, or great central upland of Asia Minor. The shaft was full of wild animals that had to be smoked out and dispersed before obtaining entrance. This old mine was on the Ura Tagh, and there were ruined furnaces at Karghali, a village some distance off.

Mines of argentiferous galena exist at what is called Denek-Maden, above the central valley of the Halys, and they are said to produce 1000 okas of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each, weekly, of galena, which quantity yields $2\frac{1}{2}$ okas of silver. The Turks are so prone to

mines of silver and lead in the province of *Erzurum*, and in the district of *Arpaçay*, where there is a good deal of silver and lead. The mines are worked by the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families, and the produce of the mines is sold to the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families. The mines are worked by the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families, and the produce of the mines is sold to the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families.

There are also silver mines in the district of *Arpaçay*, near the *Khan* *Arpaçay*, where the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families are working. The mines are worked by the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families, and the produce of the mines is sold to the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families.

The *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families are still engaged in working the silver mines, and the produce of the mines is sold to the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families. This is also the case, not only of *Arpaçay*, but also of *Arpaçay*, where the mines are worked by the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families, and the produce of the mines is sold to the *Arpaçay* and *Arpaçay* families.

The Silver mines of *Gumush-Khan*, or Silver Khan, between *Erzurum* and *Trebizond*, were once celebrated, both for their produce and as a kind of practical school for mines. There is only one mine worked at present, although the whole face of the hill is covered with the remains of old workings and galleries. The gallery at present worked is not, as at *Gumush-Malen*, propped up at all, nor, notwithstanding the reputation of the place as a school for mining, is there either method, order, or common prudence observed in the manner in which the mines are worked. According to Mr. Hamilton ("Researches in Asia Minor," vol. i., p. 236) these mines produce annually from 250 to 300 drachms of gold, and about 30 okas of silver, and 120 okas of lead for each oka of silver, in all 3000 okas of lead. As in most other cases, although the mines belong to Government, they are not worked on the public account, but are farmed out on certain conditions highly favourable to Government. The director has, however, the power of purchasing charcoal (one load—100 okas—being necessary to smelt 3 okas of lead) at the low price of two piastres or 5d. per load, being one-fourth of the usual market price; the villages in the neighbourhood are obliged to furnish him with whatever quantity he requires at this price, in return for which they are exempted from taxes.

There are also copper mines in blue shale at *Chalvar*, near *Bai*.

burt, in the same region. These mines produce annually from three to four thousand maunds of Copper ; each maund weighs six okas, and is worth 80 piastres, the oka being equal to 2½ lbs. Twenty maunds of charcoal, which cost 8 piastres, are necessary for the different processes of roasting and smelting, to produce one maund of copper. The ore, which appears particularly rich, is roasted four times in order to drive off the sulphur, before it is smelted. These mines give employment to 500 persons, *i.e.*, 350 mens and 150 boys : the former receives four, the latter two, piastres per diem.

The copper obtained from the still more productive mines at Arganah Maden is conveyed, by a kind of semi-compulsory process, in its rough state from the mines, to Tokat, between 12 and 14 days journey. The charcoal for roasting and smelting has to be provided by the villagers at little or no remuneration, and even labour is compulsory. True, the peasants are relieved from taxation and military service, but that does not save them from extraordinary contributions, or the capricious extortions of a pasha. It is not to be wondered at, then, that where the most common principles of finance are disregarded, where misrule reigns supreme, and where the people are oppressed, while Government itself is imposed upon, that nothing but failure and disappointment must be the ultimate result.

The metalliferous resources of the great mountain chains of Kurdistan are virtually unknown. We found a vein of galena wrought by the Chaldeans at Taraspino, but merely for bullets, and heard of other mines, but had not an opportunity of examining them. This region would probably present a better field for mining exploration than even Asia Minor. If we consider what the Turks have done, or are still doing, simply as such, the prospects for the introduction of capital and science would be great ; but it must also be taken into consideration that many of the mines have been wrought from the most ancient times, and that, with intervals of activity and of neglect, many have passed through the hands of Greeks and Romans, of Byzantines and native races, before they fell under the compulsory and miserly, yet greedy and rapacious, system of the Osmanlis.

The Turkish Government has no school of mines, and even miners, or people having some pretensions to practical experience in mining, roasting, and smelting (*Madenji*), are rarely to be met with, and they are invariably Greeks or Armenians, whilst the directors and extortioners are ignorant and rapacious Turks. All there is, is an office at Constantinople called the *Maden Mukataasi Kalemi*, or more briefly, *Maaden Kalemi*, which is a branch of the Treasury (*Terfterdary*), and is a place of reception for monies or minerals

coming in. Owing to the first shafts and galleries being carried on, for the most part, without any protection whatever, it is not only difficult, and in most cases impossible, to form an idea of the existing wealth of the mines, but in many cases the most productive veins, beds, or masses of ore, are concealed and buried beneath the detritus of years. Not only is the roasting process imperfectly done, but the mineral, instead of being previously trituated, is cast into the furnaces in great lumps, involving loss of fuel and repeated operations. Yet at almost all the mines water-mills could be easily turned to account to pound the mineral. The furnaces are also so imperfect, that added to the non-trituration of the mineral, only a portion is extracted, and much is left among the slags and scorïa. In most furnaces the walls are insufficient, the chimneys are not lofty enough for a powerful current, and the vault is too high and too open, at times, indeed, more like a fire-place or blacksmith's forge, than a furnace or enlarged retort. When engaged at Ishik Tagh in exploring the resources of its mines, we had a furnace set up upon a better principle, and soon convinced the Greek miners of its greater efficiency by the results obtained.

At Karatova, where 400 okas of mineral are said to give 200 okas of lead and 700 drachms of silver, as at other places, the white-lead is lost. At Egri—Polanka where crystals of iron are disseminated in a soft talcose shist, they are detached from their beds simply by allowing currents of water to flow over them. The iron is not collected at any given point, but in any hole or corner where it is most readily put away. 700 okas of mineral require 7 loads of charcoal, and 18 okas of iron are obtained every 16 hours. At Keisura, close by, where are other fûrûns or furnaces, they are opened every 12 hours and then closed again. The Pasha of Sophia, engaged in a foundry of cannon-balls, was one of the first to have a refining furnace constructed, in 1837, with a high chimney. At Winitza, also, the mineral is pounded by hammers, moved by a large water-wheel, and then washed. The bellows are also worked by water-wheels. Hitherto most of the iron has been used for making baking dishes and cannon balls, but a better class of furnace is being introduced into Servia from Styria and Hungary, and the art of mining, still in its infancy in Turkey, may be said to be making a step forwards. Above all, laws ought to be enacted by which in the neighbourhood of mines, only wood of a certain age, say of 25 to 30 years' growth, should be allowed to be cut for charcoal, and thus a constant supply would be obtained. The loss upon removing the mineral from Arganah Maden to Tokat—12 to 14 days' journey—to be roasted and smelted, must, for example, take away a large portion of the profits.

IS RITUALISM CONSISTENT WITH PROTESTANTISM?

UNDER the above title a writer in the first number of the new *Cosmopolitan Critic and Controversialist* discusses, from a pseudo-utilitarian point of view, the advisability of retaining religious services generally, and, in particular, four rites which he specifically attacks. It is somewhat difficult to follow the writer's argument, inasmuch as, although he starts by defining his terms, he does not adhere strictly to his definitions, nor, as we shall see, does he appear to apprehend very clearly how far his definitions extend.

He first defines "ritualism" as "action of non-utility formulated;" by which he implies, if we understand him aright, that any "action of non-utility" is comprehended within the category of "ritualism." "Consistent" he explains to mean "compatible terms," to which definition, borrowed from Professor Jevons' *Logic*, we see no objection. "Protestantism" is used in its general meaning of the "religion reformed from the Roman Church." The question which heads this paper will then stand: "Is action of non-utility a compatible term with the religion reformed from the Roman Church?" In other words, "Can a distinctively Protestant rite be ritualistic or of non-utility?" The question thus re-stated is answered by the *Cosmopolitan* writer in the affirmative, on the ground that "all attributes inherent in, or sustained by any given thing at the time of the birth of such thing is (*sic*) consistent with the said thing." And baptism, marriage, burial, and coronation of monarchs are specified as examples of such inherent attributes of Protestantism.

The next and largest division of the paper is occupied with a discussion of the non-utility of these four rites. Who, for instance, supposes, it is asked, that his particular name could not have been given him otherwise than by a religious ceremony? Or who supposes that marriage by a civil registrar is not fully as legal and moral as marriage by a priest? Can anyone believe that the repetition of the Burial Service is a necessary preliminary to admission to eternal bliss? Finally, are our monarchs kings by divine right and priestly consecration, or simply by the will and choice of their people?

The *Cosmopolitan* writer having thus shown that these four rites are not necessary to the accomplishment of the ends which have

incidentally been mentioned, concludes by calling upon Protestants to abjure these specimens of "action of non-utility formulated."

Now, although we are not, personally, inclined to uphold the necessity of our four rites for the accomplishment of certain results, it appears to us that something more is requisite before the *Cosmopolitan* can be considered to have proved his proposition.

"Before you can give a definition, you must know in general what you are about to define—you cannot set out to define as a certain Scotch lawyer swore, 'at large.'"* This error of not sufficiently considering what he was about to define seems to us exactly that into which the *Cosmopolitan* has fallen. Defining his four rites as "actions of non-utility" because they did not seem necessary for the production of certain results, he has neglected to inquire whether these results are those which the four rites were intended to produce, or whether there are any other results which they do produce. It is easy enough to show that any action whatever is unnecessary for the accomplishment of some one result; but before that action can be stigmatised as "useless" absolutely, it must be shown that it is unnecessary to, or incapable of, the production of any result at all.

It does not need any great acumen to perceive that the ends attributed to the four rites by the *Cosmopolitan* are merely accidental ends, and not by any means implied in the essence of the rites. Name-giving is a mere subordinate result of baptism. Not only could the baptismal service be performed equally well without once uttering the child's name; but the popular synonym of the service—christening—and the fact that people who reject the service of the Established Church both register their children's names civilly, and have a dedication service in their own places of worship, shows that name-giving is not considered to be any essential part of the rite.

The legality of a marriage is of course dependent upon compliance with the laws of a country; but the morality of the proceeding is dependent upon neither civil nor religious ceremonies. No one doubts the morality of those marriages in Scotland which were solemnised solely by the verbal assent of the marrying parties; or the morality of certain distinguished literary personages in our own country, who are known to have abjured all outward form of marriage. Nevertheless, that there is something more in a marriage ceremony than mere registry for civil purposes is conclusively shown by those Christians who, having no licensed place of their own, perform the civil ceremony first, and afterwards perform a religious ceremony in their own place of worship.

* Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, in *Mind*, April 1876, p. 67.

As for the notion of the Burial Service being a kind of unfailing passport to eternal happiness, that idea is distinctly repudiated by those who most firmly cling to the practice.*

Our own English history shows us very clearly that we have taken the choice of our king into our own hands. Nevertheless, it is worth consideration whether priestly coronation would have been retained if it served no end. There is probably more truth in the "divine-right" theory than the *Cosmopolitan* would care to admit. Mr. Carlyle was probably not far from expressing the general feeling of humanity when he remarked that "there is a God in this world; and a God's sanction, or else the violation of such, does look-out from all ruling and obedience, from all moral acts of men."†

Clearly enough, then, we see that the strictly regulative function, is not the essential in these rites. What, then, is the essential? Their connection with certain religious beliefs. The *Cosmopolitan* writer's error in not sufficiently investigating the possible ends of these rites has vitiated his whole view of them. If we look beyond the boundary of our own form of religion we shall find that the corresponding places to our four rites are occupied by very different ceremonies. Look, for instance, at the Jewish circumcision religiously equivalent to baptism, but coupled with a direct prohibition of the regulative function which accompanies the Protestant ceremony. Or consider some of the Oriental religions which demanded as a necessary preliminary of marriage compliance with rites which no one would willingly mention. All these rites are linked together by a common thread of religious feeling running through them. And this common religious feeling is simply that of the Divine sanction of a certain code of conduct, obedience to which is rewarded hereafter, while disobedience is punished. "There is no religion," says Professor Max-Müller, "or if there is I do not know it, which does not say, 'Do good, avoid evil.' There is none which does not contain what Rabbi Hillel called the quintessence of all religions, the simple warning, 'Be good, my boy.' 'Be good, my boy,' may seem a very short catechism, but let us add to it 'Be good, my boy, for God's sake,' and we have in it very nearly the whole of the Law and the Prophets."‡ It is the *raison d'être* of all rites and ceremonies that they express one side or another of this fundamental belief in the divinely-sanc-

* Compare Pusey's sermon on "The Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist," pp. 12, 13; and his "Eirenicon," iii., 96, 120.

† "Heroes and Hero-worship," sect. vi. (People's Edition, p. 183.)

‡ "Science of Religion," sect. 4., ("Fraser," July 1870, p. 104. Ewald, too, recognises the peculiarly religious intention of baptism and matrimony: "Lehre der Bibel von Gott," iv., 271, fib. 146. f.

tioned code. Observance of the rites always carries with it a certain amount of obedience to the beliefs; while (which is most germane to our present question) the abolition or denial of the rites always strikes a blow at the beliefs. The question of the non-utility of the rites becomes therefore a question of the non-utility of religious beliefs. If these be in any way useful, it is clearly wrong to damage them prematurely by doing away with the expression of them.*

What, then, is the utility of religious beliefs? We have been preceded in answering this question, and we shall not hesitate to reproduce the argument of a master, rather than adduce feeble reasons of our own. "A utilitarian system of ethics cannot at present be rightly thought out even by the select few, and is quite beyond the reach of the many.† We have but to observe human action, as it meets us at every turn, to see that the average intelligence, incapable of guiding conduct even in simple matters, where but a very moderate reach of reason would suffice, must fail in apprehending with due clearness the natural sanctions of ethical principles. The unthinking ineptitude with which even the routine of life is carried on by the mass of men shows clearly that they have nothing like the insight required for self-guidance in the absence of an authoritative code of conduct.‡

And again. "Were it possible forthwith to replace a traditionally established system of rules supposed to be supernaturally warranted by a system of rules rationally elaborated, no such rationally elaborated system of rules would be adequately operative. To think that it would implies the thought that men's beliefs and actions are throughout determined by intellect, whereas they are in much larger degrees determined by feeling."§ I have no space for the illustrations which Mr. Spencer gives.¶ I pass on to his conclusions. "The feelings drawn out during early life towards moral principles, by witnessing the *moral sanction and the religious sanction they possess*, influence conduct far more than the perception that conformity to such principles conduces to welfare."¶ "Thus the anti-theological bias leads to serious errors, both when it ignores the essential share hitherto taken by religious systems in

* I must here remind the reader that the truth or falsity of religion is irrelevant to the question. I am simply arguing that even though the prop which supports the house may be thought by some to be set up in diametrical opposition to architectural principles, yet unless you have a better beam ready, you are not justified in vilifying, much less in pulling down, the prop.

† Spencer: "Study of Sociology," 306.

‡ Ib., 303. The passage is followed by some striking illustrations of the argument.

§ Ib., 307.

¶ Readers who may like to follow up the subject may be referred to pages 307, 308, 358, *et seq.* of the same work.

¶ Ib., 308: the italics are ours.

giving force to certain principles of action, in part absolutely good and in part good relatively to the needs of the time, and again when it prompts the notion that these principles might now be so established on rational bases as to rule men effectually through their enlightened intellects."*

We are not inclined to hold that our present form of society or of religion is either final or perfect, but considering the important part which religion still plays, the absence of any system capable of taking the same place, and the unpreparedness of society to receive that system if it were ready, it appears to us most impolitic to attack religious rites. The past history of religious rites shows on the other hand, that the existence of the rites depends on that of the beliefs, and that as the beliefs change and develop, the rites change or even fall into desuetude. It would therefore be more "utile," more adapted to the development of human morality, if such of our beliefs as may have grown somewhat petrified were gradually and gently adapted to our modern needs with as little violence or disturbance as possible. To the attainment of such a desirable result we would willingly join hands with the *Cosmopolitan*; but at the same time, having regard to our present stage of development, we remind him and all who think to improve humanity upon a new principle, of the words of the poet:—

"Wer wissenschaft und kunst besitzt,
Hat auch Religion;
Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,
Der habe Religion."

J. FENTON.

* The doctrine here promulgated is not peculiar to Mr. Spencer. It underlies the whole of Butler's "Sermons on Human Nature," and is sometimes explicitly stated: *e. g.* (Preface), "Men daily, hourly, sacrifice the greatest known interest to fancy, inquisitiveness, love or hatred, any vagrant inclination."

INSTAR OMNIUM.

SHALL lightning of heaven or earthquake shock,
 Hurl away granite, block on block ?
 (For the sages deemed
 That water gleamed
 In depths of wonder beneath the rock)
 Nay, but toil must reign over the years,
 Crowned with jewels of hopes and fears.

They worked from dawn till the glaring noon,
 They worked till arose the pallid moon.
 The seekers sought
 The workers wrought,
 For the hidden blessing, the priceless boon,
 Whereof the people on every side
 Should drink with delight and be satisfied.

And at length the marvellous gleam they found,
 Springing in purity out of the ground,
 And the people's wonder
 In shout of thunder,
 Fill'd with rejoicing the halls of sound.
 Then they who had made that great endeavour,
 Lull'd by brief plaudits sank down for ever.

HALL KEYWORTH.

SPRINGTIME IN NORTH ITALY
AND THE TYROL.

PART IV.

LEAVING Munich the next morning on our way to Frankfort we passed the Hotel de Ville, a new building near which stands a large statue of the Immaculate Conception ; the Virgin in bronze on a shaft of granite, with figures in bronze at its base. Not far from the statue is a curious and elegant old fountain, called the "Wachlicht Brunnen," boys holding pails from which the water flows sit round the edge of the basin, while golden doves flutter over the surface of the water ; we were told that the name of the fountain is derived from an old custom—all the boys of Munich who have been apprenticed to the candle trade, when out of their apprenticeship, jump with their clothes on into this fountain, and are then declared free and authorised to receive wages.

For some miles our road ran through a flat, open, well cultivated country ; the mountains in the distance were quite white with lately fallen snow. The dress of the peasant women was so picturesque that it might be introduced with good effect at some of the London fancy balls. A tight-fitting jacket of scarlet figured silk, over it a black velvet bodice crossed by many silver chains ; a short, thickly-quilted skirt of purple stuff ; stockings white, with a pattern of flowers in bright blue running all over them, and neat black shoes with very high heels ; the head-dress a coquettish little cap of black silk, trimmed with deep black lace, which fell low on the forehead and temples, and hung behind over the hair, which was sometimes coiled round the back of the head, and sometimes hung in plaits over the neck and shoulders. At Nanhofen we got into a peat country, and for many miles ran through a sterile plain, consisting chiefly of moor and peat moss. At Nanhofen is a large building in which the peat is dried, and at the different stations towards Augsburg we saw large stacks of peat ready for use in the locomotives instead of coal. It was tantalizing to get only a peep of the old town of Augsburg, while we waited for a change of train, instead of visiting the buildings made so historically famous during the earlier movements of the Reformation—to have the tower of the Rathaus pointed out to us, and to be told that near it stood the episcopal palace. One would have liked to stand in the hall where more than two centuries

ago Charles the Fifth held his famous diets and listened while Melancthon supported by the Protestant Princes of Germany, read his new creed—where, after much debate and a lapse of many years, the “Augsburg Confession” with its Protestant doctrines was at length issued, and religious peace for a while established. But we could only glance at the high tower of the Cathedral, surmounted by little black cupolas, as the train ran into the station and we found ourselves in all the bustle of a triple junction, with bewildered passengers appealing to good-humoured guards who certainly did their best to place them all in the right carriages, and also managed to apportion from the heaps of luggage that lay around their rightful property to each owner. Travelling on by our train we passed the valley of the Lech, and were told that some church spires on our left hand were those of Blenheim and Höchstadt—taking our memories back to England and Queen Anne’s Duke of Marlborough—thence by Nardendarf and Meitingen to Donauworth, where the line crossed the here navigable Danube. It was at Donauworth that in 1856 we had embarked on our way to Constantinople in a steamer drawing but three feet of water; two or three similar steamers were lying off the quay as our train ran across the river and reminded us of the voyage so full of interest and excitement we had then taken. But we were now on our road to Nuremberg only, and were carried along the fertile valley of the Wörnitz, by fields of potatoes and wheat, hop-gardens and cabbage-fields of red earth, past many an old town, till at length, after a long day’s journey of eleven hours, we crossed the Ludwigs Canal and entered the Nuremberg station. A drive over the rough stony streets took us to the Bayrischer Hof, too tired that night to do more than look from its windows on some of the quaint lofty houses of this most picturesque of old German towns. Surrounded by a lofty wall, whence rise, at intervals, towers of solid masonry; its river Pegnitz crossed by bridges—one, the Fleishbrücke, single-arched, like the Rialto at Venice, another the Henkersteig, somewhat resembling its Bridge of Sighs—its handsome red sandstone churches, its lofty, pointed, bright-coloured houses, its graceful fountains and wide pavements, with well-stocked shops,—Nuremberg may be described as one of the best specimens of a picturesque and wealthy mediæval German town.

Beginning the next day with churches we went from San Lorenzo, with its sacrament table by Krafft, its altar-picture by Albert Dürer, and richly-painted windows in its choir, to the Frauenkirche, over-coloured within but exquisitely sculptured without, and having behind it the pretty little fountain called the Gansmännchen; thence to St. Sebald, a beautiful church containing a fine bronze monument to the saint, and a handsome carved pulpit.

Opposite this church is the chapel of St. Maurice, now used as a picture gallery for the works of Van Eyck, Albert Dürer, Kulmbach, and other old German masters. Not far off are Dürer's house and his statue—passing these we came to the cherry-market, with its huge baskets of bright fruit, and where the women, perchance in compliment to their merchandise, all wore red head-dresses. Then up a long hill to the Castle, whence a grand view of Nuremberg is gained. Two chapels, one above the other, are curiously built in the Heidenthurm; and in the Castle are collections of old monuments, and of hideous instruments of torture, now happily only shown as specimens of past barbarity; within the walls is a well 300 ft. deep, into which a melancholy widow, who asked a few kreuzers for the exhibition, lowered a looking-glass and a candle, which reflected the smooth stone sides, until the latter reached the water and spluttered out.

Driving from the Castle to St. John's cemetery, we passed a curious series of stone slabs on pillars, with representations of our Saviour's progress to the Crucifixion. These "stations" are the works of the sculptor Krafft, who is said to have taken two journeys to Jerusalem for the purpose of measuring the exact distance from Pilate's house to Calvary in order that his "stations" might be rightly placed.

The large bronze figures of the Crucifixion at its entrance gate showed us we had reached St. John's cemetery—the old aristocratic burial-ground of Nuremberg, where almost every tombstone has its bronze coat-of-arms and where those who have been illustrious while on earth preserve their exclusiveness even when they are laid beneath her. The working in bronze on the tombs is very delicate and beautiful; on some there are curious emblems of the manner in which their occupants met their death—on one a little lizard is creeping into an ear, on another a battered skull with a mouth that opens to the touch. In the cemetery is a Todten Haus somewhat similar to the one at Munich; the corpses in it were all covered with net veils; they lie in it three days, rich and poor together, and although not compulsory the custom of sending their dead there is very general in Nuremberg. We ended our day's sight-seeing with a visit to the papier mache and terracotta manufactory, where everything, from life-sized men and women to minute insects, from huge vats and pans to the tiniest cups and saucers, imitations of old German crockery, of food, of vegetables, toys innumerable, and all sort of things for household use are made.

Leaving Nuremberg for Frankfort, we reached Bamberg at mid-day, and had just time to walk across the Neue Brücke over the river Regnitz into the town; passing by an old Rathhaus to

the Cathedral, with four cupola-topped towers, and containing a sarcophagus of its founder, Henry II., and his wife Cunigunde.

The line took us on by the side of the Maine; we saw many timber rafts floating down the river, and many piles of timber on its banks. Near Hassfurt, the ferry-boat carried carts filled with wine, covered with green branches and drawn by oxen. In the afternoon we reached Würzburg, but had no more than a passing look at its cupolas and spires. In its cathedral is a tablet to the memory of the old German minstrel, Walther von der Vogelweide, who left a sum of money to purchase food for the birds, and had a vase placed on the top of his tomb to hold it.

It was dark when we reached Frankfort; we merely slept there, starting the next morning for Aachen. The line ran by potatoe-gardens, wheat-fields, and orchards, giving, as we turned, good views of Frankfort and the Maine; taking us by Mayence and showing us such a large provision of cannon-balls without the city walls, and so many soldiers at drill, that we remarked them to a German with whom we had chatted on our road. "Ach!" he said, "Bismarck is ever ready, only him can Napoleon not tackle. It was good that those peoples should come into our hands to let a little light on their darkness."

By Bingen and Stolberg, with its large brass and glass works, past castles, vineyards, and villages, we reached Aix-la-Chapelle in the evening, and established ourselves at Neullen's Hotel, near the fountain, on which is a bronze figure of Charlemagne.

The next day, Sunday, we walked, after the English service, through the town to the Lousberg, a hill surmounted by an obelisk, from whence very fine views of Aix are obtained. A white church stands on its slope, to which pilgrimages are made once a year on the feast-day of its saint. In the city the shops were all open, and peasants from the neighbouring villages were busy shopping; we were told that trade is only stopped at Aix on Christmas-day, and on Easter and Trinity Sundays. The churches were full, but the congregation consisted almost entirely of the lower order of people, a circumstance I have remarked generally in continental and Roman Catholic places of worship, while in England and amongst Protestants by far the larger proportion is drawn from the higher ranks.

Without spending much time in endeavouring to see the relics in the Dom, which are said to exceed in number and legendary value those of any collection in Europe, we wandered about the old and curious cathedral, the nave of which was built as a chapel by Charlemagne in the 8th century, and gave to the city in its French name the addition of "la chapelle." The windows in the choir are

modern, and are more to be admired, I thought, for their height and lightness than for their paintings.

"Carlo Magno" is engraved on a marble slab beneath the dome, but the emperor's body was removed from its tomb in the twelfth century by the order of Pope Pascal III., who canonised Charlemagne, and ordered the crown, mantle, and sword in which he had been buried, and the chair in which he was found seated; to be used at the future coronations of the Emperors of Germany at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Monday morning took us through the busy market to the Rathhaus; we were shown the coronation room, in which thirty-seven German emperors were crowned,—ascending to it by a narrow and difficult staircase, which has lately been replaced by a new one. In one of the rooms an interesting ceremony was taking place: Four young brides were signing the civil contract of their marriage; they were all in bridal attire, and did not seem at all alarmed at the step they were taking, laughing and talking brightly with their new husbands and the friends who accompanied them.

From Aachen we journeyed on to Brussels by Verviers, and started the first morning after our arrival there for Waterloo. We drove through a long avenue, in which many uprooted trees gave evidence of what our driver called "*un vent incroyable*," which had visited Brussels a few days before; then through the forest of Soigne into the open country, and reached Waterloo in about a couple of hours.

Engaging a guide, named John Pierson, who had been recommended to us, and whom we found intelligent and good-tempered, we began our survey with the church, a cold, dark, formal building, the walls covered with tablets to the memory of those who fell in the battle of Waterloo.

From the church we were taken to the house in which the Marquis of Anglesey had his leg amputated, were shown the table on which he lay, round which, we were told, ten years later, his whole family sat at dinner; gathered a flower from the grave of the leg, and had a look at the boot it once occupied. From Waterloo we drove by the village of Mont St. Jean to the Hotel du Musée, and then began our walk across the famous field, listening while our guide told again the oft-repeated tale, and pointed out the different spots he thought most interesting. The Mound of the Belgic Lion gave us a good view of the ground, but whatever sentiment might be aroused by treading where a conflict so important to the whole of Europe had been fought, and where victory was gained by our own countrymen, was in me completely smothered by the annoyance of meeting at every turn either a roguish boy or a bold, bright-eyed girl, with armsful of sticks, and pockets of buttons and

little brass eagles, which they pestered us to buy as veritable memorials of the battle. We got a good luncheon, and saw a few interesting relics at the Musée, but altogether my visit to Waterloo was rather a disappointment to me, and I was not sorry when we had turned our backs upon it, and were on our way to Brussels again.

The next day we drove through its light, handsome, spacious streets to churches, gardens, picture-galleries. The church of St. Gudule is the only one of much beauty in Brussels; its painted windows are truly magnificent, and there are many fine marble statues; but its carved pulpit attracted me most. The story of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" are the two subjects it depicts. Below, Adam and Eve driven from Eden support the pulpit. Within the hollow half of a globe, on the outside of which is an angel with a flaming sword, and a skeleton with the dart of death, the trees of life and of good and evil rise behind with fruit hanging from them, and animals perched upon their branches. On the canopy the Virgin Mary stands holding the young Saviour by one hand, and guiding the other while he thrusts the end of a cross into the head of a huge serpent that glides round his feet.

In the museum are many fine pictures by Rubens and Vandyke, and a curious collection of sculptured animals; in the ducal palace are modern pictures, with one of which, "The Judgment of Solomon," I was interested by the way in which the joy of the real mother and the sympathy of her friends were painted. But the most extraordinary collection of pictures in Brussels is to be seen at the Musée Wiertz, where the works of an eccentric artist of this name are gathered together in one large room; the greater number of the pictures consist of subjects in which Scripture and allegory are blended on a gigantic scale; others are indelicate and revolting in their treatment; while some, though horrible in subject, are so powerfully painted that one cannot pass them without admiration; these are generally placed behind screens and looked at through peep-holes, which, though it may increase the effect, is, I think, rather a tricky way of doing it. "The Dead Alive" is one of these; the interior of a vault is seen, into which, during a time of cholera, coffins hastily filled have been lowered; from one of these, broken in its fall, the head and arms of a man, still livid, but awaking from the trance that had been thought death, are protruding; marvellous indeed are the dread and horror depicted in his countenance. Another picture, "The Maniac," represents a young mother, who, during a siege, has become mad from starvation, and, having killed her child, is preparing the little corpse to appease her fearful hunger. Again, Wiertz has painted pictures full of touching beauty; in one, "The Orphans," the group of beautiful children who with their chubby hands try to hold back

the coffin of their father which men are carrying from their cottage, could scarcely be surpassed in its sorrowful reality. There is a portrait of the artist himself and several of his dogs, which look as if they could leap from the canvas. As we were leaving the Musée, a large white-and-tan setter came up to us and seemed pleased at our noticing him. "C'est le dernier chien de l'artiste, madame," said the keeper of the gallery, "il a déjà quatorze ans." Poor fellow! he looked old and melancholy, and would not much longer survive his master, who died in 1863.

Brussels, with its boulevards, its cafés, its palace-garden, like a small Tuileries, and its handsome white buildings, put me much in mind of Paris; the shops, too, are much like those of the French capital; and though in Brussels all is on a much smaller scale, there is a great resemblance in the two cities.

From Brussels we went on to Ghent—the old city, which from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century took so prominent a place in the histories of Spain, Germany, and England. It lies at the junction of the rivers Schelde and Lys, and the whole town is intersected by their branches, which run between the streets like the canals in Holland. Rising far above the picturesque old houses, with their step-like gable-ends and curious carvings, is the Beffroi, a lofty tower built as a watch-tower and surmounted by a golden dragon. From the top a fine view of Ghent is obtained. It is said that from this tower Charles the Fifth, when advised by the cruel Alva to punish the rebellion of the inhabitants of Ghent by burning their city, showed him the goodly prospect beneath, and asked: "Combien il fallait de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un *gant* de cette grandeur?"

In the Cathedral of St. Bavon are twenty-four chapels, and in each of these are pictures by celebrated Flemish artists. The eleventh chapel, however, contains the only one I care to mention; it is called the "Adoration of the Spotless Lamb," and was painted in the fifteenth century by two brothers, Hubert and John Van-Eyck; it is large and divided into several compartments, with, it is said, three hundred figures; but the work is as minute and finished as that of a miniature; the Virgin Mary, who kneels on the right hand of the Father, is lovely and graceful; there is little of the stiffness generally seen in early pictures, and the colour is as rich and fresh as if it had been painted but yesterday.

There is a curious old hospital, with a handsome refectory, called the "Bylogue," which was founded in the thirteenth century, and is still capable of holding six hundred patients; and there is also now a very fine hospital just completed in Ghent. We went over the spacious rooms and long galleries, not yet occupied, but giving promise, in their airy height and in their careful

arrangement, of all comfort to the patients who will be received within their walls.

But the most attractive sight in Ghent was the convent, and the church of the Béguinages, now no longer to be found there ; the Commissionaires des Hospices having taken possession of this "town within a town," banished its sisters from Ghent, and pulled down the houses in which they resided.

The Musée des Béguinages contained a picture said to be by Raphael, a head of the Saviour ; and the old lady who showed it to us, and who also had for sale the beautiful black and white lace made by the sisters, gave us much interesting information respecting the convent and the sisterhood. No vow binds those who enter into this order ; some sisters have even gone out into the world to be married, and some, who have left it for a time, have returned to take shelter in it again. Their residence, when we were in Ghent, consisted of many separate houses with pretty gardens, and the nuns walked about the town with perfect freedom, tending the sick in the hospital, doing many other acts of charity, and employing themselves also in making lace and in other ornamental work.

At a little before seven o'clock in the evening the tolling of a bell summoned the whole sisterhood to church. We saw them from the window of the Musée coming out of their houses in long black dresses and white veils, each sister carrying what looked like a carefully folded table-cloth ; we followed them and entered the church, after the greater number of the nuns had taken their places. Certainly the sight was a curious and striking one ; in the low, dimly-lighted church were six hundred nuns, all looking exactly like white pyramids, for the cloth they carried had been folded over their head and shoulders, so as to rise in a peak above, and fall far below the waist of each sitting nun.

From the music-gallery came low chanting in women's voices ; when the priest entered and the service began, one or two sisters left their places and brought a bag to the part of the church in which we were, collecting money, whether for the use of the chairs or for some charitable purpose we knew not.

The next day took us on from Ghent to Bruges, the now quiet and half deserted city, which still in its grand old buildings tells the tale of its former splendour and commerce. We dined at an estaminet looking on a large square ; opposite to us were the Hotel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, and the "Chapelle du Saint Sang," a Gothic church built in the 16th century to receive "some drops of the Saviour's blood," which were brought by some Belgian count from the Holy Land, and are still said to be preserved in a jewelled shrine within the chapel.

In the Cathedral or l'Eglise de St. Sauveur, and in Notre Dame are pictures by Flemish artists ; in the former are curious brasses let into the walls, and the latter contains the magnificent tombs of the Duke of Burgundy and his daughter Mary—gilt copper figures lying on slabs of black marble. The man who shows them has stories of Mary, who was the wife of the Emperor Maximilian; he tells that her death came from an accident while hawking when she was but twenty-five years old, and that her love for her husband made her hide to her own hurt the mortal injury she had received. The monument of her father, Charles the Bold, is nearly a century more modern than hers ; it was erected in 1558 by his great grandson Philip the Second, who amongst other charges had to pay each of the workmen forty florins to recompense them for the loss of their teeth during the process of enamelling the rich coats-of-arms with which the monument is surrounded—a very moderate price for so great a loss. Close to Notre Dame is the Hospital of St. John, which contains some of the most beautiful specimens of the paintings of Hans Memling ; he is supposed to have been a native of Bruges, but certainly early in the 15th century he was, while quite a young man, a patient in this hospital, which is still devoted to the reception of the sick who are tended by the sisters of the house. We went through several of the low, long wards, and stopped at some of the beds to speak to the invalids, who appeared content and grateful for the care of their nurses ; and in the pleasant garden of the hospital, full of sweet herbs, flowers, and vegetables, we had a long talk with la Sœur Catarina whose happy face attracted us to her. She told us that the vows which bound them to the hospital were very strictly kept ; no intercourse with the outer world is permitted: —“ *Jamais on ne passe la porte que quand le père ou la mère est malade* ”—but she added, “ *on est bien heureux ; on a beaucoup à faire, et c'est tout pour le bon Dieu.* ”

Memling's pictures are, however, to strangers the great attraction at St. John's. It is told that while there he amused himself with sketching, and that Jean Van Eyck, one of the painters of the great picture at Ghent, going to Bruges, saw Memling and his works, admired and encouraged the young artist, who in later days became so celebrated, and who from gratitude presented to the hospital the pictures it contains. They consist of altar-pieces with exquisite paintings of the Virgin and of different saints, and of a wooden coffer, called the *Réliquaire* or *Châsse* of Ste. Ursula, on the sides of which Memling has drawn different scenes from the legend of this English saint on her pilgrimage with eleven thousand virgins from Cologne to Rome.

Passing on through the streets of Bruges, which are gradually being modernised by the builders of the present day, we came to

arrangement, of all comfort to the patients who will be received within their walls.

But the most attractive sight in Ghent was the convent, and the church of the Béguinages, now no longer to be found there; the Commissionaires des Hospices having taken possession of this "town within a town," banished its sisters from Ghent, and pulled down the houses in which they resided.

The Musée des Béguinages contained a picture said to be by Raphael, a head of the Saviour; and the old lady who showed it to us, and who also had for sale the beautiful black and white lace made by the sisters, gave us much interesting information respecting the convent and the sisterhood. No vow binds those who enter into this order; some sisters have even gone out into the world to be married, and some, who have left it for a time, have returned to take shelter in it again. Their residence, when we were in Ghent, consisted of many separate houses with pretty gardens, and the nuns walked about the town with perfect freedom, tending the sick in the hospital, doing many other acts of charity, and employing themselves also in making lace and in other ornamental work.

At a little before seven o'clock in the evening the tolling of a bell summoned the whole sisterhood to church. We saw them from the window of the Musée coming out of their houses in long black dresses and white veils, each sister carrying what looked like a carefully folded table-cloth; we followed them and entered the church, after the greater number of the nuns had taken their places. Certainly the sight was a curious and striking one; in the low, dimly-lighted church were six hundred nuns, all looking exactly like white pyramids, for the cloth they carried had been folded over their head and shoulders, so as to rise in a peak above, and fall far below the waist of each sitting nun.

From the music-gallery came low chanting in women's voices; when the priest entered and the service began, one or two sisters left their places and brought a bag to the part of the church in which we were, collecting money, whether for the use of the chairs or for some charitable purpose we knew not.

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Passing on through the streets of Bruges, which are gradually being modernised by the builders of the present day, we came to

Les Halles, a picturesque red brick edifice, from the centre of which rises a high tower crowned by a belfry, containing most musical chimes, which play at each quarter of the hour, and are worked by a brass cylinder like the barrel of an organ.

Leaving Bruges we drove through a well cultivated country to Ostend. Here the season had not commenced : the Kursaal was in *déshabille* ; the Digue and its restaurants were empty ; the sands were smooth and untrodden, a complete contrast to their appearance during the bathing season, when they are covered with pretty little tents ornamented with the " flags of all nations," and occupied by the gaily-dressed ladies and their children who pass the greater part of the day on the beach. The dining room at the Hotel de la Fontaine is hung with many fine pictures, but except these and the monument to Queen Louise, by Franken, in the church of St. Pierre, there is not much to be seen at Ostend.

Dunkirk was our next destination. Four hours travelling along a low, flat, uninteresting country, with two changes of carriages at Toutronne and at Licteroeld, brought us to this seaport of sand, deriving its name from the " dunes " or sandhills, among which St. Eloi is said to have built in the 7th century a chapel, around which grew by degrees the town of Dunkirk. In the season the bathing is very good on its sandy shores, and the Hotel des Bains de Mer much frequented, but at this time the Chapeau Rouge promised more comfort, and we had no reason to regret taking up our abode there for the few days of our stay, for we were well provided with food and lodging, and our bill on leaving was extremely moderate.

Dunkirk is a clean, though bustling town, with wide streets and a large market-place, its houses retaining their old-fashioned Flemish character, and its people their old-fashioned dress. The fortifications, which were destroyed at the Treaty of Utrecht, have now been restored, and the inhabitants complain that they have driven the sea further from them, given them more sand, and necessitated the great length of their pier ; we enjoyed a breezy walk on it at high tide, and saw many vessels at anchor in the spacious harbour, which is said to be the best on the north shores of France. The market was in full activity, and many a tempting stall had opened its wares round the statue of Jean Bart, a naval captain in the time of Louis XIV. Not very far from the market-place is the church of St. Eloi, and beside it rises a lofty Gothic belfry, with some very musical chimes : whether the present church has any relation to the original chapel said to have been built by the saint I know not, but it is a fine building with a handsome interior.

The baptism of a very young baby was being celebrated when we entered the church ; I could not help pitying the poor little thing, who, I was told, was only two days' old ; for in addition to

what I had seen before in Roman Catholic baptisms, this baby was at the end of the ceremony laid upon the altar and well sprinkled with water from a long brush by the priest ! .

From Dunkirk we came to Boulogne, crossing thence with a bright sun and calm sea to Folkestone, whence the rail, with but one stoppage on the road, carried us swiftly past the green fields and quiet villages, the broad rivers and busy towns of dear old England to its terminus at Charing Cross.

ELISE.

Oh, who can paint the picture of my pet,
 As here, a woman, she doth childlike stand,
 With full ripe breast, a baby foot and hand,
 A perfect woman, but a wild ghild yet ?
 Within her eyes, like skies where clouds have met,
 Shadow and light play fitful hide-and-seek,
 And on her pale and damask-dimpled cheek
 Sorrow and Joy their twain abodes have set.
 Oh, who can paint the picture of my pet,
 Or catch the strange expression of her face ;
 The grave, the gay, the scornful, trustful grace,
 My airy, fairy, *spirituel* coquette ?
 Fount of my hopes, and fount of all my fears,
 My rainbow-flower, born from a shower of tears !

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

"I am not at all sure," said Mrs. Lumaden, "that I have not been deceived."

"I am not at all sure," said Captain Draper.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAUST AND MARGARET.

To the joy and astonishment of Mrs. Schlagenweit, both Florence and Flora had recovered from their sickness before the middle of the day, and looked much as usual when the worthy lady ushered in Mrs. Huntington and Mrs. Masterton. After the usual kisses and congratulations, each girl took her mother up into her own room, to give and receive the little confidences which could hardly have been exchanged before Mrs. Schlagenweit. Mrs. Masterton seated

hand on his arm in her eagerness, and Geoffrey gave a slight shudder. She saw it, and withdrew her hand timidly. "Ah," she said, "you believe me, and even then you shrink from me. Let me go."

"Shrink from you? There, Draper, tell her all, I cannot stop here." And Geoffrey Huntingdon rushed from the room.

"What is it?" cried Anne. "What does he mean? is it anything about my husband? For mercy's sake tell me!"

"Nothing about Frank, Mrs. Lumsden. Did you not hear what he said? Did you not hear him cry 'Alice Chalmers, come back from the dead?' There, sit down and try and calm yourself, my poor child. Who should know Alice Chalmers so well as Geoffrey Huntingdon? My dear, he was the real Horace Draper, and he is your own father."

Anne burst into a flood of tears. She was worn out and exhausted with her trouble already, and now came the astonishing news to shake her self-control. But her tears were due to excitement, and not grief. Amidst all the bewilderment that oppressed her brain one glorious thought occupied her heart—she need never leave Frank.

Captain Draper let her cry on, partly because he did not know what to say, and if he had, he could not have trusted his own mouth to say it. He walked to the window and tried to look out on the street like a gentleman with nothing on his mind. He knew it was a failure, and as he caught himself whistling the "Dead March" in a low key, he wondered whether the policeman on the pavement opposite would notice anything suspicious in his looks.

"Thank the Lord!" he said, to himself at last, "here comes Sharper; he has got a head on his shoulders. Mrs. Lumsden, Dr. Sharper will be here directly. Do you know him?"

"No," she replied, as she tried to cease crying, and appear unmoved in the presence of a stranger.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Lumsden, you must make his acquaintance. He knows your brother, and attended him at Silverbeach. Indeed, he went down to Gravesend to see him to-day—takes quite an interest in his case. He followed him up, as I may say, from Silverbeach."

"He is very good," said Anne, "and Harry is certainly very ill; but I am afraid it will be very expensive to have a doctor from Silverbeach to attend him."

"Here is the Doctor!" exclaimed Captain Draper. "Ah, Doctor, just telling this lady, who is Mr. Gregory's sister, you understand—his sister, you perceive—that you take the greatest interest in his case; and went down professionally to see him at

"*Conscience*," saying, "And then the worthy man visited several times at the medical gentleman."

"Is my brother in any danger, Dr. Sharper?"

"Well, madam, it is an extraordinary case. I cannot quite make out. Yes I can now I look at you. Mrs. Lumaden, you are the daughter of Alice Chalmers."

"Yes."

"I see it all now. I knew I had seen that lady's face before, although there is no actual likeness."

"Did you also know my mother?" inquired Anna.

"Yes. Why should I not tell you? I loved her, and she did not care for me, and that is all my story—no, not quite all—I believe I love her still. She is the light of my past, and the sunshine went out of my life when I lost her. A little of the light comes back when I look upon her daughter. Let me be your friend?"

"You are already, Dr. Sharper," she said, as she gave him her hand. "You have been so kind to my brother?"

"Ah, I must not forget your brother. I am afraid he is very ill. Do you think he would come back to Silverbeach? It would be better for him. Why not come down yourself and nurse him there? Don't you think it would be a good plan, Captain Draper?"

"We will talk it over, Doctor."

"At any rate, I shall call again, Mrs. Lumaden, to-morrow, to see your brother. Don't be alarmed, I think he will pull through yet."

"I will see Mrs. Lumaden home now," said Captain Draper.

"Indeed there is no occasion," she replied.

"Yes there is. I shall not think you have forgiven me if you refuse."

"Forgiven you, Captain Draper! What have I to forgive? You were right to be jealous of my husband's name."

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herself in an easy chair, and Flora placed herself on a footstool by her side. After a few minutes' conversation on unimportant matters, Mrs. Masterton prepared for business.

"Flora, dearest," she said, "Mr. Blimber is with me, can you guess why he has come?"

"No, mamma."

"Flora, he has come on most serious business; he has come to offer you the greatest gifts he possesses—his hand and his heart!"

"His head is big enough," thought Flora, but she said nothing, and dropped her eyes modestly.

"Could you love him, Flora, dearest?"

"I suppose so," she replied, "I don't think him very disagreeable."

"Dearest child, you enchant me; you were always a sensible child. Of course you can love him, and he is very rich, my dear—richer far than your own father. You will accept him, then?"

"If you and papa wish it, I suppose I had better. Is he coming to-day?"

"Yes, dearest; he will be here presently."

"Am I to know that you have told me anything?"

"No, dear; Mr. Blimber is particularly anxious that you should learn it all from his own lips. He is very romantic, Flora; he told me that his proposal should come suddenly on you, like the rosy blush of the morning-sun upon the snow-tipped-crest of the virgin peak! Pretty, wasn't it, love?"

"Oh very. He is like the sun, now I think of it—he's got spots on his face!"

"Flora, you astonish me!"

"I can't help it—mamma. I am going to marry him, that's settled; but he has got spots on his face."

"You ridiculous child!" said her mother, who began to think she had better not try her daughter's feelings too far. "You always were so gay and light-hearted. Give me a kiss, dearest; you have made your mother very happy."

While Mrs. Masterton was preparing Flora for her interview with Mr. Blimber, Mrs. Schlagenweit was receiving a visitor, to whom she was particularly anxious to address a few words.

"Lieutenant Eberstein," said the good lady, "I want to tell you a little secret. You may not know that the parents of Miss Flora have views regarding her, which it is of course one's duty to respect, and indeed the gentleman has come over from England with Mrs. Masterton."

"Oh," replied the Lieutenant; "what is his name?"

"Here is his card—Mr. Edward Blimber."

"Oh, Edward! well, that is a pretty name, and he will be

a happy man with so fair a bride ; but I cannot say that it interests me very much. I, too, have news for you. I have asked Fraulein Margaret Hirsch to be my bride, and she has not said me no."

"Oh, I am so glad, Lieutenant Eberstein ; I was afraid "——

"Do not fear, Mrs Schlagenweit. I shall dance once more with Miss Flora, if she permits me, at Dr. Weber's ball to-night, but I shall not make this Mr. Edward Blimber jealous. Where is Mr. Blimber staying ?"

"At the 'Red Eagle.'"

"Well, I must get a good look at him before he goes to the ball. It would not do to make a mistake."

Florence had intended to accompany Flora to Dr. Weber's ball, ill as she felt herself ; but she was heartily glad when Mrs. Huntingdon proposed that she should pass the evening with her at the "Red Eagle" instead.

"I would so much rather stop with you," she said.

"Then I daresay Mrs. Schlagenweit will make no objection ; she can take Mrs. Masterton and Flora, and Mr. Blimber too, under her protection, and we can have a quiet talk."

Mrs. Huntingdon had made up her mind to postpone her bad news about Alfred until she had Florence safe to herself, for above all things she wished to avoid a scene, so when Mrs. Masterton, dressed as a nun, under the protection of Mr. Blimber, who appeared as "Faust," drove away from the "Red Eagle," Mrs. Huntingdon considered she had secured a favourable opportunity for her communication.

"Now we are quite alone, my love," she began, "I want to speak to you on a very serious subject !"

Florence flushed up, and her eyes wandered all over the room in her attempt to avoid her mother's gaze. Poor girl, she jumped to the conclusion that there could be nothing serious in the world, unless it was about Mr. Chalmers.

"My love," said the observant Mrs. Huntingdon, "do not excite yourself. Show your good sense, and bear your disappointment bravely ; a man who has behaved so badly deserves no pity even——"

"What has he done ?" asked Florence in a whisper, while her face paled again.

"He has eloped, my love, with Miss Chichester ! He knew her, it seems, in India."

"He never was in India, mamma ; there must be some mistake."

"Never in India, Florence ! You are not well, dearest ; Alfred has not been back so very long that you should forget it."

"Alfred !"

"Yes, what are you dreaming about ? Why do you pretend to

misunderstand me when I tell you that your cousin has eloped with that woman?"

"Oh! if I had only known!" cried Florence, wringing her hands.

"Hush, my darling! be patient. I did not think you cared so much about him," and Mrs. Huntingdon tried to soothe her.

"I shall never see him more," cried Florence, wildly, and then fainted.

"Mrs. Mowzle!" cried the alarmed mother, and luckily that faithful domestic heard her mistress call. "Be quick! Mowzle, Miss Florence has fainted. Get some water. Where are the smelling salts?"

"Don't flurry, ma'am," said the experienced Mowzle; "let me undo her things. She's a-coming to nicely, ma'am. Here's a paper, ma'am," she whispered, "inside her dress. Would you like to look at it? Better lie down a-bit, Miss Florence."

"Where am I?" asked Florence.

"With your own mamma and poor old Mowzle, Miss Florence. You only had a little faint."

"It was the heat," whispered the girl.

"Of course it was, my dear. Just you lie down a-bit, and I will sit by your side. Perhaps you would get Miss Florence some lemonade, ma'am," said the sagacious nurse.

Mrs. Huntingdon left the room, and took the opportunity afforded by Mrs. Mowzle's thoughtfulness of looking at the paper. What was her astonishment to find it was a marriage certificate of Horace Draper and Alice Chalmers, dated twenty-three years previously. She had hardly read it before Mrs. Mowzle reappeared.

"She have been and whispered to me, ma'am, that she have dropped a paper, and you musn't see it no-ways," said Mrs. Mowzle.

"Give it to her; I will bring the lemonade directly."

A look of intense relief lighted up Florence's face as she received the lost paper from her nurse. "No one saw it?" she inquired.

"Not a soul, miss."

"You won't tell mamma, Mowzle?"

"Do you think I would deceive any human being, miss—and you least of all. Trust to your poor old nurse always, Miss Florence. Princes may not be to be trusted, as the good book says, but Mowzle is different."

When Mrs. Huntingdon returned with the lemonade, she refused to let her daughter talk any more, and said good-night, leaving her in Mrs. Mowzle's charge. She wanted to be alone and think over the mysterious document. She supposed that Captain Draper had married this Alice Chalmers, and she knew that Alice

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"My love," said the observant Mrs. Huntingdon, "do not excite yourself. Show your good sense, and bear your disappointment bravely; a man who has behaved so badly deserves no pity even——"

"What has he done?" asked Florence in a whisper, while her face paled again.

"He has eloped, my love, with Miss Chichester! He knew her, it seems, in India."

"He never was in India, mamma; there must be some mistake."

"Never in India, Florence! You are not well, dearest; Alfred has not been back so very long that you should forget it."

"Alfred!"

"Yes, what are you dreaming about? Why do you pretend to

misunderstand me when I tell you that your cousin has eloped with that woman?"

"Oh! if I had only known!" cried Florence, wringing her hands.

"Hush, my darling! be patient. I did not think you cared so much about him," and Mrs. Huntingdon tried to soothe her.

"I shall never see him more," cried Florence, wildly, and then fainted.

"Mrs. Mowzle!" cried the alarmed mother, and luckily that faithful domestic heard her mistress call. "Be quick! Mowzle, Miss Florence has fainted. Get some water. Where are the smelling salts?"

"Don't flurry, ma'am," said the experienced Mowzle; "let me undo her things. She's a-coming to nicely, ma'am. Here's a paper, ma'am," she whispered, "inside her dress. Would you like to look at it? Better lie down a-bit, Miss Florence."

"Where am I?" asked Florence.

"With your own mamma and poor old Mowzle, Miss Florence. You only had a little faint."

"It was the heat," whispered the girl.

"Of course it was, my dear. Just you lie down a-bit, and I will sit by your side. Perhaps you would get Miss Florence some lemonade, ma'am," said the sagacious nurse.

Mrs. Huntingdon left the room, and took the opportunity afforded by Mrs. Mowzle's thoughtfulness of looking at the paper. What was her astonishment to find it was a marriage certificate of Horace Draper and Alice Chalmers, dated twenty-three years previously. She had hardly read it before Mrs. Mowzle reappeared.

"She have been and whispered to me, ma'am, that she have dropped a paper, and you musn't see it no-ways," said Mrs. Mowzle.

"Give it to her; I will bring the lemonade directly."

A look of intense relief lighted up Florence's face as she received the lost paper from her nurse. "No one saw it?" she inquired.

"Not a soul, miss."

"You won't tell mamma, Mowzle?"

"Do you think I would deceive any human being, miss—and you least of all. Trust to your poor old nurse always, Miss Florence. Princes may not be to be trusted, as the good book says, but Mowzle is different."

When Mrs. Huntingdon returned with the lemonade, she refused to let her daughter talk any more, and said good-night, leaving her in Mrs. Mowzle's charge. She wanted to be alone and think over the mysterious document. She supposed that Captain Draper had married this Alice Chalmers, and she knew that Alice

H O R A C E D R A P E R.

BY J. T. W. BACOT.

Author of "*Mary Burroughes*," &c.CHAPTER XXXII (*concluded.*)

"You do not believe me," Mrs. Lumsden replied to Captain Draper; "I hardly expected you would. I have only one more word to say. My brother and I will never trouble you again. After to-day we shall never meet. Mr. Huntingdon, I think you are not so cruel as Captain Draper. Please tell Frank that I shall never see him more; it is not fitting that I should. He did not know what he was doing when he married a girl who does not know her own father's name; and my poor Henry is no fit brother for my husband; but, please, do tell Frank that I love him with all my heart and soul, and that my last prayer shall be for him."

As she spoke she rose from her chair, raised her veil, and looked at Geoffrey with sad, earnest eyes. A fearful look of horror passed over his face as he gazed at her. He staggered back and caught hold of Captain Draper's arm.

"Alice Chalmers!" he cried. "Has the graven up its dead?"

"Hush, Geoffrey!" exclaimed Captain Draper; "let me speak. Was your mother's name Alice Chalmers?"

"Yes."

"And your father—her first husband?"

"He was called Horace Draper," replied Anne. "My brother, it seems, has always been trying to find out this man, but he never dreamed that Horace Draper was his own father. I cannot think now how he could have imagined you were the Horace Draper who married my mother. He is resolved to persist in it now although my supposed father, Captain Mowbray, assured me that it was not so, and I have told Henry so. I wish you could believe me, Captain Draper; but after all, it cannot matter much. Frank will believe; he has the proof in his heart. And now, farewell for ever."

"Stop!" cried Geoffrey Huntingdon; "this is too horrible. You must not leave Frank; he shall learn the truth from me; he must never think badly of you."

"Then you, at least, do believe me?" she cried, gratefully. "I thought you would, you look so good and kind." She placed her

hand on his arm in her eagerness, and Geoffrey gave a slight shudder. She saw it, and withdrew her hand timidly. "Ah," she said, "you believe me, and even then you shrink from me. Let me go."

"Shrink from you? There, Draper, tell her all, I cannot stop here." And Geoffrey Huntingdon rushed from the room.

"What is it?" cried Anne. "What does he mean? is it anything about my husband? For mercy's sake tell me!"

"Nothing about Frank, Mrs. Lumsden. Did you not hear what he said? Did you not hear him cry 'Alice Chalmers, come back from the dead?' There, sit down and try and calm yourself, my poor child. Who should know Alice Chalmers so well as Geoffrey Huntingdon? My dear, he was the real Horace Draper, and he is your own father."

Anne burst into a flood of tears. She was worn out and exhausted with her trouble already, and now came the astonishing news to shake her self-control. But her tears were due to excitement, and not grief. Amidst all the bewilderment that oppressed her brain one glorious thought occupied her heart—she need never leave Frank.

Captain Draper let her cry on, partly because he did not know what to say, and if he had, he could not have trusted his own mouth to say it. He walked to the window and tried to look out on the street like a gentleman with nothing on his mind. He knew it was a failure, and as he caught himself whistling the "Dead March" in a low key, he wondered whether the policeman on the pavement opposite would notice anything suspicious in his looks.

"Thank the Lord!" he said, to himself at last, "here comes Sharper; he has got a head on his shoulders. Mrs. Lumsden, Dr. Sharper will be here directly. Do you know him?"

"No," she replied, as she tried to cease crying, and appear unmoved in the presence of a stranger.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Lumsden, you must make his acquaintance. He knows your brother, and attended him at Silverbeach. Indeed, he went down to Gravesend to see him to-day—takes quite an interest in his case. He followed him up, as I may say, from Silverbeach."

"He is very good," said Anne, "and Harry is certainly very ill; but I am afraid it will be very expensive to have a doctor from Silverbeach to attend him."

"Here is the Doctor!" exclaimed Captain Draper. "Ah, Doctor, just telling this lady, who is Mr. Gregory's sister, you understand—his sister, you perceive—that you take the greatest interest in his case; and went down professionally to see him at

Gravesend to-day." And then the worthy man winked several times at the medical gentleman.

"Is my brother in any danger, Dr. Sharper?"

"Well, madam, it's an extraordinary case. I cannot quite make it out. Yes, I can now I look at you. Mrs. Lumsden, you are the daughter of Alice Chalmers!"

"Yes."

"I see it all now. I knew I had seen that lady's face before; although there is no actual likeness."

"Did you also know my mother?" inquired Anne.

"Yes. Why should I not tell you? I loved her, and she did not care for me, and that is all my story—no, not quite all—I believe I love her still. She is the light of my past, and the sunshine went out of my life when I lost her. A little of the light comes back when I look upon her daughter. Let me be your friend!"

"You are already, Dr. Sharper," she said, as she gave him her hand. "You have been so kind to my brother!"

"Ah, I must not forget your brother. I am afraid he is very ill. Do you think he would come back to Silverbeach? It would be better for him. Why not come down yourself and nurse him there? Don't you think it would be a good plan, Captain Draper?"

"We will talk it over, Doctor."

"At any rate, I shall call again, Mrs. Lumsden, to-morrow, to see your brother. Don't be alarmed, I think he will pull through yet."

"I will see Mrs. Lumsden home now," said Captain Draper.

"Indeed there is no occasion," she replied.

"Yes there is. I shall not think you have forgiven me if you refuse."

"Forgiven you, Captain Draper! What have I to forgive? You were right to be jealous of my husband's name."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAUST AND MARGARET.

To the joy and astonishment of Mrs. Schlagenweit, both Florence and Flora had recovered from their sickness before the middle of the day, and looked much as usual when the worthy lady ushered in Mrs. Huntingdon and Mrs. Masterton. After the usual kisses and congratulations, each girl took her mother up into her own room, to give and receive the little confidences which could hardly have been exchanged before Mrs. Schlagenweit. Mrs. Masterton seated

herself in an easy chair, and Flora placed herself on a footstool by her side. After a few minutes' conversation on unimportant matters, Mrs. Masterton prepared for business.

"Flora, dearest," she said, "Mr. Blimber is with me, can you guess why he has come?"

"No, mamma."

"Flora, he has come on most serious business; he has come to offer you the greatest gifts he possesses—his hand and his heart!"

"His head is big enough," thought Flora, but she said nothing, and dropped her eyes modestly.

"Could you love him, Flora, dearest?"

"I suppose so," she replied, "I don't think him very disagreeable."

"Dearest child, you enchant me; you were always a sensible child. Of course you can love him, and he is very rich, my dear—richer far than your own father. You will accept him, then?"

"If you and papa wish it, I suppose I had better. Is he coming to-day?"

"Yes, dearest; he will be here presently."

"Am I to know that you have told me anything?"

"No, dear; Mr. Blimber is particularly anxious that you should learn it all from his own lips. He is very romantic, Flora; he told me that his proposal should come suddenly on you, like the rosy blush of the morning-sun upon the snow-tipped-crest of the virgin peak! Pretty, wasn't it, love?"

"Oh very. He is like the sun, now I think of it—he's got spots on his face!"

"Flora, you astonish me!"

"I can't help it—mamma. I am going to marry him, that's settled; but he has got spots on his face."

"You ridiculous child!" said her mother, who began to think she had better not try her daughter's feelings too far. "You always were so gay and light-hearted. Give me a kiss, dearest; you have made your mother very happy."

While Mrs. Masterton was preparing Flora for her interview with Mr. Blimber, Mrs. Schlagenweit was receiving a visitor, to whom she was particularly anxious to address a few words.

"Lieutenant Eberstein," said the good lady, "I want to tell you a little secret. You may not know that the parents of Miss Flora have views regarding her, which it is of course one's duty to respect, and indeed the gentleman has come over from England with Mrs. Masterton."

"Oh," replied the Lieutenant; "what is his name?"

"Here is his card—Mr. Edward Blimber."

"Oh, Edward! well, that is a pretty name, and he will be

a happy man with so fair a bride ; but I cannot say that it interests me very much. I, too, have news for you. I have asked Fraulein Margaret Hirsch to be my bride, and she has not said me no."

" Oh, I am so glad, Lieutenant Eberstein ; I was afraid "——

" Do not fear, Mrs Schlagenweit. I shall dance once more with Miss Flora, if she permits me, at Dr. Weber's ball to-night, but I shall not make this Mr. Edward Blimber jealous. Where is Mr. Blimber staying ?"

" At the ' Red Eagle.' "

" Well, I must get a good look at him before he goes to the ball. It would not do to make a mistake."

Florence had intended to accompany Flora to Dr. Weber's ball, ill as she felt herself ; but she was heartily glad when Mrs. Huntingdon proposed that she should pass the evening with her at the " Red Eagle " instead.

" I would so much rather stop with you," she said.

" Then I daresay Mrs. Schlagenweit will make no objection ; she can take Mrs. Masterton and Flora, and Mr. Blimber too, under her protection, and we can have a quiet talk."

Mrs. Huntingdon had made up her mind to postpone her bad news about Alfred until she had Florence safe to herself, for above all things she wished to avoid a scene, so when Mrs. Masterton, dressed as a nun, under the protection of Mr. Blimber, who appeared as " Faust," drove away from the " Red Eagle," Mrs. Huntingdon considered she had secured a favourable opportunity for her communication.

" Now we are quite alone, my love," she began, " I want to speak to you on a very serious subject !"

Florence flushed up, and her eyes wandered all over the room in her attempt to avoid her mother's gaze. Poor girl, she jumped to the conclusion that there could be nothing serious in the world, unless it was about Mr. Chalmers.

" My love," said the observant Mrs. Huntingdon, " do not excite yourself. Show your good sense, and bear your disappointment bravely ; a man who has behaved so badly deserves no pity even——"

" What has he done ?" asked Florence in a whisper, while her face paled again.

" He has eloped, my love, with Miss Chichester ! He knew her, it seems, in India."

" He never was in India, mamma ; there must be some mistake."

" Never in India, Florence ! You are not well, dearest ; Alfred has not been back so very long that you should forget it."

" Alfred !"

" Yes, what are you dreaming about ? Why do you pretend to

misunderstand me when I tell you that your cousin has eloped with that woman?"

"Oh! if I had only known!" cried Florence, wringing her hands.

"Hush, my darling! be patient. I did not think you cared so much about him," and Mrs. Huntingdon tried to soothe her.

"I shall never see him more," cried Florence, wildly, and then fainted.

"Mrs. Mowzle!" cried the alarmed mother, and luckily that faithful domestic heard her mistress call. "Be quick! Mowzle, Miss Florence has fainted. Get some water. Where are the smelling salts?"

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"Where am I?" asked Florence.

"With your own mamma and poor old Mowzle, Miss Florence. You only had a little faint."

"It was the heat," whispered the girl.

"Of course it was, my dear. Just you lie down a-bit, and I will sit by your side. Perhaps you would get Miss Florence some lemonade, ma'am," said the sagacious nurse.

Mrs. Huntingdon left the room, and took the opportunity afforded by Mrs. Mowzle's thoughtfulness of looking at the paper. What was her astonishment to find it was a marriage certificate of Horace Draper and Alice Chalmers, dated twenty-three years previously. She had hardly read it before Mrs. Mowzle reappeared.

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had not been the maiden name of the Mrs. Draper she had seen. No doubt there was a reason for this mystery ; but why should Florence be mixed up with it ? Then she recollected that Mrs. Schlagenweit's first husband had been a Mr. Chalmers, and that she had a son. Could Mrs. Schlagenweit have made a confidant of Florence ? She could not understand it ; but she determined to have a full explanation before she left Eichelskamp.

It was not very late when the carriage returned from Dr. Weber's ball. Flora had passed a very pleasant evening. She had danced once with Lieutenant Eberstein. She had intended to startle him very much by telling him she was engaged to Mr. Blimber ; but she was rather vexed herself when she heard that he was engaged to Margaret.

"Is she here ?" Flora inquired.

"Oh ? yes," said the Lieutenant ; "she is flirting away somewhere. That is the worst of our German young ladies, Miss Flora. She does not know that I have been watching her ever so long making love to a little fat 'Faust.' I really must try and interrupt them, and as our dance is over let me say 'good bye' and 'farewell.'"

She gave a little sigh. She thought he really did look very well, dressed as a free lance of Wallenstein's army, while she could not help seeing that her own "Faust" did not look as though Mephistophiles would ever have bothered his head about him.

Mrs. Huntingdon was waiting up for the return of Mrs. Masterton and Mr. Blimber. "I hope you have had a pleasant evening," she said.

"Delightful" replied Flora. "Only you cannot guess what a shameful flirtation Mr. Blimber has been carrying on. He was in close conversation with a German Margaret half the evening. How is Florence, Mrs. Huntingdon ?"

"She is going to be ill, I am afraid, my dear."

"You must allow me to keep her, Mrs. Schlagenweit ; would you kindly come over there to-morrow ?"

"Certainly. Shall I ask my husband to call and see Miss Florence ?"

"Let me see you first, please ; perhaps she may be better to-morrow."

"I hope so, with all my heart. Do you come with me, Miss Masterton ?"

"You must let me keep Flora," said her mother.

"Then I will say good night. Good night, Mr. Blimber."

When she had departed, that gentleman thought it only a duty to defend himself from all suspicion of flirtation. "I did

not like to speak before Mrs. Schlagenweit," he observed, with much solemnity, "but I think I ought to clear my character. I have been accused of flirting!"

"Oh! Mr. Blimber," cried Flora, "you did!"

"Don't, Flora—don't say so! I could not get rid of that girl. She kept talking broken English and I think she is mad. I told her I was engaged. What!' she said, 'Faust, have you listened to the evil one! Why fly from your Margaret?' That's the way she went on for an hour."

Mrs. Masterton burst out laughing.

"Please don't laugh, that's not the worst of it. All of a sudden she cried out, 'I must go, this soldier seeks me! Farewell, Faust!'" And then—upon my word, it's not my fault—she poked this note into my hand! She actually had addressed me by my own christian name—it's awful!—just listen to the contents. 'Edward, I could not say all—let this speak for me. You need not go into exile alone. If I may hope, wear a pink in your button-hole to-morrow morning. Your own, if you wish it so!'"

"Did that girl give you this note!" exclaimed Flora, as she snatched it from his hand, and, tearing it in a hundred pieces, threw it into the fire.

"Upon my word she did."

"It is infamous!" she cried, as her cheeks flushed, and tears came into her eyes.

"It is," said Mr. Blimber; "but don't be afraid, Flora, you will never see me with a pink in my button-hole."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

FLORENCE was not considered well enough on the following morning to be permitted to travel; she might be sickening for the measles, and, at any rate, it was not worth while to run any risk. Flora, indeed, who saw Florence in her bedroom, could not detect anything the matter with her; but she was quite contented that she should remain where she was. The girls were no longer good friends. Flora had never quite forgiven Florence for her half engagement to Alfred Huntingdon, although she had the justice to acknowledge to herself that Florence was not exactly to blame in this matter. Indeed, the suspicion that Florence was made rather miserable than otherwise by the proposals of her cousin was in itself a comfort; but still Flora considered her former friend as undoubtedly sly. She had been a little uncomfortable, too, more than once with regard to little attentions paid by

Edward Chalmers to Florence. Of course it did not matter now : Edward was going to New Zealand, and Florence would never see him again ; and as for Mr. Alfred, he was out of the question. At any rate, she herself had secured Mr. Blimber, while Florence was nowhere in the race. Still she could not restore Florence to her affections ; she felt that some things might have been different if Florence had not been so very sly.

Mrs. Crooney did not consider Miss Florence ill, nor did Mrs. Mowzle, for that matter, and the two old friends interchanged ideas on the subject.

"It don't look like measles," said Mrs. Crooney.

"It may be German measles, my dear," replied Mrs. Mowzle, with a wink.

"What kind is that?" asked the astonished Mrs. Crooney.

"Perhaps I will tell you ; it's this way. You and me has been old friends many a day, and I ask you fairly if you will do me a favour?"

"Of course I will, Mrs. Mowzle."

"Then just listen to me—there's something up! You know Mr. Grimes, don't you, Mrs. Crooney—he was once the Honourable Mr. Chesterfield's gentleman?"

"Yes, I know him, ma'am."

"Very good. Mr. Grimes, now along with Captain Draper, and I don't mind mentioning to you that Mr. Grimes has spoken to me about a mutual greengrocer's shop at the West-end. Now then, Mrs. Crooney, there's something up with Captain Draper. I don't quite know what it is, but I want Mr. Grimes to keep his eyes open and find out the name of the Captain's former wife ; for he's a widower, my dear. I don't want any harm to come to Captain Draper ; but if there's a hundred pounds or so to be had, why should I not have it, Mrs. Crooney?"

"I'll call on Mr. Grimes as soon as we get back, Mrs. Mowzle. Perhaps you would do me a good turn, too ; you might look about a bit and see if our Miss Flora has been carrying on here. I am to go with her when she marries Mr. Blimber, and there's nothing like being in a lady's confidence."

"I won't forget it, Mrs. Crooney."

"Then I will say good-bye, Mrs. Mowzle."

"The same to you, Mrs. Crooney—good-bye."

They were all off at last, and Mrs. Huntingdon was left alone with Mrs. Schlagenweit.

"If you please, I will settle our little account now," said Mrs. Huntingdon. "Have you a memorandum?"

"Yes ; but there is no hurry, as you are not leaving Eichelskamp just yet. Indeed, I was thinking of asking you if you would

let Miss Florence come to me while she is delicate. It would be so much nicer than stopping at the inn; these are the holidays, and there is plenty of room, and I should be delighted to have you and Miss Florence as my guests."

"You are very kind indeed. If my daughter does not get well in a day or two, I won't say that I will not accept your kind invitation; but I trust she may be able to travel very soon now. I think she is better myself. Will you give me a receipt? Thank you—that is right. 'Mary Schlagenweit!' I wonder what put it into my head that your Christian name was Alice? It must have been something that Florence said. She was talking, I remember, about a person called Alice Chalmers, and, if I don't mistake, you were Mrs. Chalmers formerly?"

"Oh, I can explain it, Mrs. Huntingdon. My first husband's sister was called Alice, and my son, who is a merchant in London, and has been down here two or three times, is always speaking about Alice, because he would come into a large sum of money if he could find out whether Alice was married or not; and if married whether she had any children. My son has found out that she was supposed to have married a person called Horace Draper, and for a moment he imagined it might have been the Captain Draper you know. Of course when the Captain came down to Eichelskamp we found out our mistake."

"Did Captain Draper come here?" said the astonished Mrs. Huntingdon.

"Yes, he came from Berlin in the winter, and he stopped here ten days."

"And he was not the Horace Draper?"

"No; but he seemed to think that he could furnish a clue at one time. However, it all came to nothing. My son was down here the other day—indeed, he went away the morning you arrived—and he told me he had given up all hope, and that he believed the proof of the marriage would never be found; so he has made up his mind to lose the chance of the legacy, and to start for New Zealand. Poor lad! he is to go in a couple of months," said Mrs. Schlagenweit, as she wiped her eyes.

"Was there much money?"

"Several thousand pounds, I believe."

"Provoking indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Huntingdon. "Let us hope that the lawyers may clear up matters yet."

Mrs. Schlagenweit took her leave, and promised to call daily to inquire after Florence, and then Mrs. Huntingdon sat down to think.

There could be no doubt that Captain Draper had married this Alice Chalmers, and that Florence had secured the certificate to

protect her old friend; but how did she get it? Could young Chalmers have given it to her? It was not to be supposed that he would throw away all chance of a fortune, unless, indeed—no, that was surely not possible. Could Florence have stolen it? that was still more impossible, and yet there was the fact—Florence had the paper and kept it next her heart! She made up her mind to have an explanation at once with her daughter, for the suspense was intolerable. She proceeded to the bedroom and sat down by her side.

"You can go, Mrs. Mowzle," she said. "I will sit here for an hour, and you need not come back until I call you."

"Very good, ma'am," said Mrs. Mowzle, who departed to her own room muttering, "Them measles is a-coming out at last."

"Florence," said Mrs. Huntingdon, in a low tone, "what is that paper you have in your bosom?" Florence coloured scarlet. "I saw it, Florence, yesterday, and it is a marriage certificate between Horace Draper and Alice Chalmers. I know that much, what I want to learn is, how did you get it? Did you find it accidentally, or did you take it?"

"He gave it to me, mother; he did, indeed."

"Who gave it to you?—was it Mr. Chalmers?"

"Yes."

"How did he dare to offer it to you? How could you be mad enough to take it? Don't you see he could have but one motive for throwing away his chance of a fortune? Do you care for this man? or is this the result of some romantic friendship for Captain Draper? Give me the certificate, Florence. I shall restore to Mrs. Schlagenweit."

"Oh, I cannot, mother; you don't know all. Think of the disgrace."

"The disgrace, Florence!—that lay in taking the certificate. Don't be afraid, I will take care your name does not appear in the matter; but I must restore that paper. Give it to me."

Florence raised herself in her bed, and looked wildly at her mother, then with a sudden gesture she snatched the paper from her bosom, and tried to tear it. Mrs. Huntingdon was too quick for her, and seized it.

"There is something more in this than you choose to tell, Florence," she said, severely. "You may as well be candid with me."

Florence lay moaning and tossing on the bed, but could not, or would not speak. Mrs. Huntingdon got up and placed her hand upon the bell to summon the servant.

"Don't, mother—don't ring!" shrieked Florence; "I will tell

you everything. Look at the handwriting—Horace Draper is my father!”

Ten minutes afterwards Mrs. Mowzle heard the bell ring, but it was not Mrs. Huntingdon who had sounded it. On the bed, to the extreme astonishment of Mrs. Mowzle, lay the form of her mistress, and Florence, in her dressing-gown, was watching by her mother’s side. The girl looked very pale, but her old look of resolution had returned to her face.

“Don’t say anything about this attack of mamma’s, please,” she said; “it is passing off now. We are not at home, mind, if anyone calls, and if anyone asks for me you can say I am better. You will not mention mamma at all.”

“Certainly not, miss,” replied Mrs. Mowzle, who stood in awe of Florence when she had what Mrs. Mowzle called her “grand manner” on. “May I come and sit with my mistress?”

“In half an hour, Mowzle,” replied Mrs. Huntingdon. “I shall be better then—please leave us now.”

“I’m blessed!” said Mrs. Mowzle, to herself, “if the measles ain’t come out; and on the wrong person, too!”

CHAPTER XXXV.

POLLY.

A WEEK had passed away since Geoffrey Huntingdon had recognised his daughter Anne; but he had never seen her since.

“What would be the use of it?” he said to Captain Draper. “She can never forget the past; she will bear no resentment. I daresay she would forgive me, but I can take no pardon from my own child.”

“Will you not see the young man Gregory, or Mowbray, as they call him?”

“Never! To think that such a creature should have the right to call me father is the hardest thing of all.”

“Upon my word, Geoffrey, you are wrong. It may be hard, but you cannot shake yourself free from the fetters you have placed on yourself; he is your son, and you had better make the best of him.”

“No, Draper, I will never see him. I will do all I can in the way of providing for him, and you and Sharper can make any arrangements you like to start the young man on a fresh career in the colonies; but he and I never must meet. Are they going to leave Gravesend soon, Draper?”

“Yes; Dr. Sharper wants them to go to Silverbeach, and is

now making arrangements for the move. What are you going to do, Geoffrey?"

"Crayshaw advises that I should leave England until he finds out where that paper really is. He has traced out Edward Chalmers in London, and he will do what he can to recover it. In the meantime I shall run over to Germany again. I must go to Eichelskamp first—curse the place!—for my wife and Florence are still there waiting my instructions. I shall take them to Berlin or Vienna for a time. I hope it will not be long before I can return to England, and then all this deary business can be forgotten. However, if not, I must make the best of it. I never can be quite miserable while I have my little Florence—upon my word, she is the only light in my life, now. I'm not ungrateful, Draper, you are a real friend, but you don't believe in me; my wife believes in me, poor woman, but she does not love me. Little Florence believes and loves. After all, things may come right. If I get back the certificate I have authorised Crayshaw to pay this Chalmers the sum of money he would be entitled to if his succession had been proved. I think, Draper, I see the silver lining of the cloud."

"What are you going to do about Alfred?" inquired his friend.

"Let him go back to India. Poor devil! I am rather sorry for him. In one way he behaved badly to Florence; but I don't think she ever cared for him much. You see he'd no chance with that Mrs. Chichester. Crayshaw says her husband is getting up a divorce. Alfred will marry her, and must make the best of it."

"When do you start, Geoffrey?"

"I was thinking of starting to-night; but I will see you before I go. For the present, good-bye."

Captain Draper went away thoughtfully from his friend's lodgings and found Dr. Sharper waiting for him in Jermyn Street.

"If I could only get rid of that girl," said Sharper, "Mrs. Lumsden and her brother might go down to Silverbeach to-morrow."

"What girl?"

"Do you remember Polly Hooper, Captain Draper? She was in service at Greydings when that young Gregory got hit."

"To be sure I do—a pretty girl she was, too."

"Yes; she took a fancy to the young fellow, or he to her, and he came down to Silverbeach the other day to ask her to marry him. He seems to have acted honourably enough there."

"It is very odd," remarked Draper; "that father and son should be so different. It would be an aggravation of all young Gregory's sins in Geoffrey's eyes, if he heard of his proposing to

marry a servant maid ; and Gregory, who thinks nothing of going wrong in money matters, will never forgive his father for the treatment of his mother."

"Ah, we all do it," said Dr. Sharper, "as Butler says, we—

"Compound of sins we are inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to."

It's all very well here ; but do you know I often think that the deepest hell of a place of future punishment would be the enforced association with the sinners whose special sins you most despise. However, I must say I don't want the young fellow to marry Polly, and it struck me that perhaps a place might be found for the girl in town."

"By Jove!" said Draper; "I'll tell you what we might do ; we might try Mrs. Masterton, for her daughter is going to marry a Mr. Blimber, and they will want servants."

"Is not Mrs. Crooney a servant of Mrs. Masterton?" asked Dr. Sharper.

"Yes. How do you know her?"

"She came over with me last year from Cassel, and she and I got on very well together. I should not mind asking her. I saw her just now going downstairs here as I came up."

"Did you? I will ring and ask my man if she is here still."

Mr. Grimes appeared and acknowledged that Mrs. Crooney was in the house, and was directed to request her to walk up.

"There's something up, Mrs. Crooney," said Mr. Grimes, as he gave the message.

"I'll keep my eyes open," she replied. "I will see you again when I've done upstairs."

"How do you do, Mrs. Crooney?" said Captain Draper. "I think you know Dr. Sharper. Pray take a chair. We want to ask you a favour. We thought you might know of a place for a young girl in whom Dr. Sharper and I take a great interest."

"Oh, indeed," observed Mrs. Crooney. The tone of her voice was eminently civil ; but there was something in the manner with which she uttered these simple words that made the colour mount up in the Captain's face.

"The girl's name is Polly, and she is eminently respectable," he hastened to explain, "only she has never been in good service before. We thought she would be in such excellent hands, Mrs. Crooney, if you would take charge of her."

"Thank you, gentlemen," she replied ; "but this is a serious matter. It's the character, you see!"

"Oh, I am sure Dr. Sharper would give her an excellent character."

"Is the Doctor a married gentleman?"

"No, Mrs. Crooney."

"Ah, you see, that would not do. A gentleman can take away a girl's character, but he can't give her one."

"Would a clergyman do?" asked Captain Draper.

"Oh, certainly, the best of references. Parsons are quite beyond all suspicion. What does the girl want to come to town for, sir?"

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Crooney," said Dr. Sharper, "there is an old rascal down at Silverbeach who has set his eyes on the girl, and we want to get her away from him."

"I suppose she is very pretty, sir?"

"Why, Mrs. Crooney?"

"Nothing, sir; only there's such a lot of elderly gentlemen taking of a fatherly interest in her! Not that I'm alluding to you, gentlemen; and if the clergyman gives the girl a character, I can give her a place as under housemaid tomorrow."

"Thanks, Mrs. Crooney, we won't forget your kindness," replied the grateful Captain.

Two days afterwards Polly arrived with a most satisfactory certificate, and obtained the vacant situation at Mrs. Masterton's establishment. Mrs. Crooney was kind to the young stranger, and asked her to take tea in her own room. She made many inquiries about Silverbeach and Dr. Sharper and Captain Draper, but could not find out much to the disadvantage of either of the gentlemen. At last she was obliged to ask the question point blank.

"What made you wish to leave the country, my dear?"

Poor Polly burst into tears.

"It's all along of Thomas, Mrs. Crooney."

"Oh, Thomas, is it? I suppose that is the name of your young man?"

Polly was scarlet.

"His name is Henry," she whispered. "Thomas says he is dying, and I shall never see him again."

"Then who is Thomas?"

"He's the waiter at the inn, ma'am, and he's fifty if he's a day, and his legs are as crooked as crooked can be; and I hate him, ma'am."

"Well, Polly, you are safe here."

"Oh, I do hope so, ma'am; but he's an awful old man! When he heard I was coming here he says to me, 'I'm going up to London in a day or two, Polly, and I'll give you a call. Mind this,' says he, 'if you ain't civil it will be all the worse for that idle young profligate.' That's my young man, you know, ma'am."

'I can send him to jail whenever I like,' says he; 'and I will, too, if you ain't comfortable!'"

"Well, Polly, you seem a decent kind of girl, and I will be a friend to you. If that fellow follows you up just let me know."

"Indeed I will, ma'am, and thank you kindly, too."

Mrs. Lumsden and her brother had no sooner settled at Silverbeach than Dr. Sharper thought it better to let Thomas know that young Gregory was to be called Mr. Mowbray in future.

Thomas received the intelligence very sulkily. He said he had known it all along, and that anyone but a born fool might have known it from the likeness.

"You are in a bad temper, Thomas," said the Doctor.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am not in any temper at all. I don't mean to say I've got no cause."

"What's the matter then, Thomas?"

"May I ask you, Doctor, how you would like your young lady surreptitiously removed to another sphere just as you had made up your mind to marry her?"

"Thomas, if you had any sense you would be grateful to me for getting Miss Polly away. Don't you see I want to prevent that young fellow and the girl from meeting any more?"

"Then, Dr. Sharper, why didn't you leave the girl here, and keep the young man away? He ain't a credit to Silverbeach, is he? Now, I will just tell you, Dr. Sharper, I ain't going to be trod upon! I'm going to town, and mean to bring back a wife, and I think just for once I'll have the laugh against Mr. Gregory *alias* Mowbray!"

Mrs. Crooney had not long to wait before her aid was invoked by Polly.

"He's come, ma'am!" she said, as she entered the good lady's private room. "A little boy has just left this note, and he's a waiting for an answer round the corner."

"Let me see it, Polly."

MISS HOOPER.—You will please meet me to-night. Don't say no, or I am off to the police-station, and then it's all up with you-know-who. Come to me, who really loves you, and means to act honourable, which the other don't.

Your own Thomas.

The old villain!" exclaimed Mrs. Crooney. "Look here, Polly, you just sit down and write what I tell you."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Here's pen and ink and paper, Polly; now then, begin—Mr. Thomas, I can't get out this evening, but if you try our area-gate at twelve to-night, it won't be locked, and I should not be surprised if someone was a waiting for you in the kitchen. Sign it 'Red Shawl.' He knows that shawl, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; it's that caught his eye first."

"There, my girl, give the boy that."

"But please, ma'am, I can't meet him in the kitchen. I can't, indeed."

"No, Polly, but I can, and you must let me have that red shawl, my dear."

What were the horrid screams that resounded through the mansion of Mrs. Masterton that night? The domestics found Mrs. Crooney in hysterics on the kitchen floor.

"What is it, ma'am?" cried the footman. "Is it thieves?"

"Not fire!" screamed the upper housemaid.

"Not the police!" exclaimed the cook.

"What is it?" sobbed Mrs. Crooney, frantically; "it's a message from the dead! Look here!" she cried, as she held up a bit of cloth.

"Why," said the cook, "it's the tail of a man's coat. Who sent it, Mrs. Crooney?"

"The dear departed!" cried Mrs. Crooney, as she went off again into hysterics.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FULL CIRCLE.

THE day following that on which Mrs. Huntingdon discovered her husband's treachery, she had in a great measure recovered her usual manner. She accepted for herself and Florence, Mrs. Schlagenweit's renewed invitations that they should make her house their home until Mr. Huntingdon arrived.

Mrs. Huntingdon hardly knew why she did so. She scarcely formed any plans, but she yielded herself to the instincts which developed themselves as she brooded over her wrongs. She did not want to be alone with Florence. She could not discuss her husband's conduct with his child.

She checked the slightest allusion to the recovered certificate, and merely told Florence that she would herself retain it. It seemed natural to Florence that her mother should wish to do so; she had the greatest right to interpose between him and disgrace. She saw that her mother was dreadfully uneasy, and that her manner was greatly altered; but she said to herself that if her mother had much to forgive, he was most certain to be forgiven.

Perhaps the motive that actuated Mrs. Huntingdon, when she accepted Mrs. Schlagenweit's invitation, was a restless craving to hear more of Alice Chalmers.

When she was alone with her hostess, she always managed to turn the conversation to the story of the missing woman, and Mrs.

Schlagenweit thought it "very nice" of her guest to take such an interest in the melancholy family story. Now and then, Mrs. Huntingdon herself wondered how she could let Florence stay at Mrs. Schlagenweit's, after all that had passed between her and Edward Chalmers. She tried to be indignant at the idea of the young man's presumption, in daring to fall in love with Florence; but it was all of no use, she could not rouse herself; the thing was done,—if young Chalmers loved her first she loved him now, she was sure of that, and it was Geoffrey Huntingdon's fault, "let him take the consequences," she said, "I shall not interfere." And then her thoughts flew back to her own great wrong, and she could think of nothing else.

At last came the letter from her husband announcing his having started for Eichelskamp.

"I am afraid it will be late before I arrive, so on no account sit up for me."

This was the concluding paragraph of the letter, which she read over for about the twentieth time at eight in the evening—not sit up for him? why, she felt as if she could never rest, until she had seen him once more. She had told Geoffrey that she and Florence were stopping at Mrs. Schlagenweit's, but she had left word at the "Red Eagle" that she was to be sent for the very instant that her husband arrived.

It was nearly ten at night when the messenger came.

Mr. Huntingdon had been rather surprised when he heard where his wife and daughter were staying, but thought the matter of very little consequence, and hardly expected that his wife would come over at so late an hour.

He ordered supper and busied himself in looking over his rifles and guns, which was one of his constant amusements, when he had nothing else to do.

"Hullo, Emily," he said, as his wife quietly and unexpectedly entered the room. "I am sorry you took the trouble to come out to-night. Why, what's the matter? there is nothing wrong with Florence is there?"

"Nothing," she said, "at least nothing that you can help. Geoffrey Huntingdon, I have something to say to you; I shall not detain you very long."

"Why, what on earth is this?" he exclaimed. "Nothing I can help? what do you mean?"

"I mean to tell you! first of all, that I have made up my mind that Florence shall marry the son of the schoolmistress here—don't interrupt me, please. I know that it is not quite the match for a Miss Huntingdon, but I have considered all that carefully, and 'Edward Chalmers' shall marry 'Florence.' "

"Are you in your senses, Emily?" said Mr. Huntingdon as he stared at his wife with astonishment not unmixed with alarm.

"Perfectly. They have been restored to me. I repeat, I have made up my mind that this young man shall marry Florence—that is, of course, if he chooses to take her."

"I do not not understand you, Emily. *You* have made up your mind? Excuse me, I have no wish to speak harshly, but in *this* matter you will have to be guided by your husband."

"My husband? I have no husband."

Geoffrey started and gave a hasty glance at his wife. "I suppose" he said slowly, "you have some meaning in your wild talk."

"I think I have. Geoffrey Huntingdon, I have not been a happy woman. You have not made life pleasant to me, but I have borne it patiently and quietly, although by nature I am not patient nor quiet; and do you know why I have borne it? Because I thought that I had spoiled your life. It is no use talking over the time when you were jealous of me without a cause. I forgave you and I was sorry for you. I suppose I loved you very much, for I know I wished and tried to alter my very nature, that we might live in harmony for the future; and to think of it!" she exclaimed excitedly "the shame of it almost stifles me, to think that *you—you*, my accuser—*you*, who resented the most innocent actions on my part—*you* who prized my honours as your own and could not bear the shadow of a stain on either, *you* as soon as you left me, could sell your honour and mine to the first creature that was wretched enough to catch your profligate fancy! Geoffrey Huntingdon, when you married Alice Chalmers, you ceased to be my husband! My God, to think what I have been all these years since. Thank Heaven, I am free at last!"

Geoffrey had risen from his chair, and stood gazing steadily at his outraged wife, although his countenance was haggard and awfully pale.

"So you have heard it," he said, in a low voice, "Well I do not deny it. I cannot excuse myself, and I would not if I could. Do as you please about leaving me, you have a right to do as you like, and your wishes, in that respect shall be attended to, but you must not suppose that I shall leave you to dispose of my daughter."

"Your daughter? Mr. Huntingdon? You have no daughter."

"This is going too far Mrs. Huntingdon. I may have lost you, but how have I lost my daughter?"

"How did you lose her? why you *sold* her! sold her to hide your own disgrace, and save yourself from punishment."

"I did this?" cried Geoffrey, losing all his self control and his face flushing with rage, "how dare you say so?"

"Because it is true. If you did not know it, you were the cause. I tell you, she sold herself on your account. Think of the price, and take the worthless value."

She flung the certificate of his marriage with Alice Chalmers before him.

"Thank Florence for it, if you dare, to-morrow. As for me, I will never see your face again."

She gave one look at the wretched man as he staggered into a chair, and fell forward with his head on the table; and then she turned and left the room as quietly as she had entered it.

She had ordered the coachman to wait for her, and she was driven back to Mrs. Schlagenweit's. That worthy lady noticed nothing in particular in the manner of Mrs. Huntingdon as she said good-night.

The wife had felt no pity for her husband when she left him, but she might have done had she known all. Who can tell whether she was aware of the deadly poison on the weapon with which she pierced his breast. Probably she did not know, for mad as she was, in her craving for revenge, she would have spared him that. Besides she was a pure-minded woman, and coarse ideas were foreign to her nature. But, alas for Geoffrey, it was not so with him—he had never believed in purity since his youth.

He had been jealous of his wife, not because he had reason to suspect her heart, but because he judged her by his own. But there had been one chamber in his heart which he had kept pure and clean, and Florence reigned there, and now the avenger had come, *Florence had sold herself!* The devil had twisted the very meaning of the words in his tortured brain, and he fell a prey to the lawless and uncertain thoughts that men imagine, howling. Geoffrey Huntingdon was crushed at last.

They found him in the morning lying beside the chair, where his wife had left him. There was a small heap of white ashes on the table before him, and a pistol-bullet through his brain.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OLD FRIENDS.

Two years have passed away since Geoffrey's death, and there has been many changes. The Hoy Tavern, at Silverbeach, has change hands. It is kept now by Mr. Thomas Crooney, who was formerly head waiter at that place of entertainment. He is assisted by Mrs. Crooney, who left the service of Mrs. Masterton to rejoin her husband. A great deal of romance attaches itself down at Silverbeach to the history of the Crooneys. According to the most

authentic records, Crooney and his wife had been separated by angry relatives when they were both young and newly-married. He had gone to sea as a ship's steward, and had been wrecked on desert islands. She had gone into service and left no trace behind. It was supposed that the faithful couple had been seeking each other for years, until a chance at last restored them to each other's arms. Polly Hooper was imagined to have done her best to reunite them. Ill-natured people said that Mr. Crooney had got over his grief for the loss of Mrs. Crooney, and would have married Polly if he could. Mr. Crooney in his secret heart was not exactly sure whether he would or not. He said to himself, one Sunday evening as he stood contemplating a tombstone in the Silverbeach churchyard, "Sacred to the memory of Henry Mowbray."

"Ah, Mr. Gregory, *alias* Mowbray, *alias* Chalmers; it's all along of you, and I don't know now whether I am glad or sorry. She was pretty, Polly was; but the present Mrs. Crooney is more useful. She's sound, just like my port wine, 'a natural crustiness,' so to speak. Now, Polly's a made-up article, no doubt all them young girls is; but still, she was uncommon nice. I wonder whether she would come as barmaid? I suppose Mrs. Crooney wouldn't have it—women have such low ideas. There's Dr. Sharper coming this way with Mrs. Lumsden. How like her brother she is, to be sure, at times! only she don't look so impudent—goodness knows he was that, to the last. To think of it, when he was dying, too. 'How are you, sir?' says I. 'Going, Thomas,' says he. 'I'd ask you to come to the funeral, only you have not got a graceful walk,' says he. I wonder," mused Mr. Crooney, as he gazed at the tombstone, "why you was always going on about my personal appearance? Ah, well, I forgive you; there wasn't much harm in you, for all your impudence." And then Mr. Crooney nodded his head solemnly to the memory of Mr. Mowbray, and departed to his own home.

Frank Lumsden had left the army, and intended to try his fortune in London. There was no occasion for him to be anxious about his future prospects. Captain Draper had adopted him as a son, and although the Captain was not a rich man he was in very comfortable circumstances. It was pretty clear, too, that Frank's wife would inherit all the property of Dr. Sharper.

"We ought to be good friends," that gentlemen said to Captain Draper; "for your son has married my daughter."

They were talking over Geoffrey's death at the time. It was a subject which always moved the poor Captain to tears.

"It was all very well to call it 'Accidental Death,'" he said; "but *she* did it, Sharper. She got hold of the certificate somehow or another, and he shot himself for very shame."

"What has become of Mrs. Huntingdon?" asked Dr. Sharper, after a pause.

"She is at Brighton—sees nobody, and they say has joined the Roman Catholic Church."

"And Florence?"

"Oh, she and her husband must be in New Zealand by this time. I believe her mother made no objection to her marriage with Mr. Chalmers. I was a little surprised, for I always thought Florence very proud. I met Mrs. Blimber the other day, and she told me she saw Florence before she sailed. She said she was dreadfully altered, and had grown quite plain. Mrs. Blimber said she quite felt for her; it was so dreadful to have made such a low marriage, and there was no excuse, as the man was not even good-looking."

"I must say that I thought Mr. Chalmers decidedly handsome," said Dr. Sharper.

"Yes; but women see things with such different eyes. I suppose she thinks Blimber is good-looking. By-the-bye, Sharper, my man is going to leave me; he is to marry Mrs. Mowzle, who was maid so long to Mrs. Huntingdon. I saw her the other day; she it was who told me indeed, that her mistress had joined the Romish Church, and that was the reason she had determined to leave service. 'I ain't a going to take no vows, Captain Draper,' she said. I told her she would have to do so if she married; but the old lady tossed her head, and said, 'It ain't them vows, Captain; but I ain't going to be made a nun of at my time of life.'"

"Where is Mr. Alfred Huntingdon, now?" asked the Doctor.

"In India still, with his wife. He's in dreadful bad health, and they want him come home; but he won't."

"Are there any children?"

"No."

"Why, then, after William Huntingdon, Frank Lumsden stands next in the entail!"

"Yes. It would be odd if Alice Chalmers' daughter comes into the Huntingdon property, after all that has passed and gone."

THE END.

THE RISE OF MAXIMIN,

EMPEROR OF THE OCCIDENT,

Compiled by **LUCIUS**, Keeper of the Imperial Archives at Iscapolis.

TRANSLATED AND EDITED

BY **RICHARD JEFFERIES.**

INTRODUCTION.

It incidentally appears from notices scattered over the pages of Lucius, that the Occident in which Maximin arose was a continent of vast extent. We are not informed in what precise quarter of the world it was situated, except that in a general sense it was somewhere towards the west, but it must, in its southern extremity have been shone upon by an almost tropical sun. Knowing, as we do now from the labours of celebrated geologists, that continents have arisen from the waves in one era and disappeared in the succeeding one, there can be no great difficulty in accepting the records here presented. The continent described by Lucius was bounded by a freshwater sea of unknown extent, and contained large rivers, immense forests, deserts, and ranges of mountains. It was inhabited by various races of men acquainted with some of the arts of civilisation, but in the main ignorant, superstitious, and cruel. Among these Maximin arises, and though his progress is necessarily attended with bloodshed his chief object is the abolition of slavery and superstition, and the improvement of the race. The book now at last translated and given to the world, does not represent all that remains of the literature of the Occident. There remain in the possession of the Editor a variety of memoirs and archives, private and public, full of interesting information, and extraordinary adventure, which may perhaps one day be published.

CHAPTER I.

Maximin's improved match-lock gun—Starts to visit the duke's daughter—
 Watches an engagement between troops from Sandover and Brucester—
 Maximin's books—First workings of ambition—Burning of Sycamore
 Farm—Final decision.

MAXIMIN tells us himself, in one of his "Notes and Memoranda," that the first idea of a possible rise to power occurred to him upon witnessing an engagement between a column of troops from Sandover and a detachment of the soldiers of Charles VI. (of Brucester) some time in May, Y.F. 744. He started from the

old farmhouse on the banks of Sycamore Creek to visit the Penhursts at Pennavon, with a daughter of which family he was deeply enamoured.

He carried a matchlock upon his shoulder which had been made in accordance with his own instructions. The barrel of this gun was three feet nine inches in length, and the stock about fifteen inches additional; so that the whole weapon measured about five feet, and came up to his shoulder. At that date almost all the guns in use were very short and heavy, made to throw a large ball a small distance. As the gunpowder in use was badly mixed, and the due proportions of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre not understood, the consequence was that they would kill only when at close quarters, and were quite harmless at any distance. The touch-hole was covered with a sliding thin sheet of metal, to protect the priming from rain or damp, and this had to be pushed forward by the nail of the thumb before firing. The thumb was commonly placed over the touch-hole for some few moments before the object to be fired at was approached, so as to shoot more rapidly. The match was a piece of tarred rope wound round the stock of the gun, and one end of it passed through a hole in the top of the curved piece of brass which formed the lock. This brass simply turned upon an axle—there was no spring, and what kept it upright and suspended above the touch-hole was the tarred rope, which was taut. The fore-finger pulling the trigger stretched the tarred cord, while at the same moment the thumb was removed from the open touch-hole, and the lighted end of the match dropped into the priming. There was no trigger-guard. The barrel of this weapon, or hackbut, was about two feet in length, and it threw a ball of two ounces some forty yards with tolerable accuracy. When loaded with buckshot or slugs it was a dangerous instrument to face at that distance. But it was at all times liable to get out of order—the damp got at the priming, or the wind, if it blew hard, carried away the priming as soon as the thumb was removed from the touch-hole. The match burnt irregularly, and could not be brought down into the touch-hole at the exact moment when the aim was taken. There was no sight, and the stock was simply curved—not unlike a pistol handle, but a larger curve. So rude a weapon was but a slight improvement upon the bow-and-arrow, if indeed, it was any improvement at all, for the wild Jipz could many of them make sure of their man with their arrows at one hundred yards, and now and then an archer could strike the mark at two hundred yards. The barrels of these guns were generally of cast metal, and hence would not stand a strong charge without fear of bursting, so that if they had had good gunpowder they could not have used it without danger.

The gun Maximin had made was very much longer in the barrel, and was constructed of a tube of wrought metal strengthened with concentric circles of that material. These rings were formed by heating a long rod of the very toughest iron to nearly a white heat, and then twisting it round the tube spirally and hammering it into position. As the rod cooled it contracted and clasped the tube firmly. The interior of the tube was then case-hardened or made into steel, so as to withstand the friction of the bullet. At the breech there was a sight, intended to guide the eye for the proper elevation to carry the ball one hundred yards—point blank the gun was supposed to be effective at sixty to seventy yards. The bullet was not precisely round, but somewhat egg-shaped, and in loading the thicker end of the bullet was placed in the barrel, which it fitted as nearly as possible exactly. The ram-rod, in driving it home, slightly beat down the thinner upper end of the bullet, so that it more nearly approached the spherical shape, and the force of the explosion was supposed to expand the lower part of the bullet, so that it left the muzzle nearly round. A bullet which was quite round when placed in the barrel would have been rammed out of shape in driving it home, and would leave the gun a flattened piece of lead. The touch-hole was protected by a slot, which was kept in its place by a spring. The cock was kept in position by a spring, and on pulling the trigger the slot of metal over the touch-hole moved forwards just as the lighted end of the match dropped in and ignited the powder. The match itself was soaked in an improved composition, and burnt regularly and extremely slowly. The trigger was protected by a guard. The end of the stock which was placed against the shoulder was broad and thick, so as to save the shoulder from the recoil, and also to give a steadier aim. This weapon was heavy, but far more effective than the common gun of that day, and it was much more so by the stronger gunpowder which Maximin, after many experiments, contrived to make. With this gun it was possible to strike a comparatively small object at fifty yards, and a tree trunk or larger object at one hundred. It could also be used as a shot-gun with good results. Maximin carried together with his matchlock a long two-edged knife, used in hunting, a steel, flint, and tinder-box, and a small hatchet slung in his girdle.

Passing beyond the strong stockade into which cattle were driven at night at the Sycamore Farm, he walked slowly along the edge of the creek, and noted as he had so often noted before, how well it was adapted for shipping. It ran nearly a mile up into the land, winding sinuously, and was sheltered at the mouth, where it opened upon the great fresh-water sea, on the east side by a cliff or headland, and on the west by the

hilly peninsula of Sandover, and the waves which swept towards it from the north were broken by a sandbank which narrowed the entrance. He had often wondered why the inhabitants of a great city like Sandover did not utilise so noble a haven lying within a mile of their walls, but preferred the open and exposed coast to the west, where in a northern or westerly wind the shipping was always liable to be driven on shore. He had even ventured to write a letter to the government of Aurelius IX., King of Sandover and The Marches, calling their attention to so many natural advantages; but it had, of course, been entirely disregarded, for he had neither money nor position to give it weight, and was, moreover, a suspected person. The real reason why the government prevented the latter, however, from being used was a feeling of insecurity arising from a consciousness of their own weakness. The western port was close under the walls of the town, and was commanded by the cannons, so that they felt any ships arriving there were under their control. It was true they might have built a fort to command the eastern creek; but whom could they trust in command of such a fort, so near to the town and yet distant enough to form a centre of hostile action in case of revolution? "A cruel, tyrannical, short-sighted government," thought Maximin, as he passed beside the creek. "Surely such a dynasty cannot last for ever." His own little boat was moored upon the strand under the shadow of some willows that grew just at the line of high-water; for the tide rose about three feet perpendicularly here, being no doubt forced up by the motion of the greater tides of the distant salt ocean. It was long, slender, light, carrying one fellucca or triangular sail, and capable of great speed. He had made voyages of great length and duration in it—voyages that gave him a reputation, and which exposed him to the suspicion of the government. Leaving the creek upon the right, Maximin followed a narrow track through a long wood of ash, and emerged after an hour's walking at the foot of the chain of hills—the Blue Mountains—which here came within five miles of the sea.

It was towards the close of the sultry day that, while resting on the edge of a combe or narrow valley, he became aware of the movement of troops. There came up from the plain a faint sound of music, which swelled louder and louder, and burst into a full march. The narrow combe, widening as it went, opened upon the plain, and near the entrance was full of osier-beds growing in a small stream fed by the springs which burst out higher up the hill. His eye travelling down the gorge caught a shimmer of colour among the willow-beds, and as the music came nearer the willows parted, and he saw a soldier armed with a gun creep forwards to the edge of the plain and as quickly return—evidently a scout. It

was clear that an ambuscade had been concealed in the willows and hawthorn bushes at the mouth of the gorge, and instinctively he drew back from the edge of the combe, concealing himself in a small thicket, and behind a stunted ash-tree; for soldiers were in those days little better than bandits, and much better hands at robbing a helpless passer-by than in attacking the foe. By the colour of the scout's tunic, a deep orange, Maximin knew the party must belong to Brucester, for orange was the colour of King Charles. There had long been a war between Sandover and Brucester, which places were barely twenty miles apart, Brucester lying inland on the edge of the great forest; but it had been conducted so carelessly and negligently that no great successes had been obtained on either side, and people travelled about as before. Now, it would seem as if the forces of Sandover were on their way to Brucester, and this valley was, as Maximin well knew, on the road or track that they must follow. Not a little excited at the approaching fight, Maximin rapidly cut a bush with his hunting-knife and protruded it on to the edge of the combe, so as to get a better view behind it. As he did so he looked on his left and saw three horsemen armed with lances ride over the ridge of the hill, from which he concluded that the party in ambush were supported by a larger detachment, and perhaps by the whole army of Charles. The hot sun poured his rays with concentrated heat into that narrow gulley, and the dried-up grass upon the slippery slopes proved how intense the summer heat had been. The birds were still, except a hawk which was whirling in circles overhead,—there was not a breath of air. The music grew louder, and now he could hear another band and a third—it was evident that an army was drawing near. Suddenly a man on horseback rode past the entrance to the valley carrying a pennon on a lance, and immediately afterwards came the foot-soldiers, spearmen in parties of three or four, then a gap, and then more, walking as their fancy dictated. Many had their grey cloaks off and carried them on their shoulders, and the officers had given their helmets and swords to their servants to carry. These spearmen kept passing for at least a quarter of an hour, every moment of which he expected to hear a discharge of firearms from the ozier-beds. Then came a band, silent now, and even at his distance he could hear them talking and joking, and could see the flasks of liquor passed from hand to hand. Following the band came ten or twelve horsemen, and after these matchlock men in the same disorder as the spears, but before many of these had marched by a large body of horse arrived. At this moment, Maximin, gazing intently at the willows, saw a flame of red fire run, as it were, among the green leaves, and a long loud report echoed all up the valley,

followed by a quick sputtering fire. The smoke rose up, and hung over the willow-bed, and he saw that the cavalry dispersed in all directions, and in two or three places a struggling heap showed where the horse and his rider had fallen. A cry echoed along the plain, the bands ceased playing, and here and there a shot was wildly discharged far in the rear, as if from nervous excitement. The whole army of Sandover was obviously thrown into confusion by the suddenness of the attack. "Why ever do not they charge?" thought Maximin. "Oh, here they come now." It was only about thirty horse who cantered down the side of the hill, entered the combe, and drew up beside the willow-bed, as if to support and encourage the musketry; for it was a belief of those times that the infantry could do nothing unless backed up by cavalry, so great was the reliance they placed upon horses. The party in ambuscade kept up a continuous fire, although there was nothing to shoot at, the line of march of the enemy being cut in two. Had the general of the Brucester army attacked with his whole force at that moment he must have gained a complete victory; but as it was he allowed the opportune moment to pass, and in a short time the soldiers of Sandover regained a little confidence. Maximin watched with eagerness to see what course they would pursue. In his own mind he formed a plan which was simple and obvious enough—send a detachment of matchlock men up on the side of the combe and fire down among the oziars; but the general appeared to dread lest there should be a large party at the back of the ambuscade; and in a short time Maximin could hear the bugle sounding and saw the familiar grey tunics edged with scarlet creeping along the thicket, and from time to time down in the plain in front of the combe—taking advantage of every hedge, for the ground there was cultivated—skirmishers, in fact, thrown out to feel the enemy. He watched them creep up nearer to the combe, and presently came a shot or two replied to loudly by the ambush, who had this advantage—that the willows concealed their numbers. The skirmishers were now supported by thick bodies of matchlock men, whom Maximin could see creeping on all-fours up to the nearest hedge of the combe, and from there they suddenly sent a sharp volley into the willows, though, as he thought, at too great a distance to do much damage. This was followed up by another and another, and still numbers of matchlocks gathered to this spot, from whence, had the thirty orange horsemen charged, they could have driven them with ease. Instead of charging they drew back farther out of range of the bullets, and the infantry in the willows were evidently getting alarmed, for an officer came out and spoke to the commander of the cavalry, who immediately sent three troopers galloping up over the hill for assistance. Before this could arrive the Sandover commander

pushed forward his matchlocks, and sent smart showers of bullets into the willows. Suddenly Maximin saw the oziers bent on all sides, and out came the valiant hackbut-men in alarm, and away they rushed up the valley, the horses flying in front of them. A cheer rose from the attackers, and the grey tunics ran forward, and now bodies of spearmen mingled with them. Maximin could see the officers waving their swords and urging them on to close quarters, but this they did not seem to wish for, for, dropping on their knees, the matchlock men took flying shots at the orange coats as they clambered up the side of the slope opposite where he lay hidden. The thirty horse, unable to get up the slope, fell into the wildest confusion and galloped pell-mell up the combe to its narrowest part, where it ended in a passage not ten yards wide, and crushed through this out upon the gentle slope of the hill beyond. Here they met the reinforcement coming down, and threw the detachment into utter confusion, till, seized with a panic, they threw down their guns and disappeared over the ridge. The grey tunics pouring into the valley fired up the slope at the orange coats, some few of whom had enough courage to lay down on the edge of the combe and fire on the heads of their opponents. Had the general of the Sandover troops sent his spearmen up the hill and along the edge of the combe he must have swept them away easily ; but instead of this the men crowded into the narrow gorge. With a loud cheer a fresh reinforcement of Brucester troops came over the ridge, and rushed to support their comrades on the edge of the combe, so that the grey tunics in the valley in a few moments were exposed to a sharp fire from above, and they showed a disposition to retreat, but could not do so, being pushed forwards by the crush of spearmen, and behind these cavalry, which kept cramming themselves into the narrow combe. Down the slope of the great hill the Brucester general sent two cannons which the artillerymen had unlimbered, and which they had great difficulty in preventing from getting out of their control and dashing down headlong. In a few minutes the two guns were just above the entrance to the combe ; Maximin, not two hundred yards distant, saw the flame leap from the touch-hole, and in an instant came the roar of the discharge. The ball, ill-directed and hastily fired, struck the green sward of the opposite slope, high above the heads of the attacking party, and midway between them, and the orange line on the edge of the combe. But perhaps it produced a greater effect on the *morale* of the Sandover men from that very reason, for the shot went tearing along the sward, sending earth and rubbish flying in a shower, and finally bounded down in among the cavalry at the farthest end of the combe, who set up a shout. The second cannon shot went whizz down the centre of the combe—Maximin

distinctly saw the line of its passage—and also struck among the cavalry at the end of the valley near the plain. At the same moment the ridge of the great hill was lined with Brucester troops, who set up a tremendous shout. The grey tunics showed symptoms of wavering previously, but now a panic began; the skirmishers in front pressed back, the clusters of matchlock men got mixed up together, and their guns were discharged in the air, while the cavalry turned tail and galloped right away. Then came a terrible crush as the men trampled over each other, and many were thrust down into the deep gully worn by the stream, breaking their limbs in the fall. Had the Brucester men charged at once the loss of life must have been great; as it was they merely ran along the edge of the combe firing down on the seething multitude. In a surprisingly short time the grey tunics had crushed out of the combe, and were flying in all directions down the plain.

The battle was over. Still hiding in the thicket, Maximin saw the troops of Brucester march in irregular masses down the hill, and finally take up a position at the foot, where the road or track ran along. There was no attempt to pursue the fugitives or to follow up the success. As nearly as he could reckon there must have been at least fifteen hundred men, and probably the Sandover troops were more numerous, yet, out of these not more than three hundred on either side had been engaged. Maximin could not move from his concealment, for the soldiers were stripping the dead. He calculated that there were not more than twenty dead bodies, and most of these he believed were only wounded, but afterwards stabbed by the plunderers. He saw a man, evidently an officer, dragged out of the gully worn by the stream by three soldiers, who stood him upright, but he immediately fell—his leg being broken—when a soldier kicked his face, and a second thrust his spear through him. Maximin's blood turned cold with horror, and afterwards flushed him with indignation. He had heard of these atrocities before: now they were brought home to him. He longed to take steady aim at these brutes with his trusty matchlock, but well knew that it would be throwing his whole life away. For nearly three hours he remained in his hiding-place, dreading discovery every minute from the parties of soldiery, till the evening fell, and the watch-fires were lighted. Unable to control his impatience to be gone any longer, he crept out and found himself in a field of barley. On his hands and knees he crawled across this field and got into a fir copse. Beyond this there stretched a wide expanse of furze and stunted hawthorn-trees, and through these he threaded his way at a rapid pace till the gathering darkness and the silence reassured him, when he mounted the down once more and pursued his way to Pennavon.

Familiar with every inch of the mountains from hunting, Maximin had no trouble in finding his way, and could reflect as he went upon the spectacle he had seen. He had long ago heard of the utter incapacity and total want of all judgment and military skill which characterised the armies of that day. He had read of the armies of the past and the precision with which they moved. As he walked and the cool night breeze refreshed him his spirits rose. He looked back upon Sandover with contempt—that cruel, heartless place which had treated him so roughly, and despised him a presumptuous fool. He knew he was young, only twenty-five, but he felt that his brain was full of original conceptions. Filled with a species of romantic mysticism, he had wandered with his gun all over the width and breadth of the land, he had penetrated the solemn depth of the vast forest, and had sailed from island to island until he discovered those beautiful Pineries in mid-ocean, the very existence of which was denied and scoffed at by the town near which he was born. He had studied the works of the ancients; he had pondered upon the stars, the hills, the waters, and the great sun, 'till out from the depth of his own soul there sprang forth a poem, yet not in verse, which embodied the truths he had learnt. This he had written and circulated a few copies of, and already he knew that it had been recognised by enthusiastic readers, and was being scattered broadcast over the land. That was a strange time: the art of printing was well-known and practised continually, but it was almost entirely confined to those weekly journals and newspapers which were issued in the town, more by political parties and at their expense than for the purposes of sale. Indeed, the cost of the material and the price of skilled labour was too great to enable them to be sold at a profit, but most parties had their paper in which they put their version upon events. Works of a larger character were usually written and copied by hand and thus circulated; except a few which were also printed by governments or great leaders. Maximin had endeavoured to get an account of his travels inserted in the journal then published by the party in the ascendant at Sandover, and he did get one chapter printed, but it aroused a storm of laughter and contempt. It attracted a little attention to him, and this was sufficient to bring to light the fact that he had expressed too liberal opinions, and a hatred of the tyranny of the times. This fact duly impressed upon the government by a few personal enemies put him under the surveillance of the sergeant of the peace, and he became a suspect. The diary of his travels was, nevertheless, handed about, and provoked the most violent criticism, most persons describing it as a fable from end to end. But although they professed to despise him there really was a considerable

amount of distrust in their minds, for men of learning and genius were extremely rare—but few could even read and write in those times—and every page of this work showed a teeming mind. Coming under the notice of Burgon, the prime minister of Aurelius, he issued an order that Maximin should be watched, expressing his opinion that he was a dangerous man. Maximin was unaware of this, but knew that he was a suspect. Unable to get any employment in the smallest government office—almost any man of ordinary ability and knowledge was in those days of ignorance gladly employed by any government—Maximin had passed his time writing, first his poem, which was of a highly æsthetic nature, and secondly a larger book, which he called “*The Laws*,” but which was afterwards better known as the “*Four Books*,” from the division of the subject. In this work he laid down a complete system of human economy, the tenure of land, the laws of punishment, the duties of magistrates, the object of government, and, in short, a complete epitome, compiled in a liberal spirit, rather showing a desire to educate the ignorant than to compel them to yield obedience. The poem he called “*Rah*,” or “*Sunlight*,” for it embodied aspirations which had grown up in his mind from the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and from the study of nature and his own soul. We in these later days are blessed with the purest religion, and therefore cannot understand the gross ignorance of that time; but even now reading this book we feel our minds elevated to a degree above the sordid thoughts of the world. This famous work was not written all at once. The first part, which had already been in circulation some months before the battle witnessed by Maximin, extended to what are now the three first chapters. The remainder was written from time to time, as we shall see. Maximin knew that “*The Rah*” had circulated wonderfully, for he had heard of and seen copies of it (all by hand) in various places; but he had no knowledge that the “*Four Books*” had gone beyond a few personal friends. This was the inconvenience of copying by hand—an author never knew how far his work had penetrated. It had, however, been shown to Burgon, who at once decided, to use his own words, upon “the suppression of the author,” i.e., his execution. He was further induced by Maximin’s principal enemies and the enemies of his father, Valeus, to issue a decree, confiscating all their property, the farm and cattle on the Sycamore Creek. But this decree had not been executed, owing to the pressure of affairs with Brucester, culminating in the fight which Maximin accidentally witnessed.

Rapidly walking over the soft and springy turf of those beautiful mountains, with the cool night breeze upon his brow, and the magnificent display of stars overhead, Maximin’s heart rose within

him, and daring schemes and hopes which had long harboured in his mind gathered strength and vigour, induced by the miserable display of incompetence he had that day witnessed. A strong ambition took possession of him. "I felt," he writes in his notes, "as if an inspiration had sprung up within me, as if the great planet Jupiter, which I remember well glittered in the southern sky, beckoned me on to glory." It was in this frame of mind that towards midnight he descended upon Pennavon, and the watchdogs gave notice of his approach. Now, in the necessity of giving his name, his business, and other particulars at the gate before he could even enter this small town, he felt his own humility, his littleness. He got lodging at an inn where they knew him well, and he could have been entertained free of cost, and gladly, too, had he related the incident he had witnessed; but he retired to his room and sat at the narrow casement open to the night. He could see the tall turrets of Pennavon Towers, where dwell the Penshursts—lords of the place—whose beautiful daughter, Génèvre, he was presumptuous enough to love. He, the son of a farmer, despised, suspected, to look at her, the heiress of a town, the daughter of a duke. He thought of this with bitter irony and it was the bitterer because in the elevated frame of mind in which he had recently indulged this petty dukedom appeared as dust in his ambition. Yet, now what was he to it, and Génèvre with her crowd of courtiers?—gallant, gay, brilliant in velvet and feathers. Rumour said that here the son of the King of Hafonia came to woo, heir of that great kingdom. Yet he had memories of a gentle pressure of the hand, a glance of the eye, a slight blush upon the cheek. As a distant relative he was permitted free access, but only as a servant might have been. His cheek burned now as he remembered the indignities he had endured—the place below the salt—the rude remarks and jests of the retainers. Doubtless she played with him as a cat with a mouse; yet he loved her. Infatuated as he was, he did not disguise from himself that she was apparently fond of gay society—that she now favoured one and now another. It was impossible to tell the true state of her heart.

In the morning, torn with various emotions, he did not present himself at the castle, but idled at the inn, or walked too and fro upon the ramparts of the town, recognised occasionally by the soldiery, who welcomed him in their rough way. Should he see her and declare his love? Should he fly to some distant land, and return a conqueror? Or should he listen to common sense and cast aside this passion for an impossible object and throw himself into his proper business as a hunter, to find furs and feathers to decorate the gallant cavaliers who came to woo her? The whole day passed away. So slow was news in travelling in those times

that although barely fifteen miles in a direct line from the scene of the battle, Pennavon had not yet learnt the defeat of Sandover, and the triumph of its liege sovereign, Charles VI. But towards the evening, while Maximin still ate his heart and gazed at the turrets of the castle, the news came, and with it intelligence that once and for ever dissipated the inactivity and the indecision which had hitherto marred his career. Returning to the inn, the "Penshurst Arms," he found his younger brother, Charles, had just arrived. Charles in a few words told him the tale of disaster. Maximin had been seen to leave for the hills—had been watched—was reported as a spy in the pay of Brucester—the defeat had exasperated the general—the old decree, forgotten for the moment, was enforced. A detachment of troops burnt Sycamore Farm and carried off the cattle, ill-treating their father and insulting their mother, and ending by setting fire to the place. Their parents had departed with what little money they could save towards the east, intending to travel to the republic of Mindham, a long and tedious journey. Albert, the second brother, had accompanied them part of the way, but would probably return to see Maximin. Albert, the athlete of the family had struggled with the troops and received a blow which disabled his arm. Maximin's "Four Books" had been burnt in the square at Sandover, his "Rah" declared blasphemous and heretical, and cast publicly into the common sewer, and himself declared a traitor and an outlaw whom it was incumbent upon every man to slay.

It was enough. "Will you follow me?" said Maximin. "To the death!" said Charles. "Come, then, we will go the woods." "Let us first leave word for Albert," said Charles. They did so, and ten minutes afterwards entered the edge of the great fern forest which almost overhung the town. Looking back down into Pennavon, they could see groups of people collecting at the corner of the street, excitedly gesticulating, discussing the news of the battle. Westwards, towards Sandover, the sun was sinking in a cloudless sky, a ball of golden light. His rays lit up the ferns with a glow and streamed far behind them aslant from tree to tree. Maximin stood gazing at the sun a few moments, then turned and stepped among the brake, followed by his brother. From that hour the career of Maximin commenced.

CHAPTER II.

The Fern Forest—The edge of the Desert—The gathering in arms—The Mountaineers—Adventurous entry into Sandover—Nailing up the proclamation.

THE splendid and primæval forest into which they now entered was formed of noble birch trees and oaks which grew in clumps of three or more, and at so short a distance apart that their branches

touched. The trunks were of enormous girth, and the smooth bark of the beeches gave them the appearance of so many sculptured pillars, while the rugged and channeled oaks resembled the erections of more ancient and less artistic days. Between the trees there grew tall ferns, high as their shoulders, in the densest luxuriance—their stems strong as wood, and through these it was difficult to force a way, and they were compelled to wind in and out around the thicker parts, till any less experienced men would have utterly lost their direction. But accustomed from childhood to the woods and hills, these two never paused a moment or deviated from the line which Maximin had first taken, and which had been due south. High overhead the squirrels sprang from bough to bough, and peered at them from between the forks of the branches, while the loud jay chattered off at their approach, lighting up the glade for a moment with the brilliance of her plumage. But beyond the squirrel and the jay they neither saw nor heard any sign of animal life. Maximin pushed his way firmly through the ferns and Charles followed closely in his footsteps, for here there was no underwood to fly back in his face. Charles had with him a matchlock similar in construction to that which Max carried, but not quite so long or heavy. The shade of the forest shortened the twilight, and they had barely walked an hour and a half when it became sensibly dusk, and at the same time there arose distant and indescribable sounds or murmurs, as if the beasts of the night were arising from their lairs. Still Max kept on, now turning somewhat to the right, till he stopped at length beneath the trunk of a dead oak-tree which had once been of immense size and height, but now was decayed and fallen, and yet even now several persons could shelter in the hollow trunk. This was Egbert's oak, so named from some duke or prince in time out of mind, and here they had left word with their friend the landlord at the inn, to direct Albert to join them if he came. With business-like rapidity they at once proceeded to build a small hut of branches, and to line it with the bracken, and then lighting a fire of dead sticks before it, sat down to rest and to enjoy a scanty meal. "Ought we to light a fire?" said Charles; "is it safe?" Max thought they were in no danger at present, for the country between them and Sandover was occupied with the victorious troops of Brucester, and the soldiers of Aurelius were not so courageous as to attempt to get in their rear, and hunt a fugitive outlaw. They might therefore rest there in peace, at least for a night or two, till Albert joined them. Light-hearted Charles took out his flute, which he always carried with him, and played softly upon it, while Max was lost in thought. At times they could see the eyes of some animal glare at them from the fern just beyond their fire, and occasionally heard the bark of a distant wolf or fox. The gaunt white owl

floated noiselessly across the glade, and the bats whirled overhead. Here they waited till towards noon of the next day, when Albert came rustling through the fern. His arm was still marked with the blow from the spear-butt, but he could use it, and his grey eyes glistened with the rage of a strong man as he related the indignity, which was the more bitter because at the time he was unable to return it. He had seen their parents well on their way, and now came to enter with enthusiasm upon Max's plans. But even while he talked and used no measured language against their enemies, he ate ravenously of the fawn which Charles had shot. It was the nature of the man—strong of mind and of will, he required large quantities of food, and openly exhibited his pleasure. He was brave to a fault, the fault of being too headstrong; he would face overwhelming odds, but he lacked the spirit of Max. He brought an account of the state of the country. The troops of Brucester had advanced to within ten miles of the sea, and were overrunning the territory of Sandover, burning the houses and farmsteads, carrying off the cattle, and doing every mischief; but so careless were they, and so spread about, that he quite anticipated in a few days to hear that they had been attacked and dispersed. In that case they might not be safe so near the cultivated country; so it was agreed to go deeper into the wilderness, and they set out as soon as the heat of the sun had diminished. After three hours the great trees disappeared, and the ferns with them, and were replaced by stunted hawthorn-bushes, elder, and maple, but principally hawthorn, the space between being covered with thick furze, through which they followed the paths of the rabbit and deer. As they walked occasionally a tremendous rustling betokened that a bear had been alarmed and was rushing away. Here they passed the night, and the next morning went westward, till they gained the downs again, and here their passage was much impeded by the long, dry grass, in which innumerable hares hid their forms. They were now fast approaching the edge of that mysterious and unexplored plain, the boundless Plain-tain, which no hunter had ever crossed, and which was entered only by the wild tribes of Jipz, who from time to time issued from it in countless armies, riding upon their ponies, to carry death and destruction over the more civilised lands. It was here that Max had determined to take up his abode—here where none could follow, and he selected a deep hollow depression like a bowl as the place of their encampment. The grass here was short, and at the bottom of the hollow there was a small spring. Near it, on the level, stood up a gigantic boulder-stone fully ten feet high—a memorial stone, a relic of the worship of those tribes which were now driven back to the extreme limit of the country

and as hated by the Jipz as by the civilised people. Against this stone they wound up a sloping roof of bough and branch and covered it with furze forming a tolerably comfortable sleeping-place.

Max's idea was to assemble his friends here, or rather to try and see if he *had* friends who would follow him, of which at times he felt doubtful. Albert was certain that some would, and Charles was also hopeful. So soon as they had determined whom to ask, Albert and Charles left to communicate with them, whilst Max remained in solitude. In the first few days he enjoyed the silence and the total absence of excitement, but the view from the hills over the dead level of the Plantain grew insufferably monotonous, and a strong melancholy took possession of him as he reflected upon the difficulties of the enterprise. One day in the sultry afternoon he fell asleep under the shade of a great hawthorn bush upon the slope when suddenly he awoke and saw a large band of men approaching him along the down. Alarmed he was about to fly, but as he gazed at them their voices rose in a chaunt upon the wind, and to his intense astonishment he heard some verses of the "Rah," speaking of freedom and elevation of soul. They were singing his "Rah." He looked again, and thought he recognised Albert, who stood out upon the down; they saw him and raised a shout, and he saw their arms glisten in the sun. It was Albert, Charles, and a band of friends, who, filled with the noble sentiment of Max's books, had determined to follow him even if to certain death, rather than to live as they had hitherto done. Perhaps in all his career Maximin never felt a more perfect and unalloyed joy than he did at that moment. They surrounded him and all sat down upon the slope of the down. There was Henry Lindendon, George of Binole, James de Caux, Kearsie Stewart, Edward Sydney—these with Albert and Charles, made the seven who never afterwards parted from him. These at once formed the council, and he was the leader of the troop. With them there came seventy men, their adherents and servants, all of whom were selected for their faithfulness and integrity—men who had heard their masters, read from the "Rah" and the Four Books, and who had been filled with admiration. Of the seven friends the eldest was Kearsie Stewart and James de Caux, the rest were about the same age as Max; the youngest was Charles. They were all armed, but their matchlocks were of the same rude type previously described, and their men carried short, strong spears and swords. Each man brought with him his cloak, which protected him from rain in the day and formed his bed at night. The news they told was that two more engagements had taken place, both of which were indecisive, and that the whole armies of the two opposing powers were now drawn up in array about a mile apart watching each other, and apparently unwilling to risk the collision.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A STRANGE DOWRY.

BY MRS. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Old yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones."

In Memoriam.

THUS a month passed away pleasantly enough.

Amy and I had grown fast friends. Her open nature, like her brother's, had taken mine by storm and dictated terms of conquest. I was soon in possession of all her hopes and fears, loves and regrets since childhood.

Those were pleasant hours which we spent together in the dreamy summer time, though we were never suffered to enjoy them long undisturbed, for Lord Delamain had come to Crofton with a purpose, which he happily accomplished to the satisfaction of all parties. He was a gentlemanly, quiet, young man, with a fair amount of good looks, and better prospects; his proposal Amy at once accepted, leaving Captain Crofton and myself more than ever to our own resources for mutual entertainment.

Very handsome, very fascinating, very ardent was Arthur Crofton; a man it was, humanly speaking, impossible not to grow very fond of when thrown much in his society, as I was day after day. He was so easy and good-tempered, that, as a rule, one grew to accept him as he was, and forgot to ask if any depths lurked beneath the surface of his pleasant nature.

Lady Adelaide was supremely good-tempered at this time. The prospect of her daughter Amy so nobly carrying out her ideas of destiny, by becoming shortly a viscountess and a prospective countess,

was a natural source of self-congratulation that every mother will readily understand. In her satisfaction she forgot all thought of Arthur for the moment—but for the moment only.

“With such connections, dear Arthur is sure to advance,” she said, as she sat talking to Miss Stanhope one afternoon in the reception-room, having driven over to announce Amy’s engagement, which had been finally arranged only that morning.

“Indeed he ought,” replied Miss Stanhope, who had previously said everything congratulatory. “And when does the marriage take place?”

“About Christmas, I think,” said Lady Adelaide.

“From Crofton, of course?”

“Of course,” echoed Lady Adelaide; “dear Amy would never consent to be married away from home. We think it an excellent time to have the marriage; they can go abroad for the winter, either to Paris or Rome, returning for the London season, as they will both have to be presented again on their marriage.”

“Very well arranged indeed,” said Miss Stanhope. “I am delighted that all has ended so happily!”

“It is, indeed, a great happiness to see one’s children suitably settled in life,” said Lady Adelaide, giving a short sigh of intense satisfaction. “It is a most trying time for mothers in our position; but I am thankful so far that I have nothing to complain of.”

“No doubt you must feel very thankful. I only hope Arthur will do as well as Amy; and then you and Sir Miles can leave the world, offering up a pious *Nunc dimittis*,” said Miss Stanhope.

“As for Arthur I have not the least fear of him. He knows too well what is due to the good old families from which he is descended;” and here Lady Adelaide smiled blandly round the room until the final shadow of her smile rested on me, as if to warn me to have a care.

I mastered my rising colour, but not my rebellious feeling, at her thus addressing her remark to me. I was, perhaps, all the more sensitive from having observed that as Captain Crofton grew warmer his mother had grown colder in her manner towards me. She had hitherto been far too well bred to wound me pointedly; but if freezing politeness can warn, she intimated in the most perfect manner that we moved in different spheres, and that at my peril I would dare to encroach on hers.

I could not hide from myself that matters were likely to approach some such uncomfortable crisis if a change were not soon made; and I then determined, as I sat listening to Lady Adelaide, that I would make it. I did not care to be the one to prevent Arthur Crofton from fulfilling his mother’s wishes, from the simple fact that, while liking him, as I did, I did not care sufficiently for him

to court the crisis, which, had I loved him, I would most certainly have braved. Besides, I should have been wronging Philip, whom I was for ever regretting, and to the memory of whose love I vowed to be faithful—no hard task this, since my feelings made it easy.

In a moment of very true mental analysis I had looked beyond the present cloudless sky into the future, and knew that Arthur Crofton, charming and loveable as he was, in a way I have but poorly described, was nevertheless the last man with whom I could have passed my life happily, except at the expense of my higher nature, which had all this while been slumbering peacefully as I lay gliding down the rapid stream of Time in the most luxuriant of gondolas, out of which I was now about to step.

By previous arrangement with Amy and her brother I was to have gone over to Crofton the afternoon following Lady Adelaide's visit, but I sent an excuse. I then wrote to my aunt to expect me during the week, the exact day of my return. I told her, I would name when I had consulted with my friends; but that at least it would not be until after Thursday, as invitations had been issued for a ball which Colonel Stanhope was giving on that night. My letter was dated Tuesday.

While I was writing Colonel Stanhope came into the room.

"I thought you were going to Crofton this afternoon, Mary they will be expecting you," he said.

"I have changed my mind: I had letters to write, so sent an excuse."

"Amy will be distracted."

"But I suspect that Lady Adelaide will be all the better pleased," I said, interrupting him, with a dash of bitterness in my voice. I had to master my feelings, however, for he was growing nervous, and I dreaded a repetition of the scene I had witnessed at the Grand Hotel, when he caught me in tears; therefore I remarked cheerfully, as I saw him waiting for an explanation of my words—

"I have written to my aunt to expect me next week; I have already paid you a very long visit—upwards of a month,—and can only thank you sincerely for all the enjoyment you have given me."

"Don't talk of thanks, I implore you!" he cried, impatiently—"it has been a relief to have you; but why must you go so soon? I know you must leave us some day; we have no right over you—I have always felt that it must come to this sooner or later—always."

He spoke in a voice of hurried excitement, as he paced up and down the room, struggling with himself, and there was such a wild look in his eye that I became alarmed. He appeared and acted as if

the conflict within was mastering him even to the verge of madness. I was about to ring the bell, when, as if divining my thoughts, he came up to me, and laying his hand on my arm, said—

“Do not fear me—I will not alarm you—I would do anything to save you from sorrow ; yet I don’t know how I can.”

I was very frightened making no doubt that his brain was wandering slightly, for a moment after he sank hopelessly into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

I remained silent and powerless. Miss Stanhope was out, and I feared to ring the bell ; I could only sit and wait, hoping that he would recover. I was thankful when at length the butler broke the spell of that most painful moment by opening the door to announce that the pony-carriage was waiting for Colonel Stanhope.

I have often wondered what the exalted official must have thought to see his master in such a distracted attitude of suffering, while I was quietly seated with a scared expression of face, as though contemplating a ghost.

Colonel Stanhope heard the announcement, and raised his head as soon as the door had closed. Looking up at me with a pair of eyes the intensity of his suffering had turned heavy and blood-shot, and holding out his hand, he said—

“Forgive me, child ; pity, and don’t despise me. Ah, if I could only——”

“Oh, please don’t take such fancies,” I cried, cutting short his sentence ; “how could I ever feel anything but sorrow for such suffering as yours ?” And as I looked upon his miserable, woe-begone face, I felt the utmost pity for what I firmly believed to be the result of a disordered brain subject to hallucinations, one of which was now troubling him.

“Can I not get you something ? I am sure that you are not yourself to-day—do let me ring ? Shall I drive you out ?” “Oh, if I could only do anything,” I thought, “to make him a little bit happier, or help to lighten this terrible mental affliction which is clouding his brain !”

“Yes, you shall drive me if you like—go and dress ; and you may ring the bell for George. I shall be better by the time you are ready.”

He was quite himself again on my return, and helped me into the carriage with an almost cheerful smile. I looked upon what had passed as simply a paroxysm of suffering, and was thankful to find that it had subsided so quickly.

“Where would you like me to drive you ?” I asked, as I took the reins.

“Where you please. Where would you like to go ? all places are the same to me.”

"Then if I may, and you are sure you don't mind, I should like to drive over to the village where my mother lies buried," I replied; for I had never yet been able to accomplish my visit to that one spot, sacred to her dear memory. Amy and her brother had generally formed some party for every afternoon, and I felt that it was not in their company, much as I liked them, that I could visit her grave; so I gladly seized the present opportunity, especially as my departure was so near.

"It is a good long drive, quite six miles," he said; "will that not be too long for you?"

"Not in the least, if it won't tire you."

"No, drive on;" and we started.

My thoughts were naturally full of my poor mother as I drove along, and out of the abundance of my heart I began to overflow in talk of her, recalling many a past scene. I even touched upon the last most awful scene of her life, and my dread awakening on that saddest of all mornings when I found myself without her and alone.

He listened very calmly up to this point, when he implored me to cease. Then I recollected how foolish and inconsiderate I had been to enter upon such a sad topic with one whose highly sensitive mind sought relief from all that is painful. I changed the subject at once, and determined, if possible, not to recur to it again.

We were soon in the village, which I hardly recognised; it was not until I neared our old house that I knew where I was, and then the dim far-off past seemed to revive again like a restored picture blurred by age. One by one the old familiar scenes returned, and then how brief appeared the years dividing the child from the girl—or woman, that I was fast becoming; in this spot I could never be other than the little child that I was when that most blessed of all ties was so ruthlessly snapped.

I left Colonel Stanhope in the carriage, while I went to the grave alone.

How trivial circumstances lie dormant in the memory until brought to life by others equally simple! As I stood beside the grave, I was startled to find growing around it, beautifully tended, a little border of mignonnette and London pride—the friend blossoms of my childhood—my last love offerings laid upon her tomb. With flower voices I still could picture them speaking to me in the fairy language of olden days; they recalled the stranger who had taken me on his knee, and tried to reconcile me to the marble monument, and to whom, in my gratitude, I had given half my flowers. Had he then thought of me again? and in mourning his own dead remembered the woes of the child he had thus by chance encountered,

marking his sympathy by planting these small memorials in token of the universal brotherhood of sorrow?

How good! how kind of him! May his own heart have found comfort!" I thought, as I gathered a few buds, and pressed my lips reverentially to the inscription of my mother's name on the marble; resting awhile to think upon her, and to speculate, as I could not avoid doing, upon that profoundly mysterious future which lay hidden from all knowledge. I felt comfort in reflecting that in the midst of our obscurity we had at least this knowledge: that God was good, and right was right. In holding fast to these there was nothing to fear either now or hereafter for ourselves or our dearer dead.

But can we, do we, always hold fast to what is right? As I asked these questions there came to my mind a thought not sufficiently insisted upon. While setting forth the omnipotence and justice of God we often lose sight of the sublimer attribute of magnanimity that must ever be the consequence of these. The Psalmist remembers it when he says: "He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust." Therefore it is that He pities and pardons freely our repented sins, "without money and without price."

I dared not linger. I had already remained away too long, and I hurried back to Colonel Stanhope with many apologies.

"You have not been so very long," he replied, helping me to be seated, and looking at my flowers. The strange coincidence of finding them would gladly have been told to him had he not checked my previous confidence, so I judged it best to be silent; at length he remarked—

"How sweet your flowers smell! Have you been trespassing?"

"No; I took them from my poor mother's grave. Some kind hand planted them; and it is such an odd circumstance, I wish I might tell you," I said hesitatingly, "but I am afraid to pain you by talking on such subjects."

"Oh, no; say on," he replied, listlessly. "What is it?"

I then recounted my meeting—which I had previously forgotten as a question of no moment—and how the flowers in my hand had evidently been the result. I finished by saying, "How I should like to meet that man again!"

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know, it is a feeling I have; to thank him, I suppose. You know women are seldom logical—at least not consciously so; they live, move, and have their being in feeling, and the result is much the same as if they were the finest thinkers into the world."

"What you mean to say is, that a woman arrives at a true conclusion as quickly with her heart as a man does with his head?"

Well, I daresay that in some cases you are right. However, the rule won't hold good; but supposing you did find this person, whoever he may be how would you act?"

"I don't know exactly, I think if I ever met him and he were to say to me, 'It was I who whispered to your childish heart that day, and brought back your hope and contentment once more,' I should feel that the fellowship of sympathy and suffering had united us more than any ties of kindred could ever do. I often think therein lies the truest kindred. It is not what you are, but what you *feel* that constitutes the real tie."

He started uneasily as I finished speaking, which made me exclaim, "There now, I am talking too much for you again; how inconsiderate I am!"

"Not at all," he replied, but I could see, from the excessive pallor of his face, how much he was suffering again. After another long silence he seemed to recover himself, and I saw a quiet smile on his face, of which I asked the meaning.

"Forgive me, Mary, for being amused at your expense, but I was smiling at the excessive simplicity of your last remark. The world and its maxims have not laid their hold on you as yet. The world would not allow of such a frankly avowed affinity."

"But then the world is not the most infallible guide a person can have, is it? It seems to me it is often afraid of inquiring too minutely into many of its surest beliefs for fear of coming to the truth of their unsoundness. Is it not so? People should be true at all costs."

"The truth so often demands a heavier penalty than people are ready to pay," he said, dismissing the subject, to make my heart almost stand still, by remarking, in the most matter-of-fact way—

"I expect Addison this evening."

It was my turn to start uneasily, and in my nervousness I gave the ponies a heavier stroke of the whip than usual, which they resented by nearly bolting.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter? You have no designs upon my life, I hope? This is something quite unusual—your hand is generally so light and steady."

"How on earth did you persuade Mr. Addison to come?" I said—not heeding his observation.

"I told him I wanted him professionally; so, you see, you can have no great opinion of my truthfulness, can you? He refused my first invitation, as you know; but this time I said he must positively waive all excuses, as I needed him for a consultation. He will remain two or three days over the ball, I hope, though I have said nothing about it. I don't know if he is a dancing man—I

daresay he is ; he takes kindly to all the healthy pleasures of life that come in his way."

"Oh! how should I meet him? and what would he say?" were questions I kept repeating and dreaming over in our silent drive home, for I could talk no more.

It was late when we returned: we found Miss Stanhope in the greatest state of anxiety wondering where we had gone. She handed me a telegram from Dolly, who was in London, and wished me to join her there as soon as I could—a wish I would gladly have complied with that evening, as I contemplated Arthur Crofton on the one hand and Philip Addison on the other; but I was pledged to remain for the ball. Miss Stanhope had, moreover, doubly secured me by the present of a dress for the occasion from London; a marvel of art not to be resisted had I desired it ever so much.

I could only hope that my good genius would guide me through the mazes of a dilemma I so little expected to encounter, and the prospect of which caused me no small anxiety. But whatever happened there still lurked the joy in reserve—I was about to meet Philip Addison again!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Oh, teach me how I should forget to think."

Romeo and Juliet, act i., scene i.

"A TELEGRAM from your sister, wanting you to join her at once in London. Oh, that will never do!" cried Miss Stanhope, when I mentioned Dolly's wishes at dinner.

"Your better plan is to telegraph back, and beg her and Domville to come to us for a week," said Colonel Stanhope, addressing his sister. "Say we cannot spare Mary, but hope this arrangement will suit them instead."

"How very pleasant!" I exclaimed, delighted at the prospect of seeing Dolly at Clyden.

"An excellent idea!" said Miss Stanhope, "and one that I will act upon immediately dinner is over. I must mention the ball, of course, as our reason for not being able to spare Mary, and beg them to come by an early train on Thursday, to be ready without fatigue for the evening? Mrs. Domville made such a lovely bride, it will be quite worth anything to see her again as she appeared on the day of her marriage."

The telegram was sent accordingly, and another was received accepting the invitation.

I was in the morning-room when it came; I had gone there

after dinner to have a quiet hour alone singing over all my favourite songs. I was suffering an amount of mental excitement at the prospect of Philip's arrival that I could only get rid of by singing it away, unless I set up the counter-irritation of crying, for which I was equally inclined whenever I thought of his last words—"that he must never see me, and that henceforth I must only be a memory, not an existence." Why was he coming if he meant that? Oh, he couldn't mean it! In the altered state of my feelings I could see nothing clearly but the argument in my own favour. Suppose he is cold and formal, what should I do? He was not the man, as he had said, to accept a love given out of compassion—he was far too self-contained for that; and I—I must not dare to say a word—even if my self-consciousness would allow me, or smile a smile that would carry my heart with it, without his thinking at once that I "pitied" him; so I crooned away, singing one mournful ballad after another in an under-tone, pitying myself the while far more than I pitied him.

I was interrupted by Colonel Stanhope, who came in holding the telegram just received.

"They are coming, Mary, and will be here on Thursday morning."

"How good of you to think of them!" I said, rising. "I long to see them together; I wonder if Colonel Domville will have begun his system of wife-education, and how Dolly bears it? she has not written much about it in her letters."

"Yes; I, also, am rather curious to see how she manages Domville; for hers is just one of those cases where, if she does not assert her supremacy in the first instance, she will never get it; and then she will be a miserable woman."

"Dolly will never be that."

"Why not?"

Because I don't think she cares enough about Colonel Domville; not—not," for I found it difficult to say what I wanted.

"Not, I suppose you mean to say, as you would love your husband when you get one," he said, interrupting me, and reading my thoughts with discomposing clearness. "My dear child, you have judged rightly, therein lies your sister's safety; if she cared about Domville he would soon break her heart and spirit. It is when women are blind in the first instance, and give their affections to men unworthy of them, that they dig the graves wherein they bury their happiness. As for Domville, he is just the man whose love will be kept warm by the admiration of others for his wife. I can quite picture him subsiding into her lackey, content to walk about with her shawl over his arm for the rest of his life, and accepting every attention paid to her as so many compliments to

his good taste. Being the possessor of what others envy is like a draught of nectar to a man of his self-love. A prize is often only sought for with eagerness in proportion to the amount of envy it is calculated to raise in the breast of others. But I interrupted your song—do go on ; I shall enjoy hearing you as I sit by this open window ; the roses in the garden below make the air doubly pleasant to-night."

"Do excuse me—I don't feel inclined to sing any longer," I said, as I followed him to the window and watched the deepening twilight shadow into night. But we were not to be left in darkness ; for the moon was rising, and soon re-lit the landscape with a soft, mellow light, by which we saw the drowsy earth hushing into slumber all that nestled into her bosom for repose. Here and there a star came peeping out, pale and timid, as if in trembling uncertainty of the sun's departure ; but gaining confidence as the shadows deepened, it seemed as though they kept calling on each other to appear and stud with brilliance the tender blue of space. In their lofty presence how shrunk the woes of one small heart aside ! As thought and eye travelled upwards, asking the question "What art thou ?" the mystery of Nature grew more mysterious, awakening curiosity and compelling faith in the impotence of knowledge and assurance. Was there a fulness of time wherein all our questionings would find a responsive voice ? Who could tell ?

Unconsciously, I uttered the last words aloud. Colonel Stanhope heard me, and asked me what I was thinking of, and I told him.

"I once asked the same questions ; but a new faith has stilled all doubts, and I can now wait in assured hope for the future."

"A new faith ! What do you mean ?"

"What I have said : a faith that has robbed death of all its terrors is surely worth having, and that now is mine."

"How came you to be a convert to this new faith ?" I asked, remembering what Amy Crofton had told me of his spiritualistic tendencies.

"From an agonised longing I had to hold communion with one who died."

"And did you ?" I cried, startled at the idea.

"Yes."

"But how ?"

"Do you believe your Bible ?" he inquired.

"I hope so."

"Then Christ, when he talked with the disciples at Emmaus, will be the best illustration I could give you."

"But every one has not your experience."

"Because every one has not my longing or my faith. Don't you

know the power which is promised to faith, and how the want of it tied even the hands of Christ, of whom it is written, 'and He could there do no mighty works because of their unbelief?'

"But I have always heard Spiritualism so ridiculed."

"Every faith has its lying counterpart. Simon Magus and his followers are still to the front, for history ever repeats itself; but as they were unable to quench the old, neither will they succeed in extinguishing the later revelation, which has been vouchsafed as an antidote against the petrifying materialism of the age, which seems to have infected so many cultured minds. And let me warn you, Mary, how you approach the subject in a mocking spirit. I have never spoken about it to you before, as I don't seek to proselytise. Addison is the only man I have ever tried to convince, but liberal as he is in most things, on this point he seems resolute, and considers it, if not actual chicanery, to be the result simply of psychic force."

"If I may offer an opinion I think it is a matter best left alone, whatever it may be," said I; "for if it be the result of this force it is surely wrong to exhaust our frames of what has been given us to promote strength; and if it be the result of a spiritual agency, I think that it may safely be postponed until we are sufficiently etherealised to meet the spirits on common ground."

"You are an advocate of expediency; what would have become of the world if all had thought as you, and shelved their difficulties in this comfortable manner? But even expediency must give way before the advocacy of phenomena. How are you to escape that?—facts, which point out the existence of a genuine spiritual agency, that has sought man out, and forced his attention and inquiry?"

"What you say may be true, but the uncomfortable methods adopted by most phenomena at once prejudices the ordinary mind. What object, for instance, was gained by the man whom we are told by credible witnesses suspended his body in free air outside a window seventy feet from the ground. What gain was there to humanity in such a feat? it looks far more like a tempting of Providence than anything else. I find the same fault with their dark meetings, and stupid scribblings. Who is the wiser for anything they ever wrote? Have they elucidated one mystery?"

"Yes; the mystery of immortality," interrupted Colonel Stanhope, "which so many of our modern philosophers cruelly deny. Knowledge has increased until faith is extinct; for this alone Spiritualism has grown precious to the millions who embrace it; and they accept gratefully the most trivial phenomena which assures them of this fact—that there lies beyond our world of broken hopes and crushed affections another sphere, where all may

be repaired, and life re-lived in that peace and gladness to which so many here are strangers."

"But I thought that our Bible had settled that question long ago in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ: to say nothing of Plato, who believed in immortality without any such testimony."

"But modern philosophy has re-buried Christ, and transcended Plato," he remarked.

"If that be the case, no wonder Spiritualism has proved such a city of refuge, and in the shelter it affords one may pardon the nature of its accommodation," I rejoined. "I only hope I may never be driven to want it."

"God grant you never may from the motives which made me seek it," he sighed, remarking, as he looked at his watch by the light of the moon, "Addison is very late. I suppose he can't be here now until the last train, although I fully expected him to dinner. We shall have nothing of an evening when he comes. I hope you have some of those duets you used to sing together."

I was glad to think that I had left them behind; to sing duets at the present juncture would be out of the question. Pretending to be absorbed in the scene before me, I never replied, but stood looking at the sky until I was roused by the entrance of Miss Stanhope, exclaiming:

"Why, good people, what are you doing up here? without light, too! You have missed welcoming Mr. Addison, so I have brought him up here to you." Then I noticed that he was behind her, and my heart stood still on seeing him.

"Oh, Addison, is that you?" said Colonel Stanhope, rising—"I am so glad you have come; but how late you are, we expected you to dinner," and they shook hands warmly.

"I could not be here earlier," I heard him say, as I stood in the shadow of the window, not daring to advance, and incapable of speaking. The moon shone brightly into the room, and in its clear light I saw his face again, the face now grown so dear to me, and regarded it with a reverence that was akin to the worship of the highest, for did it not reflect the qualities I loved best? I felt a tightened grasp around my heart as I remembered how far I had put him from me. We might never have spoken, for I was hidden behind the folds of the curtain, had not Miss Stanhope said:

"Mary, where have you gone to? You have not spoken to Mr. Addison."

"Mary is infatuated with the moon," said Colonel Stanhope, smiling, as I advanced and offered my trembling hand to Philip Addison.

"How do you do, Miss Prior?" and a pair of cold hands met coldly, albeit 'twas midsummer.

I felt my heart grow sick with hopelessness, and as Miss Stanhope led the way downstairs to the dining-room, I, instead of following her, turned aside into my own room, and did not appear again that evening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty.

.
Then wrong not, dearest, to my heart
My love for secret passion ;
He smarteth most who hides the smart,
And sues for no compassion."

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE crushing sense of mortification I experienced as I threw myself into a chair and recalled, or rather re-felt our meeting, can hardly be described. The calm matter-of-fact, impenetrable politeness he exhibited was a death-blow to all hope, and I longed for action of some kind to rid me of the oppressing pain I was enduring. If I could only have started from Clynden that very night I would have been thankful.

That I was arguing unreasonably I could not then discover : at such moments of intense disappointment we can only *feel*. It may be assuredly taken for granted that a person in love is in a state of incipient insanity ; at least I had judged myself thus ever since I knew how much I felt for Philip. Did not the old heroes of ancient Greece regard one so overtaken as under spells of the goddess of Love, at once irresistible as unfortunate, and scarcely blamed even Helen of Troy in her misfortunes, considering her the victim of a destiny it was impossible to fly had she willed even so to do ?

At that moment I would have given much to throw off the torment I was enduring ; but how ? It had taken fast hold of me like an awful illness wherein I was at times delirious, always restless, never wholly sane ; an illness that must either send me to my grave or renew me to a healthier life.

My freedom of heart and mind all gone, I grew rebellious against the author of my miseries and in my passionate mortification I asked almost angrily, "Why did he come ? Was the world not wide enough that he must come and mock me ? It was cruel—it was," but what I tried to utter was choked with disappointment and regret to think that my own fatuity had brought it all about.

And yet by a strange contradiction the chief sting of my mortification lay in thinking that he was *able* to come, which showed me that he was either stronger than he thought, or the love he professed had grown weaker. In any case the result was much the same, and I was once more reduced to the dead level of an ordinary acquaintance,

With a bitter sigh I strove to realise my position, and determined to bear it as bravely as I could. I was not the first girl who had made a mistake, and lived to pay the penalty. "Perhaps it is all for the best," I thought, with that enforced resignation with which we learn to say those words in our calamities, while our aching hearts despise the mockery of their sound, and protest impatiently against their falseness.

It was very certain, however, that if he did not feel the necessity of holding to his resolution of never seeing me, I *must*. With this determination strongly fixed—being the nearest approach to the necessary action I longed for—I crept stealthily to rest; for I did not want any loquacious French maid to be the witness of my defeat and discomfort. My dreams were convulsive efforts to fly from some impending evil, and I awoke in the morning feverish and miserable.

I was struck to find how completely Arthur Crofton had disappeared from my mind ever since I had heard of Philip's coming. It is true that I felt grateful for a very pleasant month, which his attentions had rendered most enjoyable; but the mind, any more than the palate, cannot feast for ever in a confectioner's shop, and I knew that I needed something deeper, and better—though not perhaps so outwardly seductive—than Arthur Crofton's handsome face and attractive manner could ever supply. I could quite picture an existence spent with him. It would be just what Dolly and I had once laughed over, and which she found perfection. A life spent walking in and out of grand drawing-rooms; eating grand dinners; talking infinitesimal fashionable small-talk; thinking only of the next change of dress and scene; subject to all manner of petty intrigues from within and without; scheming for advancement and good introductions, and developing finally into another Lady Adelaide—a piece of crystallised worldliness, whose dream of ambition I imagined to be a Jacob's ladder of titled angels, among whom she ascended and descended to and from her highest heaven among the elect that rule the throne.

I thought regretfully how Dolly had thrown herself away; for if Arthur liked me he would have adored her, and she would have conducted him through the world with brilliant success. The only drawback would have been Lady Adelaide; but even for her, Dolly was quite equal. "What a pity she is married!" I ex-

claimed mentally. "It might all have been so delightfully altered had we been staying here together ; as a brother Arthur would be perfection."

But how dreadfully wicked of me to think of such things, and Dolly Mrs. Domville ! And yet how often one sees the wrong people together ; surely it is not wicked to wish them a happier fate, or to point out to oneself the person whom we think would have suited them so very much better, I thought, as I questioned whether the popular idea that God joins people together were quite correct. If so, it does not say much for our faith, that we so constantly appeal to an earthly court to rectify what we thereby assume are His mistakes. Or even where no such extreme measures are resorted to, are there not many human beings who appeal to the court of their own sorrowful hearts against the injustice of attributing their woes to the Almighty, when it is before Him they daily prostrate themselves for aid to support the weight of their conjugal trials ?

I sent down my excuse at breakfast ; for I felt in no state of mind to rise—a proceeding so unusual that it brought Miss Stanhope to my bedside in some alarm.

"What is the matter, my dear ? I was afraid that you were not well last night—you ran away so suddenly ; and Christine told me she found you asleep."

"Thank you very much for coming—I am very well indeed," answered, languidly. "I am quite ashamed of myself for my laziness, and disinclination to rise ; there is nothing else the matter with me."

"Nonsense, dear ! you are feverish," she said, as she placed her hand on my forehead. "Lie still, dear, and I will ask Mr. Addison to come up and prescribe something for you. It will never do if you are going to be ill just as the ball is coming off. Mr. Addison shall come and see you."

"Not if I were dying !" I exclaimed, starting up, and determined to put an end to a catastrophe I could ill have borne just then.

"But, my dear child, I see you are far from well ; your eyes look so heavy, and you have left everything I sent you for breakfast untouched. Do be advised and let me send Mr. Addison, or consult him for you, if you have an objection to do so yourself. It is such a comfort having him in the house. He always does Adrian so much good. He is so clever, and has read almost everything ; and travelled so much ; and has such nice ideas ! I hope we may keep him over the ball ; but I must not linger—I will go and speak to him about you ; he is with Adrian in the library."

"Dear Miss Stanhope, I implore you to remain where you are ;

and do not ask Mr. Addison for anything. Indeed, I would not take it if it were brought me. I am such a refractory patient."

"Oh dear! Why didn't I say so?" I thought as I saw her still bent upon doctoring me. "Please, don't," I urged as she was about to leave them, "I am so very much better, and shall be ready to come downstairs in a very short time, and then I will take anything you like to give me to make up for my neglected breakfast; if only you will say nothing about my indisposition to anyone, especially to Mr. Addison. I dislike doctors so very much."

"Why, my dear child, they are a boon to humanity!"

"Yes, I know they are; but——"

"I always thought you and Mr. Addison were such good friends!" she observed, still under the influence of surprise.

"So we are."

"Then what objection can you have in allowing me to consult him about you?"

"Simply that the position of a patient is such a mortifying one, and I dislike it extremely. It is so humiliating to sit still, while one's whole system is undergoing inspection through the medium of one's pulse, or, worse still, one's tongue!" and I burst out laughing at the idea of my miserable self in such a trying situation with Philip for the doctor. "No, I really could not submit to it;" I said emphatically. "If I am so unfortunate as to get ill while I am here, I do hope you will send for the village doctor."

"How very extraordinary! I thought you made Mr. Addison's acquaintance through his treating you so skilfully when you broke your wrist?"

"That was different—a purely surgical case, which involved no such trying situation as the one I have objected to."

"Well, make haste and come down if you won't take my advice, for we don't know ourselves without you. I am sure Mr. Addison is freighted with messages for you from your aunt and uncle, as he spent the last evening in Southport with them. I am glad he has been able to leave the place for a little; it is so nice for him, poor fellow, to be once more in easy circumstances, and able to return to his former mode of life. So good of him, too, to come, notwithstanding, when Adrian wrote saying he wanted to consult him professionally, for no doubt he will give up all practice; but he understands my brother's case better than any one, and has come out of pure friendship. I think latterly he worked too hard; but he has found a competent man to assist him, one who will take his place when he determines what he is going to do. He looks so dreadfully careworn, poor fellow, I am glad to think of his having these few days' rest. I know Adrian will try to induce him to lengthen out his brief holiday."

I listened with suppressed eagerness while she gave me all this information in detached sentences, taking a few steps towards the door between each, to mark the full stop; then exhorting me to make haste once more, she left.

"I suppose I must," I thought; but found it a most difficult matter. My hand trembled so very much that for once I was thankful to ring for the little French maid, who, as a rule, I found a superfluous luxury of which I had learnt to be independent; but this morning I was glad to resign my head to Christine, whose nimble fingers made light work of the difficulty.

I was a great trial to Christine, who for ever desired to experimentalise upon me with some new fashion or another.

"Mais, mademoiselle! c'est toujours la même chose!" she would expostulate, in a most aggrieved voice.

She was a perfect little Frenchwoman, black eyed and piquante, with an exuberant admiration for everybody and everything: "*cette ange, Madame Stanhope*;" and "*ce triste monsieur, le colonel, is pale et interessant; et mademoiselle Amy, qui est adorable! avec une taille et figure si belle; et Monsieur le Capitaine! Mais, mademoiselle!*"—here Christine was obliged to put down the brush, and pause to gather force for the climax as she continued: "*n'est ce pas qu'il est magnifique! Je trouve, moi, qu'il est v'raiment superbe!*"

I was cautious in my reply. It is so easy, in unguarded moments, to drift into observations which, translated by a French woman's love of intrigue, may be made to mean anything but what is intended. Luxury has its penalties, the greatest of which must be the knowledge that in one's most confidential moments the eyes of servants are ever present. The lady who lies back in her chair and submits her head and person to be dressed has often at the same time to lay open her heart to a pitiless and vulgar scrutiny.

"Monsieur le Capitaine etait si desolé hier, quand il a su que vous etiez partie," said Christine, throwing out a hint of conversation.

As I paid no attention, she, no doubt, classed me at once among the number of "*ces jeunes de moiselles Anglaise qui sont si stupide!*" an opinion in which she had every reason to become confirmed, when I decided to wear an old black dress in preference to a very pretty white morning one which she had just arranged, and made very elegant by fantastic bows of blue riband "*d'une couleur ravissante.*"

I hated the idea of finery! What was the good of it; the black suited my state of mind, and yet—perhaps Philip liked pretty things!

At that moment Christine stood before me holding up the two dresses, one in either hand, hoping to win me by the contrast; with

a smile I gave in and took the white, more to please her than myself. My strongest desire was to remain all day in my room.

As soon as I was ready, I went into the morning room, took a book and tried to read, but could not get beyond the first page, which I read over a dozen times, wondering what it was about, and as when gathering no other meaning out of it but that Philip Ashburn was in the house and might walk into the room at any moment. I threw it down at last in despair, and tried to work; but my hands were trembling, an ague of excitement was passing through my frame, affecting all I did or tried to do, making me start at every footfall as it passed the door.

"It is quite possible that I may fall down dead when he comes, if my heart keeps giving such wild knocks at the bare anticipation of meeting him," I thought. It was evident I had profited nothing by rushing away the night before. It would have been better perhaps had I gone downstairs and grown accustomed to seeing him; it would have rendered any other interview unnecessary, and have lessened the painful agitation I was now undergoing.

Another start, another feverish tremor, and the door opened.

"I am almost afraid to ask you how you are," said Colonel Stanhope, kindly, to my relief and disappointment. "I am afraid that drive was too long, and fatigued you; was that why you ran away last night?" and he gave me one of his very searching looks of inquiry, before which my eyes fell.

"I am quite well, I assure you."

"Don't tell me so," he said, shaking his head; "I know you too well. I may almost say I know your heart and mind, and disposition too well not to know that something has occurred to upset you. Won't you tell me what it is? You must know by this time that I feel an interest in you of no common kind, the reason of which is," and he lowered his voice as he spoke, "that you resemble very closely someone I was once, and still am, devotedly attached to—one who has gone from sight, but never from thought, and for whose sake I have never formed any fresh ties, hoping hereafter to meet and claim her, since my life here was faithful to her."

He spoke very solemnly, very sadly. Remembering Miss Stanhope's injunction, I forbore all remark, and he continued:

"Now that I have confided in you so far, will you not tell me what is distressing you?"

"I feel your kindness, oh! so much, and appreciate the trust you place in me by speaking as you have!" I cried, with tears in my eyes; "but forgive me if I cannot talk about myself just now. I think I am growing nervous, that is all. Perhaps the events of yesterday were rather more than I could bear, and I over-
my strength."

"Then I won't tease you further by pressing to know the nature of your vexation or sorrow, whichever it may be—not sorrow, I hope, tell me that much, my little girl?" he pleaded so tenderly.

"Please, don't ask me," I entreated; feeling on the point of bursting out crying and telling him all. How I wish I had; and yet—events will have their time.

"I will leave you, then, and let Addison know that you are here. He was just finishing a letter, I came up. You will be glad to hear how your uncle and aunt and all the good people at Southport have got on without you."

CHAPTER XXV.

"When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not."

German Proverb.

I MADE an effort, as he left the room, to shake off my cowardice. "The sooner I learn to control this madness the better," I exclaimed, determined to be brave.

Soon I heard a rapid stride coming up the stairs, and then I knew he was approaching. The next moment we had met in the calmest manner possible, with the most matter-of-fact, "How are you?" that does not in the least care how you are.

I begged him to take a seat; instead of this he went to the window, which was open, and stood admiring the view. I sat on the sofa a little way back, and began to work as if my living depended on the amount to be accomplished, not daring to look up.

After thoroughly exhausting the view he took a seat on the sofa, when I ventured to ask after my aunt and uncle.

"They are very well. I dined with them the day before I left; they desired me to give you all manner of kind messages, and hope you mean to return soon."

"I hope to return next week; and my uncle, how is he faring?"

"He is not in the best of spirits, Mrs. St. Vincent sits heavily on his mind."

"In what way?"

"She has made a dead set at him, because he happened in an unfortunate moment to say he had met one of the numerous family of St. Vincent when abroad. She is giving a dinner-party next week, and insists on his coming; she goes about telling everyone what a dear old man he is, so charmingly original; so I expect

your uncle will soon be promoted to be a churchwarden under the Rev. Julius Baines."

"And what does my aunt say to all this?"

"She takes it very quietly. She is such an amiable soul; about the only woman I know who could live in Southport and be friends with every one. All the world has a kind word for her."

A few more remarks of an indifferent kind passed by each of us, and we relapsed into silence.

Glancing up once, I saw he was quite absent, staring dreamily at the waving branch of a tree without. My look aroused him; starting up he went again to the window, humming the air of a song I was familiar with, but the name of which I had forgotten.

"I know that air," I remarked. "What is the name of it?"

"'When sorrow sleepeth wake it not;'" and by the trembling accent of his voice, and suppressed quivering of his lips as he spoke, I knew that he was bidding me to leave him free, and not to smile upon him when—as he thought, alas!—I could not love him. Feeling he had perhaps said too much he rose hastily, before I had time to think or say a word, exclaiming, "Stanhope is expecting me," and with that he left the room abruptly.

I could hardly believe that he was gone. Why on earth had I not gone down upon my knees and confessed my mistake, or rather my awakening? "Ah, why had I not done so!" I exclaimed, with passionate earnestness, as my work fell from my paralysed hands, and I looked vainly at the spot where he had just been standing with a stupified sense of irrevocable loss. Must we, then, go our several ways—we who might have been all in all to each other—for ever parted, and by what? Maiden modesty on my part, or manly pride on his? At that moment I was too confused to judge, for it is only at the proper distance of time that we can with clear, unclouded eyes ourselves and our actions as they really are.

How he had changed the aspect of everything within the last few hours! The life I had hitherto found so pleasant now became a burden almost insupportable. "Don't lean on anything human, for happiness; let your light come from within, and be brave," argued my philosophy and my conscience; but all in vain, for so long as hearts are human they will need the light and love of human hearts to give them life and warmth. Self-contained they may learn to be, but at the expense of their highest joy, their most perfect good.

Tears were in my throat, fast mounting to my eyes; but I forced them back. No, I would not cry; if I began that weakness now, I might go on to the end of my days. The flood congealed,

and lay like a load of ice upon my heart, a load I was fain to love, since it was all that I had left to cherish for his sake.

Kind Miss Stanhope did not leave me long to nurse my disappointment, as she broke in upon my distress with a most unromantic, but highly necessary demand to swallow something strengthening.

"Take this, dear; you don't look at all well. I am quite concerned to see your eyes so heavy."

I accepted her kind attention with a forced smile, and an assurance that I never felt better in my life.

"You look very nice, I must say; Christine has arranged your dress with great taste. That blue is such a lovely colour. And what did Mr. Addison say?" she inquired, as she took up my work to examine it.

But my reply was cut short by a servant announcing Captain Crofton, who said, as he shook hands—

"I hope you are awfully penitent for the way in which you deserted us yesterday?—What did she mean by it?" he asked, turning to Miss Stanhope.

"I really cannot answer for her, Arthur; young people must settle their own affairs between themselves."

"Well, I must tell you, Miss Prior, I have come over from Amy, with her love, of course—ladies always send their love, or kind regards, or a kiss, or something of the kind when they have anything particularly disagreeable to say—and she declares that she won't come to the ball to-morrow evening unless you go over to Crofton and make her an ample apology. I am to escort you there, and will see you safely home."

"After luncheon, my dear young man," interposed Miss Stanhope.

"Of course, after luncheon; I claim your hospitality for that repast," he said, carelessly, as he adopted his favourite position astride a chair, with the back in front of him, quite at his ease in this as any other attitude. Stiffness and Arthur Crofton could never be named together, and his good figure had the happy knack of looking to advantage in almost any position.

"I really must run away," said Miss Stanhope; "I have so many things to think of and to do. I am just as well pleased, Mary, that you are going to Crofton for the afternoon."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Captain Crofton, when she had gone. "I do admire a woman who knows when to leave the room!"

"How rude you are!" I said, mildly, amused at his remark.

"Come now, don't talk nonsense!" he returned, with his easy frankness. "You know, as well as I do, it is much jollier for us to be by ourselves."

"Pray speak for yourself, and don't be so delightfully confident."

"Do you mean to tell me that Delamain and Amy wouldn't wish me dead if I were always in the way when they wanted to be alone?"

"In their case I can understand your being an inconvenience."

"Which means in our case—*what?*" he asked, with a meaning smile, shifting his position a little nearer.

"That you are not to talk nonsense. By the way, I have such a pretty new song to show you," I said, going to the piano.

"How awfully good of you! How splendid a fellow's condition must be who has a wife that can sing to him for ever!"

"Do you think so? I suspect two-thirds of the men so blest would tell you a different tale."

No sooner was I seated at the instrument than I excused myself from singing. I knew that in my present frame of mind, and after the wretched night I had passed, that music was out of the question, so I returned to my seat.

"I am awfully sorry, but never mind if you don't feel up to it; another day, perhaps," and he took up my photograph book to examine.

"By George! what a glorious creature! Who is this?" he exclaimed.

"My sister, Mrs. Domville. It is an excellent likeness."

"Where is she?"

"On her wedding tour, having recently married the gentleman on the opposite page."

"What! married to that old fellow! What a shame! Why on earth didn't you forbid the banns? I call that a human sacrifice. She can't be fond of him surely!"

"You will be able to judge of that for yourself; they come tomorrow on a visit. I think they are very much attached," I remarked, feeling confident in my own mind that it extended no further than a species of attachment, for love did not express Dolly's feeling, and I believed Colonel Domville incapable of the sentiment.

"And she will be here for the ball? I am awfully glad! Only fancy her being *your* sister!"

"What is there to surprise you in that? You seem unable to realise it?"

"She is not in the least like you; to begin with, she looks as if she could carry all before her—one who would stop at nothing. She might be a duchess, from the way her head is set on her shoulders."

"I am so glad you admire her! She is as pleasant to talk to, and live with, as to look at."

"What is her name?—her Christian name?"

"Medora."

"Just the name for such a woman! I have a great idea of names fitting people. Now, you are a capital Mary. I can fancy you a nun, do you know? You would look awfully well in the dress."

"Thank you, I don't feel at all disposed to take the veil, even for the sake of its becomingness. I prefer my freedom."

"You *will* take the veil, I suppose, some day, won't you? but not as a bride of the Church. I am not sure but that I shall prefer seeing you with the orange-blossoms; though I still think you would make a dear little nun."

"I wish you would not be so personal!" I cried, growing red.

"You deserve to be punished for making me suffer as you did yesterday. You never seem to give me credit for possessing any feelings."

"You had much better get rid of them; they are such troublesome encumbrances. However, I give you credit for having one of those delightfully easy natures that are always more or less fickle. You will never break your heart over your feelings."

"Oh, come! I can't stand that. For Heaven's sake don't put me to the test!"

"Indeed I won't," I said, laughing; "but do come down to luncheon, the gong sounded some minutes ago."

They were all seated as we entered the dining-room.

"I thought you were never coming," said Colonel Stanhope. "Your conversation must have been unusually brilliant this morning, Arthur."

"Was it?" inquired the provoking creature, thus addressed, turning to me with a most insinuating smile.

With the light of Philip's eyes turned upon me I grew confused, and answered recklessly—

"It is always more or less agreeable."

"There now, Stanhope; I hope you are satisfied that I *can* be agreeable."

As he spoke I knew as well as if I were reading his heart that Philip Addison thought I was either engaged, or about to become so, to Captain Crofton. Once or twice our eyes met; but all expression had been extracted from them. We might have been two stone walls, looking, or rather not looking, at each other.

"Are you good for a few miles?" asked Captain Crofton, who had walked over.

"I cannot hear of Mary taking a constitutional to-day," said

Miss Stanhope, replying for me. "Indeed, Mr. Addison, only that she is so refractory, I would ask you to take charge of her."

I was too sick at heart to blush under the glance he gave me in reply to Miss Stanhope's remark. It was only for a moment in the interval of a conversation that he was carrying on with Colonel Stanhope.

"Who is your friend?" inquired Captain Crofton, familiarly, when we had left table. "He looked awfully hard at you once or twice, I thought—do you know him? I did not catch the name when Stanhope introduced us."

"He is Mr. Addison, of whom you have heard them speak so frequently."

"Oh, the Doctor," he remarked, in a tone that made me hate him, as if Philip were nobody.

His words and manner vexed me so much that I kept silence, thinking how wonderful it is that the aristocracy of idleness so often despise the far nobler calling of industry! When will the dignity of work attain to its true position? There were moments wherein I felt that the poorest housemaid was leading a nobler life than I, whose round of young-lady occupations began and ended, as far as I could see, in nothing but how best to be amused, and live luxuriously the whole day long; but for any working good of head, heart, or hand in this real, earnest world of ours, I was just now quite useless.

"What are you in such a brown study about? a penny for your thoughts," he said, as I waited for the pony-carriage, still deep in my reflections.

"Nothing very flattering to either of us."

"I know what I was thinking of. I was thinking that I mean to have four waltzes with you to-morrow evening—at proper intervals, of course—after the opening quadrille, for which I also bespeak you."

"There is a charming modesty about your requests that makes them quite irresistible. Is there anything else you would wish?"

"Yes; but I'll tell you that later on. I see the carriage is at the door; don't delay, the afternoon is so fine. Here, my lad, you need not trouble to accompany us," he said to the groom, as he helped me to be seated. "I promise to bring the trap back all right. It destroys one's powers of conversation having a fellow at your back listening to every word you say."

"Il faut souffrir pour la gloire," I said, laughing.

"Oh, confound the 'gloire,' I hate the very name of it," he exclaimed, as he seated himself, and we started.

The library windows were open, and any one within must have

heard all that passed ; as we drove along I saw that both Colonel Stanhope and Mr. Addison were standing at the window.

"He will have every reason to form what conclusion he likes, seeing me thus carried off with such apparent good will on my part." I was utterly hopeless about everything, and left it to destiny to drift my poor rudderless bark along these adverse currents, where and how it would.

CHAPTER XXVI

"Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!"
Timon of Athens.

THE word *gloire* had evidently left an uncomfortable impression upon Captain Crofton's mind, as he broke out presently with some vehemence —

"It is a cursed humbug !"

"What are you growing delirious about ?"

"This system my mother thinks so highly of—selling one's heart and soul for the sake of bolstering up one's position and family. You don't know how sick I am of hearing sermons preached on it every day of my life, until the collar of conventionality galls me to death. I shall kick over the traces some day. I would do so to-morrow, if I were sure that some one I know would back me up ; but unfortunately the mischief is I am not sure !"

"Your mother is quite right ; with men of your position ambition nearly always succeeds affection ; therefore you should listen to sermons which are calculated to do you so much good, and in the matter of your affections you ought to furnish yourself with what will ultimately aid your ambition," said I, not heeding his *inuendo*.

"I wish to Heaven, then, that you had kept the other side of the world before you came here to propound so coolly a doctrine you make it deuced difficult to put into practice !" he rejoined, impatiently.

"I don't propound it as a doctrine of my own, to be observed generally ; but for men of *your* position, understand me, I am making a distinction. Considering the life you lead, one of fashionable luxury, you *have* nothing to live for but an ambition of some kind, which sooner or later will become developed ; and then perhaps you will be glad to think you did not listen to that impulsive prompting which might have led you to disregard the sterling benefits of wealth and position, so necessary to ambition."

"Do stop, and don't talk such utter nonsense in that sanctified, prim way, which is enough to drive one mad ! You have

accused me pretty freely to-day of talking rubbish ; but your last remark has beaten me out and out !”

“ Let us hope, then, you may combine both qualities ; for it is an absurd prejudice to suppose that in marrying money love is necessarily excluded,” I continued, keeping up the joke.

“ All very fine, Miss Prior ; but do you know that you are making me awfully miserable, prudent and exhilarating as your remarks are. We’ll drop the subject, if you please, for something pleasanter, and more in accordance with my unworldly and disinterested frame of mind at the present time.”

“ Just as you please,” I said, still assuming the air of a grandmother, which I was obliged to drop as we started afresh some common-place discussion.

Amy’s greeting was most affectionate, as she carried me off to her boudoir for a “ long talk.” I was soon in all her little mysteries, and an hour passed discussing her dresses and prospects.

“ I hope you may be here for my wedding. I should like you to be one of my bridesmaids.”

“ That is impossible, for I leave Clynden next week, and in all probability shall be in India when you are married.”

“ You never mean to tell me you are going to that horrid place !” she cried, with dismay. “ Oh, don’t go ! Stay in England ; and after I am married you shall come and pay me a long visit, and I’ll introduce you to such nice people. You are sure to marry some very rich man, and we shall always be *such* friends. It will be so nice to visit at each other’s houses ! But if you go out *there* you are sure to marry some poor officer and lose your health, and always be in debt, spending your life going backwards and forwards in the P. and O. Steamers, to say nothing of the snakes and reptiles and all other disagreeables. It is such a wretched existence ! you were meant for something better.”

“ Nevertheless it was what I was born into, so I needs must abide by it,” I said, laughing heartily at her naïvete, and the inimitable changes of her expressive face, which was all smiles and sunshine as she pictured the “ rich man,” and good establishment with the “ nice ” adjuncts attached thereto ; and all frowns and furrows as she beheld me the property of the “ poor officer, always in debt.”

“ What consequence is it what people are born into ?” she said, giving a shrug of her shoulders. “ It is their duty to get out of it as soon as they can. Where would all our great men and women have been, I should like to know, had they held on fast to where providence placed them as babies ? I am afraid I am strongly tinctured with the servant’s love of ‘ bettering ’ myself,” she concluded, giving her mouth an irresistibly comic expression, over

which we both became so merry that the echoes of our laughter must have reached Captain Crofton's ears, for he burst in upon us shortly after, saying :

" I am not going to stand this any longer. You have been shut up together time enough to settle the fit of all the dresses in the world. Delamain is smoking his brains away, so I advise you to go and look after him, Amy."

" Don't be absurd, and tell such stories, Arthur ; it is all your own wicked invention ; for Charlie knows very well he has to pay a pretty heavy penalty if he smokes. I have given him his choice ! and I must say he has behaved beautifully since we have been engaged ; it is intolerable for men to expect both ! Mind you make that compact, Mary, when engaged. If there is one thing more damping than another to the young affections it is the flavour of tobacco, which so readily convicts the lips seeking to be favoured, and I decline to have the unwelcome perfume conveyed to mine ! I think I ought to patent my recipe, it would be worth something to the Anti-Tobacco Association—what do you say, Arthur ?"

" By all means, 'if you can at the same time patent a process whereby men will always be so very much in love as to be able to forego a real for a doubtful consolation ! You won't effect the one without the other, and I think I know who would cry out first if the kisses were to cease ?"

" You horrid monster, do be quiet ! How dare you libel us !" she cried, as she watched him subside, with his usual lounging grace, on the lowest footstool he could find.

" Ah, ha ! young lady, there is where we have the 'pull' over you. We have a consolation, never failing, in our precious weed ; and you have nothing. So how fares your argument now ? I hope you will allow I have knocked it all to pieces !"

" Excuse me, you haven't, I am very sure we could get on very well without you."

" Could you, though ?" he said doubtfully.

" I have just proved it ! You could not let Mary and me enjoy our afternoon to ourselves without bursting in declaring ' you could stand it no longer ;' now confess yourself beaten."

" If you promise not to turn me out, I may, perhaps, this once own to the soft impeachment : but what were you talking of ? dresses, of course ! Ladies never get together that they don't drag out the contents of their wardrobes for each other. I wonder how we men would look unpacking our portmanteaus in the same style !"

" You would have nothing to show but your eternal black coats, that one is perfectly wearied of ; whereas with us dress is a fine art, a study in harmonious colouring, a marvel of the creative faculty of invention—a—a—I don't know what to say—But we were not

talking of dresses ; I was saying that I wished Mary to be my bride-maid, but she talks of India and going there instead."

"In what capacity, may I ask,—civil or military?" he inquired, looking up at me.

"Don't be such a tease, Arthur! Come downstairs, Mary; I am dying for a cup of tea."

Captain Crofton sauntered into the drawing-room in about a quarter of an hour, inquiring of Amy where his lady mother was.

"She drove to the De Hardings, to see if they have returned ; she ought to be here by this."

"Let us be off before she comes back," he whispered to me ; remarking aloud, as he drew out his watch—

"I don't want to hurry you, but if I am to drive you home, and be back in time to dress for dinner, you must be good enough to swallow your tea, and come."

"I am quite ready ; but the carriage?"

"I ordered it a quarter of an hour ago."

As anxious as himself not to encounter Lady Adelaide, I rose at once, and said good-bye to Amy. I was too late, however ; no sooner were we in the hall than her carriage drove up, and we were compelled to wait.

I saw an impatient change come over Captain Crofton's face, and a muttered expression sounding very like "Confound it!" escaped his lips, as he went forward to assist his mother to descend.

"Good evening, Miss Prior," said Lady Adelaide, coldly, when she observed that I was waiting. "The carriage shall take you home.—Arthur, I want you to come to me as soon as you have handed Miss Prior into the carriage ; I wish to speak with you before dinner."

"All right, mother, I'll soon be back. I am just going to drive Miss Prior back to Clynden," he replied, carelessly.

"I am sure she will excuse you, since the carriage is there to take her," said Lady Adelaide, in a tone of almost command.

"I hope you won't take any further trouble in the matter," I said. "I have a pony-carriage here, and can drive myself. Good evening!"

With that I went out and found the pony-carriage, which had moved on to make room for Lady Adelaide.

I had seated myself, and was about to take the reins from the groom, when Captain Crofton rushed out, and jumped in unceremoniously.

"You had better drive," he said, "I shall only lash some of the fury I am feeling on to the poor brute's back, and perhaps make an end of us both."

"Why did you come? I much prefer going home alone. Please return," I entreated.

"For Heaven's sake, drive on, and don't let us be the talk of the stables," he cried, in a passionate undertone, as he pointed to the groom standing by.

I obeyed, thankful for the evening breezes which by degrees cooled our angry spirits. At length he exclaimed:

"I can stand it no longer! Will you listen to me if I speak?"

"It depends upon what you say."

"I thought you would give me just such a reply," he said, turning away impatiently.

"Why should I give you any other?"

"Because any other girl but you would have seen that I cared for her, and would have felt some pity for a poor fellow."

"All the more reason for my giving you the answer you complain of. Now listen to me," I said, growing serious, "I don't know what you want to drift into, but I am very certain of one thing, you will regret saying anything you may be disposed to say in your present frame of mind; and I am equally certain that I should regret ever having listened to you: so, please, say no more."

"Well, you may talk as you like, but I am not going to take that for an answer; so beware! Perhaps, as you say, I had better postpone it for a little, for my mind just now is decidedly rough and savage at my mother's rudeness to you, and you might take anything I said as a wish on my part to make you the *amende*. I do feel awfully cut up that you should have been subjected to this annoyance; but never mind, I'll have it out with her when I get back, and she shall apologise to you, or I'll leave the house!"

"I implore of you to think no more about the matter," I cried, much distressed. "I assure you I accept your kindness as equivalent to the most ample apology from Lady Adelaide. Mercifully spare my name, and myself, from forming the subject of any painful discussion between you. Do promise me this."

"I shall promise nothing of the kind," he said, moodily. "I know very well what I am about, and the sooner my mother knows it too the better. I swear before Heaven, soft and easy-going as I may appear, I will make a stand against marrying any woman but the one I choose," he cried, growing vehement.

As we reached Clynden, and I was about to get out of the carriage, he detained me for a moment, saying:

"Promise me those dances I asked for, or I won't come to-morrow night."

"Don't be so unreasonable," I pleaded, "five dances are out of all question. Were I to yield, I should merit all the impertinence your mother chooses to heap upon me."

"Didn't I tell you before that I am not going to be dictated to by my mother on any matters of the kind affecting my likes or dislikes?"

"Nor can I let you dictate to me either. How admirably you can argue for yourself! You must think a little for me, if you will, and leave it to my good nature. Under the circumstances I ought not to dance with you at all."

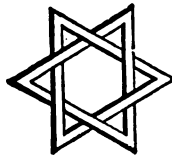
"That's just because you think my mother will be disagreeable."

"Possibly; forewarned is forearmed, you know; I should not feel it so much—it is of you I am thinking; but now I must not stay, so good night."

"Good night, then, if it must be so; you are awful hard on a poor fellow; you never give one the *least* chance."

"How much you will thank me for my amiability in not taking advantage of your disinterestedness some of these days, when you are covered with *gloire!*" I cried, as I waved my adieus from the portico.

"Oh! confound the *gloire!*" I heard him exclaim, as he drove off; and I rushed upstairs to fortify myself for the further trials of the evening."



THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

PART II.

POLITICIAN AND STATESMAN.

ON the accession of our present gracious Sovereign, to the throne, in the year 1837, Parliament was dissolved, and among the new members of that house, which a great living writer has pithily described as "an assemblage of six hundred and fifty gentlemen, mostly fools," Mr. Disraeli took his seat for the first time, as member for Maidstone. It would not easily be admitted that the presence of the new member contributed to swell that element of foolishness which Mr. Carlyle has emphasised. Mr. Disraeli brought with him wisdom, and, what is more, that engaging wisdom which is clothed in the airy garments of gaiety and of wit, of mystery and of mockery. He lost no time in rising in his place in "the most critical assembly in the world," and the celebrated maiden speech was delivered, we believe, within a week from the time of his entrance into the House. It is probable he rose under circumstances more trying even than those which commonly attend the débüt of a young member—indeed, he himself seems to have been conscious of this, if we may judge from the way in which he commenced his speech:—"I trust the House will extend to me that gracious indulgence which is usually accorded to one who solicits its attention for the first time. I have, however, had sufficient experience of the critical spirit which pervades the House, to know and to feel how much I stand in need of that indulgence—an indulgence of which I will prove myself not to be unworthy, by promising not to abuse it."

The member for Maidstone was already known as a biting satirist; such a reputation is apt to create enemies in social life, and the satirist is usually suspected, even before he has attacked. Much more is it dangerous in an assembly like the British House of Commons, where, if an individual is made ridiculous, he is made so publicly. It was known, too, that the orator was a child of the despised house of Israel; and to this day even, and in circles which are thought to be enlightened, that most childish and irrational of prejudices still blooms and flourishes. But, owing to whatever causes, the maiden speech was what is termed "a failure"—that is to say, it failed, not from any lack of ability on the part of the speaker, but simply because the House refused, at last, to listen to him, and he had to sit down, uttering the memorable

boast, "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

Failure as the speech may have been thought by many at the time to be, it is clear that in some quarters it was regarded as at least a "splendid failure," for the *Times*, in its leading article next morning on the debate, speaks of it as "an eloquent speech."

The next time that Mr. Disraeli rose in the House he *was* listened to, and ever since that period—we believe some four years after the delivery of his maiden speech—he not only has been listened to, but, in all variety of ways, has been a great parliamentary power. The other day, when speaking at Aylesbury, he alluded to those times as "times of rapture—*certaminis gaudia*"—and it must be admitted that there was, during those days, no deficiency in the ranks of that order of antagonists which a brilliant parliamentary fencer above all things delights to encounter—a foeman worthy of his steel.

When Lord Beaconsfield looks back upon the days when the House of Commons was rendered illustrious by the presence of men like Peel and Russell, Shiel and O'Connell, Palmerston and Stanley, Hobhouse, Graham, Wood, Bentinck, etc., and reflects that in the Chamber which he has just left Fawcett is an orator! Goschen and Hartington are statesmen! and Mundella and Jenkins representative politicians!—he must sigh to think that in all departments of human circumstance it should be true—"the old order, changeth, giving place to new." There is, however, one consolation which will, in a very large measure, compensate for the regret that might fill his heart at the contrast, and that is, he leaves behind him colleagues who all are a match, and more than a match, for the opponents with whom they have to contend.

During the session of 1841, Mr. Disraeli delivered a speech in reply to Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the then President of the Board of Control, in which he powerfully defended his chief, Sir Robert Peel, from some aspersions which had been made on his political conduct. "Placed," he said, "in an age of rapid civilisation and rapid transition, he has adapted the practical character of his measures to the condition of the times. When in favour, he has never proposed a change which he did not carry; when in opposition he has never forgot that he was at the head of the Conservative party. He has never employed his influence for factious purposes, and has never been stimulated in his exertions by a disordered desire of obtaining office; and, above all, he has never carried himself to the opposite benches by making propositions by which he was not ready to abide. Whether in or out of office, the Right Hon. Baronet has done his best to make the settlement of

the new constitution of England work for the benefit of the present time and of posterity."

This quotation ought for ever to stop the mouths of those who, even so late as our own day, take delight in disseminating the notion that when, subsequently, Mr. Disraeli appeared in opposition to Sir Robert and attacked him in philippics which are as historical as those of Demosthenes, he was actuated by a small personal spite. Could any minister desire a better defence—more generous, more graceful, more thorough? It is such a vindication as few ministers have obtained from a private member. If, on occasion, there has been the desire to defend, there has been wanting the ability to defend effectually. In the speech we have quoted, Mr. Disraeli laid down some constitutional doctrine, backed by precedents of high authority, which shows how thoroughly, even at that early period of his parliamentary existence, he had grasped those great principles of policy and procedure by which the constitution of our country is limited and guided. His utterances on this occasion display nothing of the mere amateur or dilettante statesman—blemishes which so often characterise the efforts of a young member of parliament, when attempting to expound his political notions.

There is the ring of a statesman in the following observations: "The right hon. gentleman who has just sat down has dilated, with an air of triumph, on a fanciful analogy between the course pursued in discussing constitutional subjects, and subjects that are of an official character. Constitutional subjects are open to all; not so matters the facts respecting which are within the cognisance of Ministers only. Every gentleman in this House is as competent to give his opinion as to constitutional points as a member of the Privy Council, or a Cabinet Minister, but there is not any analogy between questions of a constitutional and of a financial character; for no man unacquainted with the secrets of office can be fully informed as to the resources of the country. The analogy which the right hon. gentleman has insisted upon is, therefore, fallacious."

Mr. Disraeli goes on to ask the question: "What, then, is the duty of a Government placed in the situation of the present servants of the Crown, unsupported as they are by a House of Commons elected under their own auspices?"

He proceeds to answer it by reference to two Ministers who had been in the same predicament—Sir Robert Walpole and Lord North. After going minutely into these instances, he finishes by showing that the Ministry of Lord Melbourne was in a worse plight still: "In the present instance there is, however, an additional circumstance which will not be forgotten by the House or by the

country. I refer to the manner in which for several sessions the Government has been carried on in the face of the resistance offered by a large majority in the other House of Parliament. The reformed House of Commons, proud of its new-fangled existence, and believing that all power would centre in itself, permitted a Minister of State to stigmatise a vote of the House of Lords as 'the whisper of a faction.' But now the 'poisoned chalice' is returned to their own lips. Those who have treated the House of Lords with insult, are now treating the House of Commons with contempt. The fact is that the Government is too full of that specious liberalism which they find it convenient periodically to assume; but in attacking aristocratic institutions it has become the victim of a rapacious and haughty oligarchy."

We once heard a story relating to Mr. Disraeli's first entrance into the House of Commons which we will here mention, although, as so many tales have been told of him of an apocryphal character, it will be as well if our readers will take it *cum grano salis*. Lord Melbourne, at that time First Minister of the Crown, asked the new member for Maidstone what he expected to be, now that he had succeeded in getting into Parliament. Mr. Disraeli replied, "Prime Minister of England." Whereupon Lord Melbourne burst into a loud guffaw, as if he thought the prospect the wildest dream that could enter into the imagination of a new fledged politician. No doubt his Lordship did think so, and no doubt, also, there were hundreds of others who were of the same way of thinking. We can quite conceive that there were those living then, and who are living now, who, had they ventured to prophesy that which has actually come to pass with respect to Lord Beaconsfield, would have been met with the reply, which Festus made to St. Paul: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning (or something else) has made thee mad."

Yet when the speech which we have already quoted is examined, we are driven to wonder whether the noble Viscount who listened to it began to have his doubts about the absolute wisdom of that sceptical "guffaw." Certainly, if he had the smallest insight into character, he must have felt that what the young member was saying was superior to anything that could have escaped from the lips of any member of his own cabinet. But in all probability Lord Melbourne was totally wanting in insight of that description. He was one of those jolly, business-like Ministers, who, without one spark of imagination, is looked upon by the unthinking herd as the incarnation of "clear common sense:" "the very man, you know, for the place; so sensible, never flighty or dreamy or romantic, alway takes the prudent, practical common-sense view of the question."

We do not know whether there is any direct communication at present between this world and the Elysian Fields, but if, as he wanders among the beds of asphodel, arm in arm with Lord Palmerston, or some other departed great man, and picks the undying lotus, a whisper has reached Lord Melbourne 'that the sometime member for Maidstone is actually Prime Minister of England and an Earl into the bargain, we can imagine the noble Lord having what is vulgarly called "a turn," and calling to some beautiful "hour" in waiting," to fetch him an extra stoup of nectar.

Had Lord Melbourne read the "Young Duke" (which has so often been referred to lately), with the audacious, yet fully-justified boast of its author? "One thing is clear, that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite; I intend in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both."

If he did read that remarkable declaration we presume he guffawed louder than ever. It scarcely astonishes us that Sir Robert Peel should have had no prescience as to the future of his gifted follower, although even he, we should have supposed, in listening to some of Mr. Disraeli's early speeches, must sometimes have felt conscious that the speaker was a man of highly original mind, who eventually must make himself felt as a parliamentary power in one direction or another. But Sir Robert, was, like his pupil, Mr. Gladstone, a wretched judge of character. He probably measured him by some narrow standard of his own, probably a prosaic and business one. His mind was essentially of the unimaginative order. In spite of his knowledge, his perfect classical education, his debating power, his being "the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived,"—Sir Robert Peel was a mediocrity. Minds like his stand in mortal terror of brilliancy—of genius, they fly from it with superstitious dread; what they cannot understand they hate, and therefore never trust. As a sober, practical, prosaic statesman, Sir Robert Peel would look upon the gorgeous fancy of the member for Maidstone as quite fatal to his ever being trusted with the conduct of affairs, just as many persons regard it to this day, notwithstanding the long experience they have had of Mr. Disraeli's business capacity. The poet is often very amusing and very delightful; but he is the last man upon earth to whom one would think of committing the destinies of a mighty empire, though, after all, it does seem a curious circumstance that Milton should have made an admirable private secretary; Goethe and Addison, able statesmen; Prior, an efficient ambassador, and that King David did not make a worse warrior or ruler because he happened to be "the sweet singer of Israel."

But this astounding and lamentable prejudice against the

children of light, this unwillingness or inability to recognise the god-like spirit that tries to soar above the common clay into the empyrean, to spy in some measure—

“The glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came,”

—this is not confined to public life. It is as prevalent in domestic life; and many a case have we witnessed in which its disastrous influence was visible. What fatal mistakes are made in families in deciphering the characters of its various members!

The smart, but superficial child is a prodigy—the dreamy, pensive offspring is an idiot and an idler. The first is to do—God knows what—set the Thames on fire, for one thing. The second would not be greatly missed were a convenient Providence to “take him young,” to drop him quietly into “an early grave.” Occasionally the two destinies are not fully realised. Number one’s fate will sometimes be this: he takes all the prizes at school, he bears off all the honours at college, his friends hail him as “the coming man,” though the world whispers that he is the present prig; he suddenly vanishes, and you find him years afterwards a retired millionaire, who, after sitting the best years of his life on a high-legged stool, has become what his friends call, “a successful man;” or else you discover him in some obscure country parsonage, tended with caudle by an obsequious wife, and shambling about in a grey dressing-gown and piebald slippers in his study, where he pens inflammatory or pedantic articles, which he still believes shake empires and make statesmen tremble. His end is, he descends to the tomb a little wept over, not very much honoured, and certainly unsung.

The other—number two, the idiot and the idler—when the time has fully come, flashes through “the muddy vesture of decay,” the divine lineaments, and blazes forth—a man of genius! Malcolm M’Mackay, ‘dux’ of the High school, becomes Baillie M’Mackay of the Edinburgh Town Council; Walter Scott is Walter Scott of the universe!”

Mr. Gladstone, we have said, equally with his old master, is a wretched judge of character. What is more extraordinary still, however, is that his own character is so misjudged. Those purblind fools who go about proclaiming his intense earnestness are, unwittingly to themselves, writing his epigram; for this earnestness does, in fact, arise from a total want of humour, and the man who is without humour is without mental ballast. Mr. Gladstone is so serious that many things in this life are presented to his vision in vicious proportions; and that will, of course, make him often mistake the small for the great, and so prove himself a wrong-headed and dangerous ruler.

But we must not allow ourselves further to digress from the subject of this paper. Mr. Disraeli engages us now ; we shall have something more to say of Mr. Gladstone by-and-bye. It is impossible for us, having regard to the space at our disposal, to follow, in its every little detail, the political career, of Mr. Disraeli ; but as our main object is to show that that career, as a whole, has been absolutely consistent, we propose to confine ourselves to two great questions as to which the charge of inconsistency has been most rampant, viz. the question of the Irish Church, and the question of Reform. But before doing so, we may perhaps be permitted to take a glance—just a glance—at Mr. Disraeli as he figures during the agitated times of Protection and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. His attitude during that point of his career will bear the sternest scrutiny.

We are aware of the heedless words which have been uttered, and the volumes which have been written with respect to his conduct towards Sir Robert Peel. He was inspired by personal hate of the Minister—his persistent attacks were prompted by selfishness and malignity—he was an adventurer whom fortune presented with a golden opportunity, and he seized it to ingratiate himself with that party of which he became, on the death of Lord George Bentinck, the distinguished leader. All this cant, and a good deal more, has been repeated about Mr. Disraeli *ad nauseam*.

We think lightly of it, because not one of the stale charges, when brought to the light of facts, has a leg to stand upon. In assaulting Sir Robert, and bringing to bear upon him all those merciless weapons of attack with which nature has so lavishly endowed him, Mr. Disraeli did what was simply the duty of a conscientious man and Member of Parliament. He felt that Sir Robert Peel had betrayed his followers—and who on earth can deny it?—not from premeditated treachery, but owing to the innate feebleness of his mind, which on great questions always drove him eventually to throw himself upon the intelligence and judgment of another ; owing, in a word, to his being “a gentleman who had the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken.” Mr. Disraeli did not complain of the Anti-Corn-Law League ; for in the famous speech in 1846, in which he taunted Sir Robert Peel with his tergiversation, he says : “I am not one of those who, here or elsewhere, in public or private, have spoken with that disrespect which some have done of that great commercial confederation which now exercises so great an influence on this country. Though I disapprove of their doctrines, though I believe from the bottom of my heart that their practice will eventually be as pernicious to the manufacturing interest as to the agricultural interest of this country, still I admire men of abilities, who, con-

vinced of a great truth and proud of their energies, band themselves together for the purpose of supporting it, and come forward devoting their lives to what they consider to be a great cause. Sir, this country can only exist by free discussion. If it is once supposed that opinions are to be put down by any other means, then, whatever may be our political forms, liberty vanishes." With the consciousness of having an eye that could and did look boldly for itself into the life of things, sensible of his own superior genius, what Mr. Disraeli did feel and complain of was, that his party, and he himself as a member of it, were disgraced and dishonoured by the leadership of one who was blown about by every wind of doctrine, who could let himself even be guided by a "Popkins." Nothing was more natural, nothing could be more sincere, than that indignant outburst of an original mind despising borrowed ideas: "And is England to be governed by 'Popkin's' plan?" Will he go to the country with it? Will he go with it to that ancient and famous England that once was governed by statesmen—by Burleighs, and by Walsinghams, by Bolingbrokes, and by Walpoles, by a Chatham and a Canning—will he go to it with this fantastic scheming of some presumptions pedant? I will not believe it. I have that confidence in the common-sense—I will say the common spirit of our countrymen, that I believe they will not long endure this huckstering tyranny of the Treasury bench. These political pedlars that bought their party in the cheapest market, and sold us in the dearest. I know, sir, that there are many who believe that the time is gone by when one can appeal to those high and honest impulses that were once the mainstay—the main element of the English character. I know, sir, that we appeal to a people, debauched by public gambling—stimulated and encouraged by an inefficient and short-sighted minister."

We have often heard it said that Mr. Disraeli went too far in his invective—that his persistent ridiculing of the minister approached to heartlessness. This, however, is absurd. It is the idle talk of those who, with all the desire to crush, are without the earnestness or the courage to crush thoroughly, or perhaps, are without the ability to crush at all. He is, in reality, the most vindictive of adversaries who is "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." We do not say that, apart from the consideration of duty forced upon him by political circumstances, there was not something about his adversary personally which would be a temptation to Mr. Disraeli to shower his arrows upon him. Nothing so excites the free and healthy temperament of genius as mediocrity, especially mediocrity which has attained an elevation beyond its merits, and which reveals its character by its inability to cope with the difficulties which are given it to solve. There was that in Sir

Robert Peel's nature which must of necessity have been constantly inciting Mr. Disraeli's antagonism. His starched propriety ; his bourgeois pomposity ; his solemn platitudes, delivered as if they were original ideas ; his decorous dullness ; his assumed strength, and his real weakness ; his Roman virtue, which, nevertheless, seemed always to be emitting a pharisaical smell,—all this would be flame and fuel to a man of daring wit and vivid imagination. There is one thing to be said, there was nothing to hinder Sir Robert from giving blow for blow, and we believe that he did so as heartily as he was able. It is a matter of history that the Repeal of the Corn Laws was carried ; but it did not follow that Mr. Disraeli was to carry on all his life a nugatory resistance to the inevitable. It is no part of a statesman's duty to be for ever disinterring questions which have been settled by Parliament and the country, merely to prove his own consistency. Mr. Disraeli treated the Repeal of the Corn Laws in the same way as the Conservative party treated the Reform Bill of 1832, after it was once passed. Of the latter he says : " But when it had passed—when it became the law of the country—it received from us that allegiance which the law in this country always commands ; and no doubt the remedial and practical sense of this country has prevented some of those evils which were then anticipated." This, we say, is at once the wise, the statesman-like, and the patriotic course.

During the debates, in the session of 1868, on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Resolutions, constant reference was made by several speakers to a speech delivered by Mr. Disraeli in 1844, on the state of Ireland. The speech was alluded to, to show Mr. Disraeli's inconsistency, and to prove that he had no right to oppose Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the destruction of the Irish Establishment. Let us see on what foundation all this rests. Mr. Disraeli himself disposed of the charge in a complete vindication. With irony, no less scathing than delicate, he observed : " With reference, however, to that passage which has been quoted from a speech made by me, I may remark that it appeared to me, at the time I made it, that nobody listened to it. It seemed to me that I was pouring water upon sand ; but it seems now that the water came from a golden goblet. With regard to the passage from that speech, there are many remarks which, if I wanted to vindicate or defend myself, I might legitimately make. But I do not care to say it, and I do not wish to say it, because in my conscience the sentiment of that speech was right. It may have been expressed with the heedless rhetoric which I suppose is the apanage of all who sit below the gangway ; but in my historical conscience the sentiment of that speech was right." Now, if the speech of 1868 be compared with the speech of 1844 it will be found that the sentiment of both is

one and the same. The particular sentence in the latter which was laid hold of by Mr. Gladstone and other members of the Opposition, was one of those happy phrases in which Mr. Disraeli has so often epitomised the merits of a question, and which become classical. After describing the wretched condition of Ireland, he sums up: "Thus you have a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien church." How such an utterance as this could be quoted by any man as an argument, to show that to be consistent Mr. Disraeli must support the destruction and plundering of the Irish Church, it would puzzle any sane person to discover. "Ireland," said Mr. Disraeli, "is in a bad state;" but he never went on to say, "the remedy is, destroy the Protestant Establishment and revolutionise the land laws." Nor did he say so in 1868. He did not deny then, any more than in 1844, that the condition of Ireland was in a condition not wholly satisfactory. But what did he propose as a remedy? Not certainly Mr. Gladstone's policy of rapine. He reverted rather to that policy of "conciliation" which had been cherished and pursued by many great statesmen, and to which he had ever given his adherence. He wished "to create, not to destroy." But perhaps his conduct on that occasion will be better appreciated by contrasting it with that of the leader of the Opposition.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Gladstone's perception of a national crisis always coincides with his desire for office. It did so in the Irish-Church question. Three years before he had declared that the question of destroying the Irish Establishment was without the pale of modern politics. But in 1868, just after Mr. Disraeli has become for the first time First Minister of the Crown, he suddenly bursts on the scene, "like a thief in the night," and swears that he has just discovered a horrible "upas-tree," and that it must be cut down. And his reasons for this, forsooth, are three; three of the most glaringly disingenuous that a crafty ingenuity could have invented: Fenianism! Emigration! and Education! With respect to the first of these, Mr. Disraeli makes the obvious comment: "Fenianism, when I was a minister, was rampant and mysterious, and the more dangerous because it was mysterious. Fenianism now is not rampant; we think we have gauged its lowest depths, and we are not afraid of it. That is one of the elements and evidences of this crisis. Does it not seem rather strange that though Fenianism was so critical when he was a minister, we heard nothing of the crisis; but when I am a minister and it is so subdued, it is made the principal argument for a revolution." But this is always the way with Mr. Gladstone's "revolutions;" and there is never wanting a plausible reason for his sudden conversions. Some event has opened his eyes to the truth, and his conscience is awakened, and will not let him sleep till the terrible scandal is

swept away; or "time is a relative term," and what is good for 700 years may be wicked in 701 years. Then, of course, those eccentric believers in the right honourable gentleman—we really think most of them must be half-witted—burst out into the usual chorus: "How moral and conscientious he is! he doesn't hesitate to confess his errors when he sees them; good man!" When we look back upon the Irish Church *furor* we are simply amazed at the nightmaric of delusion with which Britain was vexed. Fenianism and the "Upastree!" If there still exists an individual who believes there was any real connection between these two things, we pity him from our heart. Let those who are just now pinning their faith to Mr. Gladstone's emotional manifesto take warning. That disastrous ministry of his, inaugurated in 1869, came in with a sop to prejudice, and went out with a bribe to lust. During the years in which Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish measures, Mr. Disraeli maintained the same consistent and uncompromising opposition to them that he had done when sitting on the Treasury bench; and there is no need of any more words of ours to demonstrate the fidelity of his conduct with respect to that subject. But we may notice one remark of his, made at the end of the first debate in 1868, which some boobies laughed at at the time. "I repeat the expression that I used in my letter to Lord Dartmouth, that the crisis of England is now fast arriving. High Church Ritualists and the Irish followers of the Pope have been long in secret combination and are now in open confederacy." We do not know whether Mr. Gladstone was amongst those who laughed; but it is a singular thing that since then the right hon. gentleman has dug up the war-hatchet against the Vatican, though we fear his weapon is not of the sharpest. We cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Disraeli's peroration: "They have their hand almost upon the realm of England. Under the guise of Liberalism, under the pretence of legislating in the spirit of the age, they are, as they think, about to seize upon the supreme authority of the realm. But this I can say, that so long as by the favour of the Queen, I stand here, I will oppose to the utmost of my ability the attempt they are making. I believe the policy of the right honourable gentleman who is their representative, if successful, will change the character of this country. It will deprive the subjects of Her Majesty of some of their most precious privileges, and it will dangerously touch even the tenure of the Crown." And this manly and statesman-like utterance came from a mere "adventurer," a "charlatan," a "political prestidigitateur"—did it? *parbleu!*

Let us pass to Reform. This is one of the great political subjects in regard to which the charge of inconsistency and chicanery has been preferred against Mr. Disraeli most persistently, and we may add, most carelessly. But, as a matter of fact, on no one subject has

he been more absolutely consistent. There are members of the Tory party who have all their lives felt an aversion to Reform, and it is easy to jumble up Mr. Disraeli among these; but had he really belonged to them, how was it possible he could have educated them? What was it that he educated his party on, but this very question of Reform. He taught them that the Conservative party were traditionally and naturally the friends of the people, and that the question of the parliamentary representation of the people was one which they had just as much right to deal with as the Whigs. Over and over again has the convenient and plausible assertion been made that the Conservative party have opposed Reform in opposition, and nursed it in office. This is simply not true. Mr. Disraeli, as leader of the Conservatives, has felt it is his duty sometimes to oppose particular Reform Bills, either on matters of detail, or owing to the peculiar circumstances under which they were introduced. For instance, he disapproved of the Reform Bill of 1866, on the ground of its want of comprehensiveness, and the precipitate conclusions which had been come to upon inadequate information. But hostile to the abstract question of Reform he has never been; on the contrary, he has always maintained that it was a question open to either of the two great political parties to settle, though he would prefer that it should be settled upon certain principles which he himself had shadowed forth. It is a matter of history that Mr. Disraeli lived to be himself the solver of the problem, and thereby to add another leaf to his laurels. But, turning to the evidence on this subject, we find that Mr. Disraeli first dealt with the question of Reform in 1859. In the speech in which he introduced his measure, after tracing the history of the question in relation to previous administrations, he thus sums up: "This, sir, was the state of the question when, a change of government again occurring, the Earl of Derby became responsible for the administration of this country. Let me now ask the House what, in their opinion, was our duty under these circumstances. That, from the peculiar position at which this question had arrived, it might have been practicable by evasion for a time to stave off a solution, I do not say is impossible; but that is a course which, speaking for my colleagues and myself, I may respectfully observe is not at all congenial with our tastes. Were you to allow this question—which the Sovereign had three times announced was one that ought to be dealt with, which three Prime Ministers, among the most skilful and authoritative of our statesmen, had declared it was their intention to deal with—to remain in abeyance? Was it to be left as a means for reorganising an opposition? Was that the opinion of either side of the House? Is it the judgment of this House that that is a wholesome position for political questions of the highest quality to occupy? Was

Parliamentary Reform—a subject which touches the interests of all classes and all individuals, and in the wise and proper settlement of which the very destiny of this country is concerned—to be suffered to remain as a desperate resource of faction ; or was it a matter to be grappled with only at a moment of great popular excitement and settled, not by the reason, but by the passion of the people ? Were we to establish, as it were, a chronic irritation in the public mind upon the subject which, of all others, should not form the staple of our party contests ? Were the energies of this country, an ancient country of complicated civilisation—were they at this time of day, boasting as we do of a throne that has endured for a thousand years, to be distracted and diverted from their proper objects—the increase of their wealth, and the welfare of the community—and wasted in a discussion of the principles of our constitution, and of what should be the fundamental base of our political institutions ? I cannot for a moment believe that this House would think that a posture of affairs which would be free from danger to the Empire, or which it would be honourable for any public man to sanction.” Mr. Disraeli then proceeds to vindicate the right of Lord Derby and of the Conservative Party to deal with the question. “ But I am told that, although it might be necessary that a solution should be effected, though three Prime Ministers who had made the attempt had withdrawn from the effort, yet it was not for the Earl of Derby—even if he deemed it for the interests of his country, and held it to be his paramount duty in the position that he occupied, to undertake such a task. Sir, I dispute that statement. I say it is not a just statement, and cannot in discussion be at all maintained. What is there in the previous career of the noble Earl at the head of Her Majesty’s Government which should preclude him from taking that course. The noble Lord, the member for the City of London, has connected his name with the question of Parliamentary Reform, to his enduring honour. I do not grudge the well-earned celebrity which he enjoys. But the noble Lord can remember the day when Earl Grey summoned himself and Mr. Stanley to his Cabinet in 1832, and the noble Lord knows well that, had it not been for their ability and energy, probably the Reform Bill, and certainly in its present shape, would never have been passed into law. I think, therefore, it cannot for a moment be contended that there is anything in the position or the antecedents of the head of the Government that should preclude him from dealing with this question. What is there, then, in the position of hon. gentlemen who sit on this side of the House to render it an inconsistent action in their part, to adopt the course which I shall recommend to-night ? Why, when the noble Lord introduced his measure, and also when the measure of the Earl of Aberdeen was introduced into this

was, I, having with the complete sanction, and at the personal request of many now sitting behind and around me on these benches, expressed our views upon the course pursued by the Government of that day. I stated then, on their behalf, that we should offer no opposition to any measure which might be brought in, the object of which was to effect a reconstruction of this House. I said we were prepared to adhere to the Conservative compact which was wrung from the Conservative Party in 1835 by taunts and reproaches, as to their insincerity in professing to be bound by the Act of 1832. I said, that by that Conservative compact, which was made by those who then represented the Conservative party in this House, we were ready to stand, but that if those who themselves made the settlement questioned its propriety, and proposed to amend it, we should offer no opposition, but would give to those proposed amendments our candid consideration, making every effort on our part to improve the representation of the people. Therefore, I cannot understand the justness of the taunts which have been so freely used against our undertaking a task which, in my mind, no one who occupies a seat on these benches can avoid or ought to shrink from." Mr. Disraeli closed his speech with the following observations: "I believe, sir, it is a Conservative measure, using that epithet in no limited or partial sense, but in the highest and holiest interpretation of the term of which it is capable. I can say sincerely that those who framed this measure are men who reverence the past, are proud of the present, but are confident of the future."

The Bill of 1859, was unsuccessful; in 1866, Earl Russell brought in another Bill, which failed from a variety of reasons; and in the following year Mr. Disraeli had another opportunity, and introduced a measure which eventually he carried, and which is now acknowledged by all to have been broad and beneficial in its character. In introducing that Bill he refers to the Bill of 1859 in the following terms: "What they (Her Majesty's Government) wish on the present occasion, if they have the opportunity, is to do that more efficiently, and not less sincerely, which they attempted in 1859, and that is to improve and complete the Reform Act." When the Act of 1867 came into operation it was believed by many that it would be fatal to the Conservative party, though Mr. Disraeli himself never wavered in his belief that eventually it would benefit his followers. Mr. Gladstone's large majority in 1868 seemed to favour the first creed, but its total rout in 1874 confirmed the second. We can only ask this simple question, how is it possible, judging from the motives by which human nature is usually swayed, that if Mr. Disraeli were merely an adventurer and a time-server, he could have been so blindly infatuated as to promote a measure which

many prophesied would banish his party for ever from power, and which even his own chief described as "a leap in the dark?"

It would, we think, be quite superfluous to dwell further on this portion of Mr. Disraeli's career; and we will refer very shortly to the epoch which marked his second advent to power, as illustrating his complete consistency as a politician and a statesman. When the dissolution of Parliament occurred in 1868, and the new constituencies, by a large majority, declared in favour of Mr. Gladstone's policy of destruction, Mr. Disraeli immediately resigned his office of First Minister. Before, however, passing to his subsequent restoration to office, we can scarcely deem it our duty to refrain from making some comments on the composition and behaviour of the most eccentric and disastrous administration which has perhaps ever cursed the councils of the Sovereign, or blighted the fair fame of Britain.

The Gladstone Ministry was borne into power upon what—looking back to the excitement of the time—we can only designate the temporary insanity of a nation. During that memorable period of passion, when Mr. Gladstone for weeks together flooded the county of Lancashire with a river of verbiage, the most grotesque anticipations were entertained." It was thought that we were on the eve of a political millennium. Dr. Cumming had long prophesied—with or without success—the near approach of the reign of the saints; here was its forerunner! All sorts and conditions of men looked to Mr. Gladstone, and bellowed about Mr. Gladstone; everybody was going into the promised land, led by this political Moses—except, of course, the Egyptian Tories! The enemy of "Protestant ascendancy" was to see the "upas" cut down; the Liberation Society had no longer to wait to wreck its spite and its vengeance on the English Establishment; the Scotch farmer was to have no more game-laws, and scarcely any rent to pay; the English labourer was to have a "free breakfast-table;" and the Irish Home-ruler was to have a parliament in Dublin. Some of these anticipations were realised and a good many were not. Before the emancipating Ministry fell, the country discovered that it was much nearer pandemonium than paradise. The rule of its chief displayed a combination of servility and tyranny. Like all weak persons who pine to have authority over somebody, Mr. Gladstone, when he gets it, scarcely knows how to use it. He grovels and hectors by turns: one day he is "giving an account of his stewardship" at a Lord Mayor's dinner, as the country's very humble servant; the next he is insulting the House of Lords. To-day he is "the people's William;" to-morrow he is straining the royal prerogative, or trampling on the licensed victuallers. Of course he cut down the so called "upas-tree"—he got into

power by promising to do so ; and he also cut down the estimates, as well as a good many other things. The policy, from beginning to end was one of destruction, never of creation ; and when the ill-omened ministry which framed it came thundering to the ground two years ago, some silly people actually blew its trumpet, and proclaimed the mighty acts of statesmanship which it had performed, and which were to leave their mark for ever on the national annals ! No doubt they will leave their mark, but not in the way these persons imagine. Those six years are but a melancholy tale of what was happily characterised by a high authority as "plundering and blundering." After Mr. Gladstone had hurried to Windsor and kissed hands as First Lord of the Treasury, a short interval elapsed, and then the curiosity of the country was gratified by the production of his Cabinet ; and what a composition it was ! Altogether so odd ! Many stared and more laughed. Even Earl Russell, who had flung his mantle to the new Premier, could not believe his eyes ! All the wrong men seemed to be in the wrong places ; all the square men were in the round holes, and all the round men in the square ones. But, in fact, there were no round men ; they were all square men, full of angles and sharp points and edges. The line of beauty, which is a curve, was certainly not perceptible in the physique of this Ministry. But Mr. Gladstone, who is without humour, is always doing incongruous things, and so he unconsciously constructed (an incongruous Cabinet. Earl Russell, in a late book of his, speaks in stronger terms of the whole matter than any which have been used by political adversaries. He believed, he says, that he was handing over the reins of power to one who would guard the honour of England, and select his coadjutors upon that principle. But the venerable Earl has had his eyes opened, and need no longer wonder. Mr. Gladstone chose his men, not because they were statesmen—that would be a prostitution of the term—but because they were economists ; some, indeed, it would appear, because they were cold-blooded and rude ! Why, just let our readers recal the *personnel* of that famous administration. Had we had the honour of a seat in the House of Commons, in surveying the Treasury bench we should have felt moved to exclaim, with Puck when he beheld the Athenian rustics, "What hempen-homespuns have we here ?" And certainly they had their Bottom among them in the person of their illustrious leader ; for he, it will be remembered, frequently wanted to "play the lion," as well as all the other parts into the bargain. Verily, it was more like a congregation of respectable grocers and drapers than an array of British statesmen, such as we are accustomed to picture them in the "brave days of old." There was about their looks, their carriage, and their air generally, a something of the

shabby-gentee—that which suggested that they were men whose mania for political economy might even have influenced their domestic economy—that their very clothes might have been purchased at the cheapest shops, and made of the worst fits. A really “dressy” man among them would have been a variety, not to say a relief. And then they all were, from their chief himself down to the youngest junior Lord, so very moral, and so very serious—some people said, so very earnest. In this, at least, they were very much in earnest, viz., in treating everybody with indecent incivility and meddling with everybody’s affairs.

When the history of our country is next written, the Gladstone Ministry will be remembered as the most boorish that ever existed. But unfortunately they did not stop at bad manners; they went the length of cruel practices. We hear a great deal just now of Bulgarian outrages and Bashi-Bazouks. Has it ever occurred to the members of the late Ministry that they very much resembled a swarm of political Bashi-Bazouks let loose upon Britain? Who tried to invade and to spoil the heritage of the widow and the orphan, but the author of the infamous match-tax, rendered more heartless by the feeble witticism of “*ex luce lucellum?*” Who harried “the publicans and sinners,” but Mr. Bruce? Who violated the virgin honour of England in the Alabama and Black Sea affairs but Mr. Gladstone? One would almost suppose that some secret word had gone forth impressing upon each individual Minister that his *raison d’être* was to be a cheese-parer and a skinflint, a tyrant and a snarler, in his own department. This organisation of political housewives was commissioned to behave as we sometimes see a strong-minded and thrifty relative do, who is called in to set in order some domestic establishment. What happens we know well. She is perpetually in the kitchen, with her eye on the cook, to see that there is “no waste.” She sells the dripping, buys shop-eggs at ten-pence the dozen, rancid Dorset butter at elevenpence half-penny the pound, and will only allow brown sugar with the puddings. Some of the servants she packs off as quite unnecessary—those that are left she puts on lower wages and bullies. This was just the way the Gladstone Ministry behaved. They turned away dockyard labourers, sold the anchors, bought up the rottenest old tubs they could, and sent them to sea to sink, amputated the army, maimed the civil and the consulate services, dismissed old and tried public servants as if they were drunken butlers; and then had the impudence to turn to the nation and say, “See how well we look after you: look what surpluses we’ve got!” Some of their friends boasted that it was an administration of “all the talents!” “All the talents?” “They certainly all had talents for business; but then so has the

manager of a co-operative store. There was one priceless, one inestimable talent which they did not possess, or else they had hidden it in a napkin—the talent of high-souled patriotism. Who were these men of transcendent gifts? There was Mr. Gladstone, the Premier. Mr. Gladstone is an orator; but his oratory is not really of the highest order, though it seems to be the fashion to think so. It will not compare with Chatham's. He is a good debater and expositor; but he is incontinent of words, and his modes of expression argue a nature by no means profound. Morally, we believe, he is perfection itself; but perhaps there have been few political profligates so abandoned, or libertines so lubidinous. Mr. Bright, too, is a man of parts, but he is a puritan and a sectary, which narrows his sympathies and makes him spiteful. He has lately got into a bad habit of telling silly stories in his speeches; sometimes it is the labourer whom he meets in Lancashire, but who comes from Bucks; sometimes it is the Episcopalian lady, who is stingy to Dissenters. But when Mr. Bright took office he forsook his rôle of eloquent demagogue, and thereby became like Samson in the lap of Delilah, "weak and as other men." There was Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, a returned colonist, who was pelted off the hustings of Kidderminster with dead cats, got smuggled into the pocket borough of Calne, and eventually was accepted, almost out of pity, by the University of London, one of the new constituencies under Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill. He distinguished himself by bringing in harum-scarum and sometimes oppressive budgets. He taxed the Scotch farmer's cart, and wanted to tax the English match-girls' match-box. Mr. Lowe is a clever man—that is to say, a sharp man; but that is all. The reputation he has acquired, as "a powerful speaker," is quite ridiculous. We heard him in a pretty long speech during last session; we beheld a man with a copper-coloured face and white hair, standing before the table without grace or delivery, looking like a big schoolboy, saying his lessons, and dealing out his sentiments in faltering accents, sometimes enlivened by illustrations which would insult the intelligence of a Sunday-school class. Imagine a man standing up in the House of Commons and boasting that by a piece of financial sharp-practice he had saved the country one hundred thousand pounds in a transaction which involved three millions and the country's honour to boot—and then call that man an English statesman! There was Mr. Cardwell, Minister at War, who, in explaining his scheme of Army Organisation, harped, in the tones of some solemn undertaker, about everything being "one harmonious whole," and "your getting your money's worth for your money." Yes! it was with this blasphemous creed of the "almighty dollar" that the Gladstone Ministry

demoralised the public mind! There was Mr. Bruce, who was cursed by the publicans and mobbed by the demi-monde. And then there was Mr. Ayrton, First Commissioner of Works, whose coarse insensibility to the beauties of Art was only equalled by his low insolence to men of science. The best members of the Government were undoubtedly in the Lords; but even there there was the Duke of Argyle. Notwithstanding the seriousness, the rudeness, and the vexatious meddling of this ministry, there was about it an air of such irresistible absurdity that the fancy of all sections of the community became tickled, and the public burst into an explosion of inextinguishable laughter. They began to be burlesqued at the theatres even; and nobody has forgotten "The Happy Land," which they were silly enough to suppress! How far they would have carried their pharisaical morality, and their devouring rule, the Prince of Darkness only knows. It is highly probable that the theatres might have been sacrificed to their wounded *amour propre* and have been closed; and no doubt in a thousand other ways would they have "diminished the stock of public pleasure, and eclipsed the harmless gaiety of nations." But, thank God! they were not allowed the opportunity. The country was disgusted, and the preposterous fabric "vanished into air—into thin air." That *bourgeois* ministry which had made itself a scoff and a byeword, and had more than ever impressed foreigners with the belief that we were "a nation of shopkeepers," fell like Lucifer, and never, we think, "to hope again." *Apropos* of its fall, there is one observation to be made. Had the elections given Mr. Gladstone a renewed majority instead of a hopeless minority, we should probably have heard nothing about old age and Homer. If anything were needed to demonstrate the immense inferiority of the ex-Premier to the present Prime Minister, this one fact would be sufficient. Mr. Gladstone never had to undergo the uphill work of leading an Opposition in a minority. In 1867 he had a majority at his back, and assumed an inquisitorial and dictatorial tone towards his opponents of the most offensive kind. But now, when fortune placed him in the real shadow of Opposition, and party loyalty demanded that he should take his own share of party adversity, he shrunk from the bitter duty and fled to the groves of Hawarden. On the other hand, if Mr. Disraeli had never lived to become Prime Minister, his reconstruction of the Conservative party and his brilliant and dauntless leadership of it through long years of dreary opposition would alone give him a supreme place among statesmen. It is something, perhaps, to pull down an institution, more to create a new one; but what are both these compared to bringing a scattered political party together again, and keeping it so until the day of its triumph arrives? When Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister for the second time, some newspapers

profoundly remarked that, though a consummate leader, he had never given evidence of possessing "constructive genius!" in other words, it doubted whether he was capable of making laws. Why, what has he been doing nearly all his political life but showing constructive genius of the highest and rarest order? To construct parties is very different to constructing measures. To accomplish such a task what virtues, what qualities, what gifts are required! Indomitable resolution, unfaltering courage, unbending will, infinite resource, infinite tact, unfailing temper, deep knowledge of men, and, above all things, inexhaustible patience! During that long period of opposition, Mr. Disraeli was the Wellington of politics. Had he not his lines of Torres Vedras? his Badajozes? his forlorn hopes? But since he became First Minister of the Crown in 1874, he has given ample evidence of "constructive genius" in the measures which he has framed. He began by constructing a strong and coherent Cabinet. He has not only constructed, he has constructed consistently. We had the pleasure of hearing him speak in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, in 1872, when he indicated what should be the policy of the Conservative party when they returned to power. What was that policy? It was to be a policy of wholesome and beneficial domestic legislation. There were to be no more mock heroic measures; there was to be no more political dram-drinking. Moreover, our emasculated foreign policy was to be restored and made spirited; and our colonial empire, in place of being alienated, was to be confirmed and extended. Has not that policy been realised to the letter? Since the present administration has been in power, has not measure after measure been introduced with reference to the health and happiness of the people? Examine the catalogue impartially. The Labour Laws Bill; the Artisans' Dwellings Bill; the Agricultural Holdings Bill; the Friendly Societies' Bill; the Merchant Shipping Bill; and scores of others yet to come. In regard to our colonies, have they not annexed Fiji, and bound India closer? Above all, have they not breathed into our foreign policy, which had become a *corpus vile*, fresh life, a glowing inspiration, and caused our ancient realm once more to raise her queenly head supreme among nations? Who was it that interfered with respected and successful mediation when a new war between France and Germany was imminent? And at the present juncture what is the Prime Minister doing but carrying into effect that high-spirited policy which, on the last night of his appearance as a minister of the House of Commons, he declared he would not swerve from through the temptation of a little temporary popularity. This also he is doing, not only in the face of unparalleled difficulty, involved in the questions at issue, but in the face of most unwarrantable distrust and hostility on the part of many of his own countrymen. Some deluded people have

even whispered that they would have more confidence were Mr. Gladstone the directing spirit! We wonder, have the Pamphlet and the Speech opened the eyes of these fanatics? Considering the disgraceful or imbecile part which Mr. Gladstone has always played in matters of foreign policy, we wonder he was not ashamed to present himself before his country in the way he has done. Fancy the destinies of the country in the present crisis being entrusted to the minister who allowed Russia to tear up the Black Sea Treaty and fling it in his face! The minister who sent an envoy to Prince Bismarck to ask him what to do, because he didn't know what to do himself! This would "out-Herod Herod" with a vengeance.

With the space at our disposal it was impossible that we could do more than trace Mr. Disraeli's long and eventful parliamentary career in a very sketchy and imperfect manner; but we have glanced at some of the most important epochs of that career; and after all, the best advocate is he who makes a selection of the great essentials of his case, and leaves the trivial details to take care of themselves. It is to the *general tenor* of a man's life that we must look to judge of his sincerity and consistency; to say that he has sometimes varied his means to attain his ends is really to say nothing. That is an inevitable necessity of those whose sympathies are broader and whose intellectual horizon is wider than that of the herd. If it be hypocrisy, then are we all more or less hypocrites. An admirer of the Prime Minister has summed the truths with regard to him in an admirable sentence: "That he has been misunderstood is only the common fate of natures such as his. By persons of a certain stamp brilliancy must ever be mistaken for insincerity, courage for recklessness, and patience for timidity. But time will give a fairer estimate of his character and his work than is possible in the heat of party warfare.

He has done more than any other to enable the gentlemen of England to resume their rightful position with intelligible consistency; he has educated, not only his party but the nation. Those who really wish to learn what the formal doctrine was which Mr. Disraeli held thirty years ago with respect to the Conservative party will find it fully promulgated in an eloquent passage in "Coningsby," which, we regret to say, is too long to be quoted here.

Next session Mr. Disraeli will take his seat in the House of Lords as the Earl of Beaconsfield, and the most eminent figure of the Lower House of Parliament will be missing. It will be a loss which will be felt not alone by members of his own party. It is true there may be a sigh of relief among the Fawcetts, and the Mundellas, and the Jenkinases, and all that tribe of insects which have sometimes to be flapped with the pocket-handkerchief, because "they stink and sting." They will still be flapped, but the flips

will not smart so much. But the House of Commons generally will feel that it has lost its greatest ornament; it will be conscious of the absence of its most superb genius, of its ablest debater, its keenest wit, its most charming humourist, its most scathing satirist, its wisest statesman—yes, too, and its greatest orator.

We say deliberately, without one shred of qualification, that in losing Mr. Disraeli the House of Commons loses its rarest orator. In all departments, it is true, he has the genius of expression; but on those occasions on which the high nature of the question or the thrilling crisis of the circumstances have warranted them, he has burst into utterances which have snatched the palm from every other. These occasions are rare and as a rule Lord Beaconsfield confines himself to graces of rhetoric; but when the occasion does present itself, "Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere." Then it is that the depth of nature which springs from his Semitic blood is apparent, and his eloquence carries us back to the richness of the Hebrew prophets, with whose oratory not even the choicest of Greece or of Rome can compare.

On a celebrated oration which Lord Beaconsfield delivered many years ago, the peroration of which commenced: "But England can never begin again," Earl Russell remarked that it was by far the finest he had listened to during his parliamentary existence. And, again, in a speech which he made at the Mansion House on the state of the Church of England, soon after his accession to power, after showing that the fact of there being parties in the Church was no evidence of its decline, he ended with what the *Times* itself, next morning, confessed was "a truly grand utterance." but I behold, throughout the length and breadth of the land, arising to produce "the beauties of holiness. "The beauties of holiness!" There was the lofty note which proclaimed that the orator's lips had been touched by Him "who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

And then, when he rises, amid the deep hush, to address the House, the atmosphere of a statesman and an orator seems to breathe around him. Often have we seen him on such occasions. The radiant brow; the eyes, black as night, raising the drooping lids which have concealed the latent fires beneath, and suddenly glowing like carbuncles; the majestic port; the intrepid air; the deep tones of infinite melody!—this is a spectacle which the House of Commons will not soon witness again; for amongst the youth of the House there is, alas! at present no promise even of an approach to it. There are plenty of lever men, but apparently not one genius.

In concluding this paper we must declare, as the sum-total of our convictions with respect to this great man, and simply in the interest of truth, that he is incomparably the most earnest, straightforward, and versatile politician, the sublimest orator, and the most transcendent statesman of this century. **M. S.**

IRISH PRIDE.

By the Author of "Not all Fiction," "Whilst the Snowflakes Fell," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

HOPE.

THE hedges were blooming with hawthorn; the horse-chesnuts expanding their columns of pink and white blossoms; the birds carolling their May songs, when a protracted cold, incurred by Grandmamma, at last concluded, and allowed the Macnamaras to return to the Jointure-House, which gloomy abode reflecting a little of the wealth of sunshine and beauty spread everywhere, condescended to look almost pretty, set in its green frame of lawn and shrubbery.

Yes, *almost* pretty it even looked in Cecile's eyes, wearied with the hot streets and dusty vegetation of the city, that since Fred's departure had somehow ceased its attraction for her. Dull had grown its promenades, tiresome its crowds, monotonous its visitings, *matinees*, at-homes, with no *vif*, pleasant tongue at hand to render intelligible each vague social experience—she felt no regret for these fashionable diversions, as, oblivious of closed windows, and the funeral pace of old Selim, slowly drawing his burden down the avenue, she sat in the time-honoured yellow coach, opposite her Grandmother and Uncle Oliver, her mind occupied with the sweet, silly thoughts we think when we are young and happy and trustful.

"In spite of your lack of conquests, and your utter failure, after all Granny's drill and lectures, in winning either the best, or the worst *parti* of the season, you look very well, and will keep to be re-entered next year," Uncle Oliver remarks, half grumpily, half good-humouredly, as the carriage stops. He was evidently not ill-pleased, on the whole, at the '*nil* return' Grandmamma's "Eligible Matrimonial Speculation List" affords of Cecy's first season.

"She was not successful at all," groans Mrs. Macnamara; whilst Cecile, to hide her rising colour, runs off to her own room—the little cheerless apartment she had so hated. It looks gloomy and prison-like still, in spite of the ivy which, lustrous in the sunset, twines lovingly round the casement.

"But I can arrange it better," she says to herself. "I shall

put up Fan's drawings on those horrid bare walls, and I shall try and study here some of the books she lent me, and write to Frank, and think as much as I like." And she leans against the window-frame, her heart half blissful, half frightened over the secret of Fred's love, therein enshrined. How good of him to care for her, just when she was feeling most isolated and lonely! and should she not keep his trust loyally, no matter what happened, no matter whether it were right or wrong, in other people's eyes!

So she muses till the bell summons her from dreamland down to dinner, whereat she only escapes a lecture by the fact of her Grandmother's abusive faculties being thoroughly pre-engaged, and indeed stimulated above average by some news, whereof she has been made cognisant through the medium of *The Star*, as (probably from its luminous mode of setting forth obscure gossip and rising doubts on undoubted matters) the local newspaper styled itself.

This brilliant enlightener of rural darkness lay on the floor, whither Grandmamma had ignominiously thrown it, a fallen star, till dinner was concluded, when Uncle Oliver picked it up, and apparently for the purpose of aggravating his sister, read emphatically:—"It is with unvarnished satisfaction and unalloyed pleasure, we announce the re-habitation of one of the many—alas! many long untenanted great houses that stud our country. We allude to the Abbey lately purchased by Archibald Harcourt, Esq., and henceforth to be named, *Harcourt Abbey*, in honour of its new proprietor, who, accompanied by his beautiful, amiable, and accomplished bride, the Honourable Mrs. Harcourt, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Lord Viscount Vigogne, arrived at the above splendid mansion on Tuesday last, the 1st proximo. The coming home of the happy pair was duly celebrated. Bonfires, and tar-barrels blazed profusely, triumphal arches crowned the gateways, and a spirit of general rejoicing prevailed, manifesting the public feeling regarding the auspicious event, which, again we repeat, it affords us heartfelt pleasure to announce. We conclude by unfeignedly congratulating the county and, indeed the *country at large*, on gaining, as a resident, one whom we are assured will be a model landlord, and gentleman, whilst society, we would especially felicitate on the acquisition of the lovely and noble lady, sprung of a family noted for doing good amongst all ranks and classes. Under such circumstances, we premise that the whole neighbourhood will be rapidly elevated in tone and social intercourse."

"Such a vulgar, fulsome, absurd, essentially provincial, ill-written notice!" pronounced Mrs. Macnamara, hotly, all the blue blood tingling angrily in her veins. "What can a man who

never owned a foot of hereditary property, understand of landlordism, much less being in the remotest degree a gentleman; he is simply a *Parvenu*, and May Vigogne a silly little flirt. *Doing good!* never knew a Vigogne capable of the like."

"Except when his present Lordship married Louise," quoth Uncle Oliver. "Thank Goodness, ten Irish miles lie between us and the Abbey—*Harcourt* Abbey, I should say."

"We must call on them all the same," responded Grandmamma. "I promised Louisa."

"More fool you!—I didn't. How long will his Australian gold last the husband of such a careful, quiet, domestic woman as May Vigogne?"

"How did Mr. Harcourt make his fortune in Australia? Did he find a nugget, or what, Uncle?" suddenly interposed Cecile.

"Ah! how the sound of money awakens an immediate interest in the feminine bosom," laughs Uncle Oliver, sarcastically. "Quite absorbed and absent she sits, till the word 'gold' strikes her ear, and rouses her faculties in a moment. Whether Harcourt found his money in a mine, or grew it on sheep's backs, I cannot inform you—he has it, and will soon see the end of it, that I know: are you satisfied?"

Not caring to excite any further sharp animadversions she was silent, albeit an intense curiosity respecting the "how" of the Harcourt wealth. Would Frank be equally lucky, come back rich, and redeem his inheritance?—oh! if he could! The excited thought obliterated Fred and later feelings from her mind, for a moment—only a moment; and then as she sat apart in her old place by the window, gazing out over the moonlit lawn, her heart no longer *triste* and hopeless, busied itself weaving all sorts of glowing ideals, to be realised in the future, when, Frank should be owner of the Towers, Fred home from Russia, and they should all be happy and united once more.

Foolish, visionary Cecile! know you not youth's brightest skies are soonest dimmed with a cloud—her fairest flowers earliest doomed to the crushing blight of disappointment and sorrow?

CHAPTER X.

THE HARCOURTS.

IF "elevating," the tone of society might be interpreted by infusing into it a spirit of gaiety, therewith leavening and raising the natural flatness of country neighbourhoodism, then had the local editor prophesied truly concerning the Harcourts. A bound-

less extent of hospitality was immediately commenced by the newcomers, and entertainments of all kinds formed the order of their day and night. To be "invited to The Abbey," straightway became the supreme aspiration of most of the smaller gentry within a radius of at least twenty miles. Young ladies who could afford it, and young ladies who couldn't, got all manner of gorgeous toilettes for the dawning festivities, and built castles and dreamed dreams innumerable. Toadyism developed itself, accompanied by hosts of those meaner vices and follies that one would hardly suppose capable of existence in the purity of a rural atmosphere. In fact—but we have not time to linger over the prospect of social elevation, or moral degradation, caused by the new acquisition; for we are in a hurry to open these long-closed Abbey portals, and penetrate even into the presence of the august disturbers of rustic stagnation and serenity.

Enter, then, this vast, lofty, gilt-panelled apartment, through whose stained windows the sunlight is softened in its transit, and falls in subdued tints of ruby and opal athwart the carved furniture, the picture frames, the statuary, the grouped columns, that rise beside the mantel-piece, and the doorways, till the effect of the whole is more that of a cathedral than a lady's drawing-room. The ecclesiastical illusion, moreover, extends in a measure to the animated objects the room contains—a congregation, it would seem, met together to perform unanimous homage, worship, and obeisance at the shrine of the Honourable May, who, notwithstanding the "shocking number of seasons" she has been out, looks still pretty and graceful enough to be the presiding goddess of the sanctum.

A great deal too "pretty," indeed, and refined, and celestial she looks, to be called "wife," by the big, awkward, heavily-framed mortal, Archibald Harcourt, who stands beside the pillared mantle-piece, sighing audible sighs after his free savage home in Australia, and talking little, save to his brother Lees, a younger, but not more prepossessing edition of humanity than himself, who lounges on an adjacent ottoman, evidently as shy of society as the master of the house, and, like himself, when he does address any of the civilised beings around, attempting to conceal the shyness under cover of bluster and loud, ill-connected sentences.

The Honourable May, on the other hand, is quite in her element; she has been always accustomed to a crowd, been nurtured in a crowd, a crowd is to her a necessary of existence. She has no sympathy with savagedom or solitude, and it has put her into really perfect humour, this filling of her rooms with people—"very so-so people," she knows, "but better than nothing," as, while uttering sweet, silly common-places, she glances round the different groups—"so horribly ill-dressed, too!" as her eyes rest, *par hazard*,

on the vicar's wife, with her four hapless, hopeless daughters, all attired alike in lilac muslin, and hats trimmed with straw-coloured ribbon. The fair hostess, however, suppressing these involuntary criticisms, moves about, and does her manners to the plain, pretty well, and ill-dressed promiscuously, being, as already suggested, very lamely assisted therein, by her husband, who confines his limited attentions to the agricultural gentlemen, in his immediate vicinity—and Lees is quite as reprehensible. He does not make the slightest effort to be agreeable to the Misses Rourke, or the O'Phelans, or even the Rookes, whom he sees every Sunday in church. Lees is, indeed, wishing he was back in Australia, and secretly felicitating himself that he has not invested *his* money in any paltry Irish estate, nor married any silly beauty, bent on seeing her house full of company every day, but may return to his two hundred square miles of farm, his fifty thousand sheep, his horses, his oxen, to-morrow—Hurrah! At which semi-audible self-acclamation his pleasant reverie is squashed in an untimely manner by the silly beauty's voice at his ear. "Lees, let me introduce you to Miss De Burgh—a sort of cousin of mine; are you not?" and without waiting for any reply, the pretty presence bore itself away.

If Lees Harcourt felt disconcerted, angry, vengeful, at this assault on his retirement and capture by storm of his attention, Cecile's sensations of disappointment and wonder were equally strong. Ever since she had heard their story, she had pictured mentally these Harcourt brothers two brave, simple-minded heroes, noble in their self-achieved independence, kind, gentle, benevolent beings, whom to behold was to venerate. Her eyes rested on a bloated, ill-tempered physiognomy, a coarser, heavier *tout ensemble* than belonged to any farmer in the neighbourhood!

"How are you Mrs. Harcourt's cousin?" he demanded abruptly.

"I am not her cousin. There is only some marriage connection between her family and mine."

"Confound marriage!" politely rejoined Mr. Harcourt. "I was thinking there was no relationship between you, judging by looks—you see I have a plain, rough way of speaking. I am not accustomed to a lot of idle people about me, especially ladies."

"You have lived in Australia, have you not?" said Cecy hesitatingly, longing, yet fearful of questioning this unconciliating individual respecting Frank's distant El Dorado. But her apprehension was groundless. That word Australia had touched the one soft sympathetic chord in Lees Harcourt's nature. Almost a smile radiated his rough lineaments.

"Lived in Australia ! yes for twenty years ; my brother and I worked our way completely."

"Was it a very hard life ?"

"Hard !" Lees looked thoroughly contemptuous ; "Well I suppose it *was*, in comparison to the lazy life here ; but I liked it. Why are you so curious ?"

"My brother, my only brother, is out there."

"Since when ?"

"Since last September." (How much longer the time felt !)

"What is he about—sheep farming ?"

"No ; he is at Ballarat—at least, he meant to go there. I only heard once from him, when he landed at Melbourne."

The tears were in Cecy's eyes, but Mr. Harcourt despised sentiment.

"Ballarat ! the young fool thinks, of course, he will find gold there growing like blackberries for the picking ! He is mistaken, the *hardest* life and struggle is gold-seeking, I can tell you, ma'am ; and, nine cases in ten, sure to end in disappointment. No—if this brother of your's has any capital or sense, let him stock farm. Archie and I began with twenty sheep, and we owned twenty thousand in ten years."

"And that would not be very hard work."

"Not it—when you get used to it ;" and Lees chuckled gruffly. "It comes hard and lonesome to beginners, of course ; sleeping out nights, squatting, seeing nobody but the Indians, besides the disappointment in the stock itself ; sheep especially, dying by hundreds in a dry season, and leaving you nothing marketable but the tallow. One bad season I sold a thousand pounds worth of tallow ; but one thing against another, it is a glorious life, and clear profit, and then you can take a three week's lark, now and again, to Melbourne or Sydney, or *even* Ballarat."

"Charmed to find you making yourself agreeable, Lees ! what is the interesting subject ?" asks Mrs. Harcourt gliding up. Lees shrugs his shoulders, but answers nothing, remembering the subject is a tabooed one by his aristocratic sister-in-law, who has made it a special request, that Australia or sheep farming should never be mentioned in her hearing. She likes *money*, but she doesn't want to know how it is *made*, any more than she wants to know how her dinner is cooked—horrid investigation both would be !

"We were talking of Australia," ventured Cecile, rather mystified by Mr. Harcourt's silence.

"Oh !" The Honourable May in turn elevates her pretty épaules. "Very sorry to interrupt, but Mrs. Macnamara is growing fidgety ; she insists on ordering you off. What a pity you live

so far from here!—ten miles, I believe? but you must come and stay some days with me—should you not like that?"

"I should indeed."

"And you could help me to entertain all these—" (suggestive blank, and glance round the room). "I feel rather lost here" (murmured plaintively); "so I hope Mrs. Macnamara will have no objection."

For once, Mrs. Macnamara was very acquiescent and amiable. She had been quite mollified by the gracious, flattering manner of the Honourable May, even to the extent of refraining from any sharp remarks during the drive home, pronounced her late hostess "a nice little person," and the uncouth Messrs. Harcourt quiet and, she dared say, sensible people. The latter surmise, however, when repeated to Uncle Oliver, was by that gentlemen laughed to scorn.

"Quiet and sensible?—looks like it! In my opinion the married one at least is a fool, beginning by tying himself to a Vigogne, and ending, as he consequently must, in utter ruin. But there are some people whom no amount of experience will teach common-sense, and Harcourt is one of these!" emphasised Uncle Oliver, almost savagely, for he seemed to consider it quite a personal insult to himself, this returned Australian's lavish expenditure of his hardly-won wealth.

"Well, I suppose he understands his own affairs best," persisted Grandmamma. "He intends, of course, looking after things himself, being his own agent."

"No—he does not. He has offered the agency to Lindores."

"How do you know?"

"From Lindores himself, who came to Derrycarne yesterday, and upon whom I called just now. I wanted him to dine, but he had not time. He promised, however, to drop in during the evening, for at least a business talk."

"What bring him here just now."

"Not being curious about other people's affairs," retaliated Uncle Oliver, "I didn't inquire; he has only come for a day or two, *en route* from Galway, where he has been looking after that old place, the Towers."

"*The Towers!*"—Cecile's pulse quickened, and at the same moment Mr. Lindores entered. What had he been doing at The Towers. Did he mean to live there, or let it fall to ruins, despising it as much as ever, she was cogitating, as she met the visitor, her face locked in the proud restraint he remembered so well.

Grandmamma, notwithstanding her uncommonplace lineage, possessed a very commonplace spirit of curiosity. "You are here only for a short time?" she began inquiringly, as Uncle Oliver, announcing

he would prefer his study for the "business talk," left the drawing-room."

"Just *enough* to irritate Oliver," and he rose to follow Mr. Macnamara.

Cecy could not help going to the yard, to hear of the old place, even from Mr. Lillibridge. "What does it look like—The Towers? does nobody live there now?" asked in tremulous confusion.

"Nobody except a caretaker." Then, as he glanced at the countenance whence the phrase had vanished, and the dark eyes shone through rising tears, "But it is kept in good order, and it looks very well, I think."

"Does it! I know I am a dlish, silly, but I cannot help still remembering it as home," she murmured haltingly. Home! It would at least be twenty years, ere she should see Frank and that home again!

* * * * *

"Now the first affair is over, and I think rather well," was felicitating the Honourable May. "The natives seemed pleased, enchanted, all that could be desired: and Lees—I must really give you a good mark, for your sociable demeanour to-day! You made yourself charmingly agreeable to that little De Burgh girl; and—"

But Lees waited not to hear if a second "good mark" were in store for him the other side of the copulative conjunction. He was off, banging the door loudly after him.

CHAPTER XL.

A PARTY AT THE JOINTURE-HOUSE.

"WE must ask these people?"

These people signify the Harcourts, and it is thus Grand-mamma expresses herself concerning them.

"Ask them for what—a little money, or a hint how to spend it?" rejoins Uncle Oliver, innocently.

"Ask them—*invite* them to dinner or luncheon, or something. The Derrycarne people being absent, I represent the family. Moreover, Cecy has been staying at The Abbey, and I have no notion of lowering myself by accepting hospitality without returning it. No; May Vigogne and her friends shall not accuse *me* of disgracing the name of Macnamara," perorates Grand-mamma, who conscientiously believes her family cognomen to be at least as well known as that of any of the European sovereigns.

"Decided attack of the company epidemic!" jeers Uncle Oliver unpolitely. "I do congratulate myself on having kept out of the infected Abbey atmosphere—By-the-bye, what an interest-

ing physiological study it would be, tracing the disease from its first floating germ in the shape of Mrs. Harcourt's primary invitation-note, down to the total destruction, and rapid descent into the grave of poverty, of the whole of her stricken imitators."

"Ridiculous, Oliver! The idea of *me* imitating anybody. I consider it my duty, for Louisa's sake, as well as my own, to show Vigogne's sister some attention. Let me see! this is Thursday. I'll ask them to come Tuesday next to luncheon—yes, luncheon will be best;" and Grandmamma, ordering Cecy to place her writing materials within reach, straightway commenced scribbling.

"I'll show May Vigogne how vulgar her crowds are by having only half a dozen guests to meet her," she said, triumphantly.

"Lucky half dozen! who will they be?"

"Well, the Jeffersons and O'Neils."

"The Jeffersons are gone to the seaside, and Lady O'Neil will never venture so far; she has not the enterprise of us young folk. But there are the Rourkes—great cards at the Abbey, and turning out grantees altogether. They are going to start the big 'O' (restore the original prefix, they call it,) before their name presently."

"I daresay they have more right to it than Harcourt starting himself for a gentleman. I shall ask them if the others refuse."

"All right! They are getting up a genealogical tree, too—beating ours hollow—dating from the Prince of Breffney and Erin's degenerate daughter."

"Wretched pretenders!" cried Grandmamma, feeling the tree to be her peculiar right. "I won't ask them unless completely hard up."

Which it turned out she *was*. The Jeffersons being at the sea, and Lady O'Neil incapacitated by a severe cold. Old Sir Martin O'Neil would not be sufficient company for the Harcourts, even on the strictest exclusive principle. So at the very last minute—Tuesday morning, indeed—an invitation was despatched to Mr. Dionysius Rourke and his sisters, and was accepted by them with becoming gratitude and fervour. They genteelly presented themselves at the Jointure-House five minutes after the hour specified, and five minutes after Sir Martin, who, the most punctual man extant, had arrived to the smallest fraction of a second, true to his time. In succession to the Rourkes appeared the curate, Mr. Winter, then "everybody, and luncheon waited for the Harcourts."

The Harcourts, who at that moment were just *en route* to realise the invitation, which, from the amusement it promised in the line of novelty, the Honourable May had accepted with pleasure for herself and party, non-inclusive, of course, of Mr.

Harcourt, as he had not been called upon by that "odd old Mr. Macnamara."

"But Lees can represent him, and it will be rather a nice drive. What do you say, Selina?" turning to her friend, Miss Evanson, who, with her sister, Miss Matilda Evanson, had lately arrived at the Abbey. These sisters professed much open affection for Mrs. Harcourt, and almost open contempt for Mrs. Harcourt's husband.

Yes, Miss Evanson agreed, the proposed drive would be rather nice. Besides she was making up an album, or note-book of oddities, which would doubtless be very nicely enriched at the end of the drive. "For I daresay these peculiar relations of yours live in a quite characteristic indigenous fashion. Mrs. Macnamara at home must be delicious; she is so very entertainingly absurd abroad. How many thousand years did she say her family had been "settled" in Ireland?"

"Quite beyond any human calculation," smiled Mrs. Harcourt. "Oh, we shall certainly make the expedition—it will be what Archibald calls 'value to any amount.'"

So this is how it came to pass that a carriage containing three very chatty bent-on-being-amused individuals, viz., the Honourable May and the Misses Evanson, and a fourth, very silent and sullen, in the person of Mr. Lees Harcourt, rolled smoothly over the dusty road intervening between the Abbey and the Jointure-House, whilst the inhabitants of that latter cheerful abode were in different degrees of expectation and irritation, over the protracted advent, Uncle Oliver really angry, Sir Martin O'Neil really ditto, and very hungry, being accustomed to regular hours—meal hours especially. Cecy, fresh from her week's experience of the Harcourt wealth, rather nervously considering how the monied eyes would regard the tarnished Macnamara splendour and small establishment. Grandmamma, in an outward access of dignity and condescension, doing manners to the Rourkes, inwardly bewailing the spoiling of the cookery, which sentiment old Mick, the coachman—transformed into his home office of butler—is audibly reiterating in the kitchen.

"Sorra mend them! the vittles will be ruined, and no mistake!" he ejaculates, for the twentieth time; and then he jumps up and repairs hastily to the hall, for a resounding knock and succeeding ring, announce the arrival at last of the guests *par excellence*, their splendidly-appointed carriage and curvetting horses making quite a picture in the gravel sweep fronting the drawing-room windows. Uncle Oliver shrugs his shoulders; Sir Martin, whose fortunes are on the decline, and who came in a dog-cart, looks supercilious; the Rourkes awed and delighted, and mentally hoping—no, that is too strong a word—mentally *wondering* if the Honour-

able May will recognise them *here* in any house save her own. She and her friends glide gracefully in.

"We are unpunctual, I fear," she apologises, sweetly; "but we were practising archery—that is *so* absorbing, you know." Pressing Mrs. Macnamara's hand, then Cecy's, then Uncle Oliver's, then Sir Martin's, and—oh, wretched Rourkes!—acknowledging the rest of the company by one slight indefinite nod.

Will Dionysius ever put his trust in Honourables again? He will.

Equally oblivious and distant are the Misses Evanson; but Lees shakes hands solemnly with all round, and Mick, who has hurried and flurried, and anathematised the cook into sending up "at wanst" the "dinner," as he styles the unwontedly elaborate lunch, re-opens the door, and announces the meal—"served," feeling much more inclined to proclaim it "spoiled."

"Have we kept you waiting?" murmurs Mrs. Harcourt, inquiringly, as she deposits her gloved fingers on Uncle Oliver's rusty coat-sleeve.

"Just one hour and thirty-eight minutes," he replies, with brief accuracy, hurrying along his fair burden, whilst more leisurely follow, Mr. Winter, Miss Evanson, Mr. Rourke (happy Dionysius), Miss Matilda Evanson, Mr. Harcourt, Miss Rourke. The second Miss Rourke is conveyed under Cecy's care, as Grandmamma, of course, appropriates Sir Martin, who is fearfully hungry and snappish, and cannot *understand* this sort of thing, and dreads overdone meat and cold *entrées*, which he is secretly sure await him in the dining-room. Yes, all just as he suspected. "Thanks, no;" starved as he is, he is not going to sustain his sinking frame with lukewarm curry or frozen cutlets. He will try and exist, till he gets home, on cold beef, whose temperature, fixed the day before, has escaped the influence of the destroying angel, who is talking prettily, in the face of the wreck she has caused, to savage Uncle Oliver, eating little, as in this respect she had prudently fortified herself before starting on her long drive, as did likewise her friends. So Miss Evanson has leisure for mental notes—'funny' everything seems to her, as she glances from the old gentleman so absurdly put out, to Sir Martin, gloomily rapacious, and Mrs. Macnamara (funniest of all), keeping one eye on the company and the other on the butler, to remind the latter of his duty. So busy is she observing that she can hardly reply to Mr. Winter's small remarks. Indeed, conversation is not very general or well sustained, save on the part of the Honourable May, who is inexhaustible, and, after the social board is quitted, proposes a walk,—she is so fond of a ramble. But, as is always the case, you know, on such occasions, a shower is falling; wherefore nobody can stir out.

"Tiresome!" pronounces Mrs. Harcourt, now thoroughly provoked, and irritated at having her affections blighted by the undesirable chance of weather. Her chagrin, however, appears to solace Uncle Oliver, whose countenance beams in proportion as the sky and the ladies' faces darken.

"Horrid wretch!" soliloquises Miss Evanson, and continues her mental bookmaking; whilst Miss Matilda edifies the company at large, with interesting fashionable intelligence concerning her cousin, Lady Monia Cottonopolis, who is to be "introduced" next season. "Poor darling! she is so timid, and the introduction is really such a nervous thing!" Whereupon the Rourkes (who were introduced at an auction) look sympathetic, and exclaim in chorus, "Dreadfully, oh, dreadfully nervous!" Sir Martin talks Church and State to Mr. Winter, who would a great deal rather chat to the young ladies; but Sir Martin is above caring what may be his fellow-man's preference, and buttonholes the unwilling divine accordingly.

Finally Lees—who—his hands behind his back—has been walking round the room staring at the faded portraits of sundry extinct "Macs," inquires of Cecy, "Who are all those coves, hanging up?"

She explains rather confusedly, as she knows Miss Evanson is listening.

"And have you heard from the chap in Australia, as to what he's up to?" continued Mr. Lees, with a degree of knowing significance bewildering to his auditors. She rather resents the questioning interest this younger Mr. Harcourt testifies so persistently, each time she meets him, concerning her brother's pursuits, etc.

"I have not heard since last month's mail," she replies, coldly.

"Because" (confidentially) "perhaps I can give you a guess as to what he is at. You see I am a bit interested in him—in anyone trying his luck in Australia; so I wrote to a friend to find him out (my diggings is not far from Ballarat) and give him a lift."

"A what?"

"A lift—some work, you, know—gold-seeking is bosh; but I remembered where you told me the lad was, and I wrote to the overseer who is minding my place for me till I go back—I won't stay *here*, you know—and I shouldn't wonder the young fellow—Frank, you called him—is at the farm now."

"What doing?" asked Cecy, a little impatiently.

"Oh, it is not the same there as here—all work there, and all get rich. He went out to get rich—didn't he?"

Cecy's answer is obviated by the entrance of tea, and following

its imbibition the exit of the guests. She knows she ought to be grateful, but she is not, and she stands silently ashamed of herself as the carriage and its splendid horses sweep proudly away. After a becoming pause the Rourkes retire also ; and Sir Martin orders his dogcart, wherein he vouchsafes Mr. Winter a seat home.

"Well, ma'am, hope you're satisfied you have done your duty, charmed the quality, and nearly killed poor O'Neil of starvation?"

"Nonsense, Oliver! men are not so easily starved. I *am* glad I have done my duty. Wouldn't for anything have let May Vigogne think we couldn't entertain her. Cecy, what was that Harcourt creature mumbling to you, before he went off?"

Cecy recounted, Uncle Oliver started a little, then he recovered himself and laughed—

"Pleasant idea, getting a helping hand! I alter my opinion of the Harcourts. They *are* worth cultivating."

"But is it a *bad* thing for Frank to be? tell me, uncle," asked Cecy, beseechingly. Her lips trembled, and a vague undefinable apprehension rose in her heart. But Uncle Oliver only laughed the more, though not ill-naturedly.

"*Bad!*" he repeated. "*Good* for the boy it will be, as much roughing as possible will be all the better for him in the long-run. It was a roughing life taught me sense, which is not a natural attribute in the family."

"And I am sure Mr. Harcourt meant to be kind," thought Cecy, overcoming her proud irritation, and recalling Frank's almost parting words, "He would do anything to get rich." She spent the remainder of the afternoon concocting a long explanatory epistle to her brother, and only when it was finished remembered that the next mail would not leave for some days ; and, moreover, she was ignorant of the address of the Harcourt Farm. She must wait for that information till either she should meet Mr. Lees again, or hear from Frank. She threw down her pen, longing, with an aching intensity of longing, for even one kind sympathetic word of council and help. But no friend likely to administer such was at hand. Fred was far away in St. Petersburg, and all the other members of his family sojourning in the south of France. For that grand scientific experiment of living in artificial Algeria had resulted unfavourably for the health of The Macnamara ; and instead of, as usual, spending the summer months at Derrycarne, he was ordered off by his doctors to Montpellier, with a further strict prescription to pass the ensuing winter in real Algiers.

Some people prophesied that ensuing winter would be Crofton Macnamara's last.

TURKEY :

ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND RESOURCES.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART IX.

COMMERCE, AND CONCLUSION.

OF all the various populations under the sway of the Osmanli Turks : the Greeks, the Armenians, and the Jews, have most aptitude for commercial enterprise ; those who have the least are the Turks themselves, the Albanians, and the Servians. The Servians do some business, especially in pigs ; but the Turkish and Albanian idea of commerce, is mostly limited to retailing what has been imported by more enterprising persons. Hence the Turks have only one word for merchant and trader—Bazarji (the Bazarghian of the Slaves). The Servians have two words, Tergovatz and Veliki Tergovatz, the latter corresponding to the Grosshaendlers of Austria, the Dacians come out more pretentiously with their Negutetorion, and the Greeks are surpassing with their Emporos and Pragmateotès.

Bulgarians, both on the Danube, and in the towns of Macedonia, show more aptitude for commerce than the Servians, as they are also, we have had before occasion to remark, amongst the best farmers. There is something very stolid and steady about a stalwart Bulgarian. He differs from a Dacian or Servian, as much as a German does from an average Frenchman ; but the better class of Wallachians, and even, strange to say, the Zingares or gypsies, at times emulate the Greeks in the spirit of commercial enterprise. Greek merchants, almost alone, are met with in all the large towns of Turkey, and have houses or firms affiliated in all the great ports of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, in Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia. As to the Turks, even the Persians have greater aptitude than they have, and the Albanians are tillers of the soil, or contemplative shepherds, when not, like all the border tribes, engaged in domestic broils or inter-provincial guerillas.

The financial condition of Turkey is almost peculiar to itself. Business of all kinds is so oppressed by taxation, especially by the barbarous system of Avantias, or extraordinary levies made by pashas, which no one can foresee or provide for, that as a rule few care to cultivate or produce more than is necessary for home con-

sumption or to procure a living. The enterprising merchant, or even tradesman, is therefore always an exception in a system which strangles enterprise at its birth. As living is cheap it can be easily understood that little is wanted to gratify the ambition of the majority. Then, again, this normal state of insecurity leads to great secretiveness. Few merchants of Constantinople but have seen those tombstones, in the Greek and Armenian and Jewish cemeteries, which figuratively record that the corpse below belongs to one who was favoured with the bow-string for his reputed wealth. If they have not seen them, the tradition is not the less current throughout the empire. Merchants are so fearful of being supposed to be wealthy, that on their way to the fairs of Pesth, Leipzig, Odessa, or elsewhere, they hide their money in sacks of red pepper. At home, all pretensions to wealth, such as luxury of dress or furniture, or equipages of any description, are eschewed. An Armenian saraph, or banker, receives a visitor in what is little better than a cell in a massive Khan or Kerwanserai. Hence it is also that, with some exceptions—there are always exceptions when one has to deal with generalities—there are few large fortunes made in Turkey. If there are exceptions, they are Turkish officials, who become rich upon finessing; Armenian saraphs, who become rich upon usury; and Greek merchants, who become rich by speculation. Throughout Turkey a man with two or three hundred a year (three thousand florins in Servia, and seven to eight thousand francs in Turkey) is deemed to be a rich man; whilst four or five hundred a year income is looked upon as a large fortune. Add to this, there are few means of employing money usefully when acquired. The Turkish loans, paid as they have been out of the sweat and toil of the working man, have never been in favour in Turkey itself, as they have been with European nations. Even the Servian, when he has made a little ready money by the sale of his pigs, which rove in independence, and multiply almost without a care or thought for them, in vast forests of acorns and beech-mast, places his sequins in a bag and hides it away. No one ever thinks of investing money and living upon the interest of it. But this is common to most oriental nations; and hence it is, that while one rapacious ruler builds palaces, temples, and tombs, which astonish future generations by their magnificence, the majority dwell, and have dwelt for ages, in hovels. This system has probably obtained from the day of the pyramids to that when the last mausoleum of gold and marble rose over the relics of Abdul Assiz's predecessor. India is in this respect the most favoured of oriental nations; every one can enjoy property or money in perfect security, and the majority would be very blind to risk so happy a state of things in exchange

for the luxury and magnificence of any future Grand Mogul or Nadir Shah, whose display is earned at the expense of the people, while all security of tenure would be lost for ever. When asking in oriental towns for ancient coins—there was no such thing; but on leaving the same town, two or three of the inhabitants would walk out a mile or two by way of company, and then before parting would display bags full of Greek, Macedonian, and Roman gold and silver. It is the same with pearls and precious stones. The writer never, but on one occasion, saw a native exhibit a string of pearls in the presence of a pasha. Many a poor peasant, having nothing to do with his gold, gives it a kind of security by affixing it to the head-dress of his wife and daughters. Many a miserably-dressed peasant may have plenty of gold secreted away—look alone at the price given by a poor Arab for a coveted mare of really good breed—and the knowledge of this circumstance is made an excuse for the dreaded *avanas*, or sudden acts of extortion.

All bargains are cemented in Turkey by shaking hands in the presence of witnesses. Written contracts are very rarely had recourse to. The Muhammadans have retained the practice of paying rents on the same days as were usual in the time of the Low Empire, or of the Byzantines—St. George's day, the 5th of May, and St. Demetrius's day, the 23rd of October. The *oka* is the standard measure of weight, and is equivalent to two pounds and a quarter. There are 400 drachms in an *oka*. The half and quarters of an *oka* have different names in different provinces. For other measures they have the *arschin* (about 22 inches), and for land, the *denum*, or the square space that can be ploughed with two oxen in a day. The Turks have also the *deulum*, a square of 40 *arschin*, or *archines*, as the Europeans call them, and *evlek*, an oblong of 10 *arschin*s in width, by 40 in length.

The coinage (*akje*) is upon the decimal or duodecimal system. The gold coins are *Iyirmiluks* or *Mahmudiyehs* (commonly called *gazis*), of 20 piastres; the silver coins (*Beshluks*) of 5 piastres, and half *beshluks*. The piastre is generally current at 2½d. or 25 centimes. The latter coin, as also portions of a piastre, especially the *para*, so current among the peasants, are so badly coined, being a copper alloy slightly silvered over, that they soon wear out and lose all value. The history of the piastre, as the standard of Turkish currency, is curious. It was originally founded on the piastre of Spain, and was worth 5 francs and 6 sous. In 1775 it fell to 3 francs and 2 sous, and at the advent of Selim III., to 2 francs 10 sous. It fell during the same reign to 1 franc 10 sous, and in more recent times the decline in value has been still more rapid: in 1819 it was worth 90 centimes, or 9d.; in 1826, 40 centimes, or 4d.; and

in 1836 to 25 centimes or 2½d. Paras are indispensable to travellers, as change is rarely procurable in country places. Although so small a coin, they have an intrinsic value, and country people make a profit by sending them in little sacks to Constantinople. The average is 40 paras to a piastre of 2½d., but in Albania and some other places, 42 go to a piastre. It is obvious if from 42 to 50 paras can be obtained for a piastre, and 40 go to a piastre at Constantinople, that the profit upon sending 1000 paras to the capital would be equivalent to a profit of from 40 to 100 paras.

The Slavonians have coins of 60 paras, known as vijlin in Serbia, and viselin in Bosnia. The Bulgarians have their solot of 30 paras; the Albanians their Katzelis or Katzils of 20 paras in some places, 21 in others. The Dacians have their lutschs of 12 paras; Upper Mœsia and Ochrida rups of 10 paras. When it is considered that in some places, a large water melon can be purchased for 1 or 2 paras, and cucumbers and other fruits and vegetables and even fish, for the same price, it will be seen how essentially necessary it is to make the para the basis of all small marketing; and the fortieth part of two-pence half-penny obtains, in so cheap a country, almost the same importance as a centime in France.

A great number of foreign coins are current in Turkey, but their value varies at particular times and places. Government payments are made in little leathern sacks or purses (khurj or Kesé) of 500 piastres (five pounds, or 125 francs). Hence the estimate by "purses." The interest upon money averages in Turkey 20 per cent., but for a loan the Jews and Armenians charge from 20 to 40 per cent.

Money being so valuable in Turkey, lands and houses are sold proportionately cheap. In Serbia a large house used to cost from £50 to £125; but at Belgrade, with one story, from £100 to £700. Now, the English consul pays a hundred a year rent. A peasant's hut was built for from 10s. to a £1, wood and mud, costing merely the labour of removal. A good wooden house could be purchased in Bosnia for from £8 to £10. The price of wheat varies with places and seasons, but the average value is from 10 to 20 paras an oka—that is to say, from one half-penny to a penny for two pounds and a quarter. When flour was at 14 paras the oka, it was fetching 32 to 36 paras, or nearly two-pence per 2½ lbs. The price of the best bread varies from 12 to 30 paras, or from one half-penny to twopence per 2½ lbs; at Janina, a piastre or 2½d. Maize or Turkey corn fetches from 10 to 20 paras the 2½ lbs. The state reserves to itself the right to purchase corn and rice for the soldiery and others at its own price.

It is to be observed that the data for prices given here were obtained some years ago, and may have altered since then;

but with increasing financial difficulties throughout the Empire, it is not likely that there will be much increase in the value of produce. It is when money is abundant that the price of articles of daily consumption are most enhanced.

Wages are much influenced by the price of corn, and therefore vary a good deal. The average may be stated as from 5 to 10 piastres, or from one to two shillings; but with three meals a day the labourer only obtains 2 to 3 piastres, or from 5d. to 7½d. A man-servant receives from 40 to 60 piastres, or from 8 to 10 shillings a month; and girls from 12 to 14 shillings a year, with two dresses, one for summer and one for winter.

Work done by foreigners is well paid for in Turkey, and is consequently at least one-third higher than at Vienna. Any skilled workmen, more especially tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, locksmiths, saddlers or others, could easily realise a competency at Constantinople, if sober and industrious.

Rice varies in price from 2 piastres, or 5d. to 7d. to 1s. 7d. the oka. The latter price only occurs when a pasha has monopolised the sale. Local pashas rack their ingenuity in buying up monopolies, and thus sometimes such common things as salt or soap will rise five or six times in value in the same town. Barley only fetches 10 to 12 paras, or from one half-penny to a penny for 2½ lbs. It has been as low as 4 paras, or less than a farthing for 2½ lbs. in Wallachia. As hops grow wild in Turkey the success of their cultivation is unquestionable; and with barley at such a price Turkey might become the paradise of beer drinkers, as, with skill, it might also become that of lovers of the more generous grape-juice.

Oats fetch about the same price as barley, but if anything rather less. *Triticum polonicum* sells in Herzegovina at about 3 Austrian kreutzers the oka. Hay sells at 5 to 10 paras the oka, and from 10 to 20 piastres, or from 1 to 2 shillings the load. Wood for fuel ("odün" T., "drvo" Sl., "dru" Al., "lemn" Dac., "xylon" Gr.) has no price, save labour and transport. In the woody regions every one cuts as much as he wants. But from want of good roads and means of transport, labour and carriage make it expensive in some districts. The Arabs, for example, use the dung of animals for fuel, and in their rich language they have names for every variety. Even at Belgrade a load of wood is valued at from 4 to 5 shillings, and Turkish carts do not hold much. Yet the price of labour is ridiculously small, from 8d. to a shilling for horse hire, and 50 paras, or about 3d., for a man, being all that the natives generally pay.

A sheep fetches from 10 to 12 piastres, or from 2s. to 2s. 6d. in Macedonia and Albania; but 3s. to 4s. at Janina. At Etropol a

sheep is worth 1s. 6d., but a mountain sheep fetches as much as 3s. At Semlin, in Austria, a sheep is worth from 3 to 4s., and at Vienna from 8 to 12s., according to the quality. A sheep's skin in Turkey fetches from 1s. to 1s. 6d. Mutton sells at from 30 paras to 1 piastre the oka, or from 2d. to 2½d. the 2¼ lbs. At Etropol only 20 to 30 paras, but at Janina and Belgrade from 60 to even 90 paras—the highest being 6d. per pound. Roasted, the price is from 2½d. at Scutari, to 7½d. the 2¼ lbs. at Janina.

A lamb fetches from 8 to 15 or 20 piastres, according to the season. A goat from 5 piastres (1s.) to 10 piastres. Goat's hair sells at from 2½ piastres to 3 piastres the oka. A horse fetches from £4 to £5 in Servia, and can be sold at a profit in the low countries. Its daily cost is from 2½ to 3½ piastres. This is the price of country inns, but at Constantinople they charge about 5 piastres, or a shilling, a day for the keep of a horse.

The price of a cow varies from £1 to £2, or even £3 if a good milker. Of an ox from £1 to £3. Of a calf in Slavonia from 8s. to 10s. The Turks, as we have before said, do not sell or kill calves.

Fowls fetch throughout Turkey from 1½ piastre to 2 piastres, or from 3½d. to 5d. The price, however, varies from 1 piastre (2½d.) to 3 piastres or 7½d. at some inns. An egg fetches from 5 to 10 paras, which would be equivalent to from 3d. to 6d. a dozen. But in remote country places the prices are still lower. When on the Euphrates, the poor Madain or pastoral Arabs would bring a sheep on board, and when asked the price, would say, "Whatever you like—we do not know the value of money." They have probably learnt better since a regular steam navigation has been opened with Baghdad. All travellers in the East are not only liable to be overcharged, but are certain to be so by their Levantine servants and interpreters. The native servants are the best, whether Turk, Syrian, or Arab.

The price of a duck at Belgrade is from 2½ to 3 piastres, or from 6d. to 9d.; but in the country, where procurable, not more than from 5d. to 7d. In Bulgaria and Thracia a goose may be obtained at from one shilling to 1s. 6d., English money, according to the size of the bird. A Turkey fetches in Thracia and Bulgaria 1s. and 10d. to 2s. But in Bithynia we got them for 1s. each, and boiled them for want of better means to cook them. Potatoes fetch in Bosnia and Servia 15 to 20 paras or about a penny the oka of 2¼ lbs—a sack is worth from 2 to 3 shillings. A Turk, it is to be observed, does not say "how much is this?" but "how many paras?" Potatoes are not to be found in the hot parts of Turkey; but Colonel Taylor, the late resident at Baghdad, grew potatoes and other English vegetables in winter. The price of

onions is from 7 to 8 paras an oka, but at Belgrade they fetch 15 to 20 paras, and at Janina one piastre. White haricots sell at 20, 25, and 30 paras an oka.

The usual price for country wine in Turkey in Europe, is from 20 to 30 paras the oka, to travellers generally 1 piastre. At Belgrade a better class of red wine is sold at double that price, and at Janina at from 44 paras to 1 piastre. It may be imagined from this what wine can be obtained for, purchased wholesale. On the banks of the Save, in Hungary, a large bottle of wine fetches from 2d. to 4d., according to the quality. There are years of abundance in Hungary when the eimer, or measure of 100 bottles of wine is sold wholesale at from 2 to 3 shillings. The island of Crete produces annually 15 millions of okas of wine, mainly exported to Alexandria. This wine contains 20 per cent. of alcohol, and is said after five years keeping to have the flavour of rum. Wine one year old fetches one piastre the oka, or 2½d. for 2¼ lbs. Two years old, 2 piastres and so on. Candia is also said to produce its 15 millions of okas of wine. Yet the wines of Samos, Tenedos, Cyprus, Candia, and Crete are almost the only wines that are exported from Turkey; and in Turkey in Asia, excepting in towns much frequented by Europeans, as Beirût, Jerusalem, and Aleppo, wine is not even to be obtained. In our time it was not procurable even at large towns, such as Sivas, Dyarbekir, Mosul, or Koniye. But very good wine was procurable at Tokat, Angora, Adanah, and Erzurum. The Cyprus wines are celebrated, as also the malmsey of Candia; the red wines of Crete, and the vino d'oro of Syria: the wine of Shiraz, when in perfection, is to some superior in flavour to any know wine.

Brandy from prunes—the “slivovitza” of the Slavonians—costs at the towns where it is distilled, 5d. the oka, but at other places 6d. to 7½d. Poor raki sells at 2d. to 2½d. the oka; but strong raki, which is twice distilled, fetches from 10d. to 20d. the oka. By the bottle, common raki is charged about 10d., and slivovitza, or schligovitz, as it is also called, about the same price.

A curious trade exists in some some parts of the country in tripe or entrails. They cost from 3 to 10 piastres the oka, are washed and used for cords for instruments, or as coverings for sausages, or are packed and salted, and exported as tripe to Italy, by Costainitza, and to Bavaria by the Danube.

Turkey is mainly supplied with salt from the mines of Wallachia, which, are very profitable to that state. Most of the pashas monopolise the sale of salt in retail, and Prince Milosch, of Servia, follows the example set to him elsewhere. It varies in price from 20 to 30 paras the oka, and being a monopoly, a vast amount of contraband trade is carried on across the Danube.

Coffee, like rice, tobacco, and salt is also a monopoly. Its price unroasted is from 8 to 10 piastres, the oka; roasted, from 10 to 12 piastres, or about 2s. 6d. per 2½ lbs. Coffee and tea are among the few things that are dear in Turkey. Sugar is also heavily taxed, and hence it fetches from 7 piastres the oka in Servia, to 10 piastres in Turkey. Tobacco, another great monopoly, sells at from 5 to 6 piastres the oka for inferior qualities, up to 8, 10, and even 12 piastres for the best.

Some business is done in the way of skins and furs of bears, lynxes, badgers, and hares, mainly through Belgrade, for northern Europe, but we have no data as to prices.

Honey sells at about 3 to 4 piastres the oka. Wax about 15 piastres. Prunes sell at 10, 12, and sometimes 20 paras the oka. Raw Silk fetches at Larissa 110 piastres the oka when cheap, 150 piastres when dear. The average price is about 120 piastres. At Mostar the price is 160 piastres, but at Belgrade the market price attains to 400 piastres. Wool fetches from 4 to 6 piastres the oka, half an oka is lost upon 1½ okas in washing. Cotton fetches from 6½ to 7 piastres the oka. Wrought copper is pretty uniformly 4s. 2d: an oka. There exists some small commerce in timber with Hungary and other neighbouring countries, and box-wood is now much sought for. It abounds most in the lower valley of the Orontes, between Antioch and the sea. Gall-nuts are gathered in Turkey in Europe, more particularly in Lower Albania and in Greece, as well as in Kurdistan. A tax is put upon a license to gather, besides a customs or duty on exportation. Hence they fetch from £10 to £15 the quintal of 440 okas, or 990 lbs. Although we have shown elsewhere that the gall-nuts of Kurdistan are obtained from other species of oak, there is no doubt that the true Valona, Valonée, or Vallonia of commerce, as obtained in Turkey in Europe, ("maze," of the Turks, "schischka" of the Slavonians, "gogosu" of the Dacians, and "kekidi" of the Greeks,) is derived from *Quercus Ægilops*. The name is corrupted from Valanos, an acorn, and hence the port where much is shipped—Aulone—is known to the Italians as Vallona. Valona sells for forty to fifty piastres the quintal. Kermes is also still collected from *Quercus coccifera*, but to a very small extent.

Trade in pigs is almost peculiar to Servia. The exportation from Belgrade alone amounts to about 100,000, and from the whole principality, is estimated at from 3 to 400,000. A sucking pig fetches ten to twelve piastres; an ordinary pig, of about a quintal in weight, fetches thirty piastres or from six to seven shillings; one of two quintals in weight twice that sum. Fat pigs fetch up to £2, or a little more each.

The pig-trade with Vienna is quite an important branch of

commerce. First, one florin and a half has to be paid at Semlin upon each pig. Thence the herds are driven by Esseg and the Bakonywald, picking up their food by the way, and travelling in summer only by night. Fat pigs are, however, fed with maize in addition. Fifteen drivers accompany one hundred thin pigs, at the rate of 1s. 3d. per diem; but eight drivers suffice for one hundred fat pigs and they are paid 1s. 8d. per diem. The pigs get over from fifteen miles a day or night, and it takes the thin ones a fortnight, and the fat ones, six weeks to two months, to get to Vienna. There are regular pig stations on the road, known as obor. At Vienna, an octroi of 5s. has to be paid on each pig—a fat one fetching as much as £3 English money. Salt pork, hams, and even pigs are forwarded from Vienna over all the German States.

It will be seen from the prices given, that almost all the native productions of Turkey would afford as much profit as tobacco and figs, and other known objects of commerce, if proper and fast means of transport were provided by sea, supposing the customs not to be prohibitive. In the transport by Central Europe they are utterly so, and nothing in the exceeding cheapness of the Turkish market would enable them to traverse any extent of country. Take the example of the pig: it has to pay for exportation, 1½ florins at Semlin and 5s. at Vienna, when a calf is only charged 3s. 6d., and a sheep, 2s. 6d.; and then, again, to enter Germany a thin pig is taxed twenty kreutzers, and a fat one, one thaler. Lastly in France, the enormous tax of thirteen francs fifty centimes was put on each pig; so that when Strasburg was French (and the Alsatians are as partial to sausages as the Germans), whilst the German pig only cost about 30s., the Servian or Hungarian pig cost from £2 to £2 10s.

It is impossible in a mere Magazine article to have to do with more than generalities. To enter into details of an ever-varying demand and supply, would require an extension of space which would not be interesting to the general reader. Those, however, who are in search of useful and practical information upon the subject, will find it in the "Reports from Her Majesty's Consuls on the Manufactures, Commerce, &c., of their Consular Districts. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty." We have, for example, had occasion to notice the fisheries of the Lake of Antioch and its tributaries; and we find, from the Report of Mr. Consul Skene, of Aleppo, that the produce from this source alone was in 1872 15 tons, valued at 60,000 piastres, and the whole was exported to Malta. In the same valuable report, there is

record made of an act of the Turkish Government unexampled for its folly and mischievous tendency.

The Bedwins are a pastoral people ; it was deemed wise to convert them into plodding agriculturists. To do this the tribes were hunted down by Turkish riflemen mounted on dromedaries. A military cordon was formed round them, and they were ordered in the name of the Sultan to till the ground beneath their feet, without oxen, implements, or seed. They were kept hemmed in on the area allotted to each tribe until their horses, sheep, and camels, accustomed to roam in search of pasture, sickened and died by hundreds ! We have before explained that the movement of pastoral Arabs from south to north, and *vice versâ*, is equivalent to a removal of other tribes from plain to mountain, and is necessitated by the climate.

The series of articles in which it was proposed to show generally what are the resources of Turkey, have now come to a conclusion. The object the writer had in view was, as stated at the onset, to prove that the amelioration of that country could be best brought about by the introduction of skilled labour, of science and of capital, the natural resources being what have been depicted.

Since the series, brief as it has been, was begun, a war characterised by all the rancour of race and of religious antagonism, has arisen, prompted by the Panslavist Societies, who have for years been engaged in stirring up rebellion among the Christian races inhabiting Turkey in Europe. What the results may be, where so many complicated interests are at stake, and where so much feeling has been shewn, regardless of all past history, of present interests, and of the vast dispersion of the Slavonic race, embracing, as it does the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe, a great portion of Austria, Hungary (including Bohemia and Moravia), Poland, and—with a Tchudish or Finnish element—all Russia, it must remain with time to disclose.



LOVE AND HOPE.

I SAW Love seated on a rock with Hope
Dead at his feet. A uniform grey screen
Of cloud concealed the young day's azure cope.

No wind-sown flower, no leaf, no blades of green
Grew near ; the naked rocks, the leaden sky,
And those two shapes alone composed the scene.

Tears on his cheek, but none within his eye,
Whose lightnings now all spent or shrouded were.
He had been weeping till their source was dry—

With drooping pinion, drooping head, an air
Of utter desolation in his mien
(Grief for a space had yielded to despair),

And hands loose-clasped that hung his knees between,
Listless he sat. His form appeared to exhale
A wane and waning splendour which was seen

To clothe his smooth, round limbs with lustre pale,
And flicker through his shining locks of hair,
Changing their gold to flame. But which did fail

To pierce the shadow that enshrouded, there
Where outstretched at his feet it lay—ay me !
That other figure feminine and fair,

Whose cruel death caused all his misery,
Alas for Love when Hope has ceased to be !

ELISE COOPER.

SKEPTOMANIA.

IN an article headed "Fact and Faith," which appeared in the number of this Magazine for August last, reasons were stated for believing that the apparent antagonism of Science and Christianity would not endure ; it is now proposed briefly to adduce a few reasons which it is thought make their speedy conciliation exceedingly desirable.

If, withdrawing ourselves from the hurry in which the lives of so many of us are passed, we look calmly out, as it were, upon the lives of our countrymen, it surely must strike us at once melancholy and curious, that a mighty civilisation based upon a mighty religion, has produced men of the most brilliant acquirements in physical lore, who labour with persistent zeal to undermine the religion to which they owe so much. It is nothing to them that Christianity has existed for nearly nineteen hundred years, and still answers the cravings of the souls of a very large proportion of our race ; whereas their theories are shaped with every succeeding discovery, and become in a very little time unrecognisable. Everything around us changes ; the surface of the earth is always covered with life, but its forms are ever varying ; our very bodies are not our own seven years together ; the ideas of man change, and then he changes too, for he is so much the creature of idea. But our religion, amidst all this change, is steadfast and unchangeable ; and we cannot but think it a marvellous sign both of the existence of a soul in man, and the divinity of the Christian religion, that for nineteen hundred years the one has remained unaltered, finding always its sustenance and support in the other. It is, we repeat, a sad and melancholy thing to come face to face with, that the very intelligence with which the Almighty Creator endowed His creatures should be used by them to subvert the religion which He sent into the world to elevate them into a spiritual life which should render them fit for heaven.

As Dr. Boulton exclaims : " All this, in a certain sense, is very well for literary men to play with as a mental toy during the hours of a life of mental excitement. Their own intellectual pursuits occupy, and in a measure elevate them above the gross and the sensual. But what for others ? What shall we say to our children who have not these literary tastes ? What shall we do for the degraded classes of society ? Where is the Gospel that we may

take into the courts and alleys, and that shall sound as sweet music by the bedside of the sick who is dying in rags and misery?"*

Yes, we come to a much sadder truth when we recognise that these notions descend upon the mass of the people, who cannot test their veracity, but can only accept them in blind deference to the authority which supposed wisdom always possesses. Who has not seen the havoc they make? There seems, indeed, to be a class of people, composed chiefly of the young, who esteem it a fine thing to be a sceptic, a still finer thing to be an atheist, and a glorious thing, because indicating so serene a loftiness of wisdom, so unfettered an exercise of thought, to inform other people that their religion is a superstitious mummary. Silver-haired grand-parents, tottering upon the brink of the grave, are favoured with this information with peculiar unction; derived probably from a reflection upon the superiority of knowledge gained in a work over the experience of a life-time. This spirit obtains amongst the partially educated, whose fortune it has been to attend the lectures of the "physical philosophers," the "great thinkers," the leaders of the glorious march of the Human Intellect," the "golden cosmopolitan age," and so forth; and who have there imbibed a diluted mixture of utilitarianism, atheism, and sundry other "-isms." Our readers surely know whom we mean? Like all other classes, they have their characteristics: we speak of those people who go about with books under their arm, with knitted brows, and with ineffable wisdom written upon their faces—shining in their self-complacent eyes, revealing itself in their supercilious noses, and lurking about their intolerant lips. These people would be harmless enough if everybody were possessed of discrimination. But history and experience both teach us that dupes are never wanting; and these devotees to the new ideas make much mischief by disseminating them. Those primarily who set these ideas afloat would do well to see the distorted shape in which they reach the multitude; how the enthusiasm of their injudicious followers leads them to make proselytes by addressing the selfish and the base side of our nature; that is, by telling their neighbours there is no God, therefore no cause for religion,† and that everybody should be able to do as they like, provided they don't hurt anybody else.‡ Obviously there are very many who are eager to avail themselves of such a creed, under the sanction of which they may give rein to desires not countenanced by the law and religion of the land. Who has not had occasion to

* Annual Address of the Victoria Institute for 1873.

† For instance, we have often heard this said upon the authority of Professor Tyndall's Belfast Lecture; whereas, in the preface to the publication of that Lecture, he expressly denies the statement.

‡ "Essay on Liberty," introductory chapter. J. Stuart Mill.

notice the eager but misgiving haste with which the idea of responsibility to a Hereafter is by wretches cast away? No higher tribunal than that of man: be very cunning, avoid that, and you are safe!

The notion of liberty and free-will, set afloat by Mill, we think is especially dangerous. Liberty, with us Englishmen, is a well-loved word, a word all-potent with the vulgar; and under it an insidious attack is directed against the Christian religion, as making the will of man subservient to that of God.* We cannot help admiring the ingenuity of this attack; and the idea that we should do as we please is very taking. But we submit that the condition that our actions must harm nobody else would be exceedingly liable to be overlooked. If a man, in the name of Liberty and Free-will, wanted to get drunk, and you attempted to shew him that if he did so he would impair his constitution, and thus injure the welfare of any children he might have afterwards, you would find him very hard to convince; he would probably tell you, with a hiccup, that it is necessary to the development of man's faculties that he should have perfect liberty and freedom of will.†

If all persons could be cultivated enough to pass a competent and deliberate judgment upon the theories which are so temptingly served up to them, we could have no reason to fear. We could trust the instincts of human nature to preserve the existence of religion, and we could trust the welfare of Christianity to the general propensity of cultivated minds to prefer what is noblest and best. But what we desire to point out is that there is no prospect of such a state of things. And this, beyond those effects of irreligion at which we have hinted, we think forms another consideration why scientific investigations should be made and taught by the sacred light of religion.

It requires but a very slight acquaintance with political economy to understand what is meant by the term Division of Employments.‡ It is upon this principle that wealth is produced, and it is upon this principle, therefore, that the progress of nations in civilisation largely depends. The operation of this law has made soldiery a distinct avocation, whereas formerly every man was a soldier, as well as a hunter, a fisher, or a tiller of the earth: it has caused merchandise to shoot out into innumerable branches: it has caused manufactures to be done in many distinct parts:—in the making of a watch, for instance, we have a maker of springs, a maker of wheels, a maker of cases, and so of every component part:—in short, to borrow Adam Smith's expression, "what is the work

* "Essay on Liberty," chap. iii. J. Stuart Mill.

† Ibid.

‡ This term is generally preferred to that used by Adam Smith—"division of labour."

of one man in a rude state of society, being generally that of several in an improved one." To bring the principle directly upon our argument, we will further quote Dr. Smith's celebrated work. "In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade of a particular class of citizens. Like every other employment, too, it is subdivided into a great number of different branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers; and this subdivision of employment in philosophy, as well as in every other business, improves dexterity and saves time."*

"And saves time," that is well said. The great idea, in a rich and busy country like this, seems to be "to save time." Whatever may be the division of employment which it is the lot of an individual to follow, he is compelled, by the universal spirit of commercial enterprise and competition, "to save time." The command of capital over labour becomes greater every year, and the competition among labourers of all kinds—that is, amongst all those who are not capitalists—increases in the same proportion. There is no choice for a man, he must throw his whole being into his work, or others will leap into his place and grow rich while he starves. We think that in view of this state of things, and with the certain prospect of its becoming intensified as time goes on, the idea of a nation existing which should be educated enough to discuss grave questions of philosophy must recede into the regions of impossibility. And who would voluntarily pluck away that comfort of Heaven, a blissful hereafter, which can alone reconcile human beings to the mysterious decree of the Almighty that the existence of the greater number of His creatures should be one of labour, often with scarcely any intermission, instead of one of pleasure and of joy?

We do not accuse these gentlemen who, whether voluntarily or not, are certainly doing this, of a wanton intention to create misery. It is their error, not their malevolence. It is to be regarded as a natural evil of the division of employments, which does so much to make a country rich, both in money and information. For it must be borne in mind that those physical philosophers who attack Christianity do so from a physical philosopher's point of view. They do not (we say it unwaveringly) balance their deductions with those of every other branch of inquiry, and give to the world an opinion based upon them all. The opinion they give is upon their own particular branch of research. And, we ask, is this an adequate opinion?

Every year increases the fund of information in the various departments of mental activity; but the limits of man's life remain the same, carrying our minds along the vista of the future

* "Wealth of Nations," book i. cap. i.—Adam Smith.

we cannot help foreseeing that the pursuit of philosophy will become so divided and sub-divided, that a generalised philosophy of things upon all these will become impossible. It would take a length of time, greater than that allotted to the life of man, to become acquainted with every branch, to bring them all into a focus, and viewing them thus, proclaim to the world the particle of truth achieved thus far by the strenuous exertions of the human mind. Our apologies are due to the preachers of the "glorious March of the Human Intellect" when we fearfully shrink from the glorious prospect of the promised land they would lead us to—a land without a religion, with much information, but with no knowledge.

"A land without a religion." We cannot say that such a thing is impossible; because it is said that among the very lowest savage tribes there is no sign whatever of the existence of religion; and further, in the days of the French Revolution, that time of golden hopes for humanity and justice, its leader preached atheism. But we will endeavour to demonstrate the truth to which the two last-named facts themselves point, viz.: that a country without a religion must needs be unhappy.

The poet Southey on his "Colloquies on Society," says, "Nothing is more certain than that religion is the basis upon which civil government rests—that from religion power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and both their zeal and sanction; and it is necessary that this religion be established as for the security of the state, and for the welfare of the people, who would otherwise be moved to and fro with every wind of doctrine." Macaulay, in his review of the work, criticises this passage in his most rampant style—a style exceedingly persuasive with minds too weak to withstand its force. We will quote those of his remarks which he has more directly devoted to the discussion of Southey's proposition: 'From what religion does our power over the Hindoos derive its authority, or the law in virtue of which we hang Brahmins its efficacy? For thousands of years civil government has existed in almost every corner of the world, in ages of priestcraft, in ages of fanaticism, in ages of Epicurean indifference, in ages of enlightened piety. However pure or impure the faith of the people might be, whether they adored a beneficent or a malignant power, whether they thought the soul mortal or immortal, they have, as soon as they ceased to be absolute savages, found out their need of civil government, and instituted it accordingly.'*

Lord Macaulay's remarks are simply truisms. Civil government has existed in all the different ages he mentions. But we will

* "Edinburgh Review," Jan. 1830; and the published edition of "Macaulay's Essays."

draw attention to the great superiority of society and its government in the "ages of enlightened piety" as compared with society and its government in the "ages of Epicurean indifference," in an age when religion no longer formed the basis of civil government.

But to bring to bear upon this grave question the highest possible opinions, we will produce in support of Southey's position, authority to which even Macaulay might bow : Schelling, Hegel, Müller, and Maine :

" 'A people,' as Schelling says, 'exists only when it has determined itself with regard to its mythology. This mythology, therefore, cannot take its origin after a national separation has taken place, after a people has become a people ; nor could it spring up while a people was still contained as an invisible part in the whole of humanity ; but its origin must be referred to that very period of transition before a people has assumed its definite existence, and when it is on the point of separating and constituting itself. The same applies to the language of a people ; it becomes definite at the same time that a people becomes definite.' "

" Hegel, the great rival of Schelling, arrived at the same conclusion. In his "Philosophy of History" he says : 'The idea of God constitutes the general foundation of a people. Whatever is the form of a religion, the same is the form of a state and its constitution ; it springs from religion, so much so that the Athenian and Roman states were possible only with the peculiar heathendom of those peoples, and that even now a Roman Catholic state has a different genius and a different constitution from a Protestant state. The genius of a people is a definite, individual genius, which becomes conscious of its individuality in different spheres, in the character of its moral life, its political constitution, its art, religion, and science.'

" But this is not an idea of philosophers only. Historians, and, more particularly, the students of the history of law, have arrived at very much the same conclusion. Though to many of them law seems naturally to be the foundation of society and the bond that binds a nation together, those who look below the surface have quickly perceived that law itself—at least, ancient law—derives its authority, its force, its very life, from religion. Mr. Maine is no doubt right when, in the case of the so-called laws of man, he rejects the idea of the Deity dictating an entire code or body of law as an idea of a decidedly modern origin. Yet the belief that the lawgiver enjoyed some closer intimacy with the Deity than ordinary mortals pervades the ancient traditions of many nations. According to a well-known passage in Diodorus Siculus (L. i. c. 94),

* "Vorlesungen über Philosophie der Mythologie," vol. i. p. 107 seq.

the Egyptians believed their laws to have been communicated to Mnevis by Hermes; the Cretans held that Minos received his laws from Zeus, the Lacedæmonians that Lykurgos received his laws from Apollon. According to the Arians, their lawgiver, Zathranstes, had received his laws from the Good Spirit; according to the Getæ, Zamolxis received his laws from the goddess Hestia; and according to the Jews, Moses received his laws from the god Jao. No one has pointed out more forcibly than Mr. Maine that in ancient times religion as a divine influence was underlying and supporting every relation of life and every social institution. A supernatural presidency, he writes, is supposed to consecrate and keep together all the cardinal institutions of those early times, the state, the race, and the family' (p. 6). 'The elementary group is the family; the aggregation of families forms the *gens* or the house. The aggregation of houses makes the tribe. The aggregation of tribes constitutes the commonwealth.' (p. 128). Now the family is held together by the family *sacra* (p. 191), and so were the gens, the tribe, and the commonwealth, and strangers could only be admitted to these brotherhoods by being admitted to their *sacra* (p. 131). At a later time law breaks away from religion (p. 193), but even then many traces remain to show that the hearth was the first altar, the father the first elder, his wife and children and slaves the first congregation gathered together round the sacred fire—the Hestia, the goddess of the house and in the end the goddess of the people. To the present day, marriage, the most important of civil acts, the very foundation of civilised life, has retained the religious character which it had from the very beginning of history."*

We therefore submit it as another consideration, to be added to those already put forth in this paper, why the speedy conciliation of Science and Christianity is a thing to be most earnestly desired, that a subversion of the religion of our country would involve the subversion of its society, the destruction of its institutions, and the destruction of its government.†

This is the charnel-house of ruin to which scepticism conducts humanity. Man is led by religion up the height of civilisation, but before the summit is reached he turns from his path and begins to descend again to the dreary and uncultivated plain below, to a

* "Science of Religion," lecture iii. Max-Müller.

† The manifest inclination of some rather to divorce religion from education altogether, than education should be in the hands of the Church—to substitute secular teaching for that which is really education—the nurturing of religious and moral feelings—might also be cited as an example of the indifference of the present generation to the happiness and well-fare of the country.—Ed.

state of existence worse than savagery, because it is one of anarchy. How far we have advanced along this perilous path we cannot conjecture, but we must have made some way since Edmund Burke's time ; for he wrote :—" We know, and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort. In England we are so convinced of this, that there is no rust of superstition with which the accumulated absurdity of the human mind might have crusted it over in the course of ages, that ninety-nine in a hundred of the people of England would not prefer to impiety." When scepticism has become, not only tolerated, but invested with a kind of merit, as a sign of emancipation from the thralldom of superstition, we begin to suspect that our approach to an age of lawlessness and disorder is much nearer than most of us would care to recognise.

That this is not phantasmagoria is tested by the practical experience of daily life. There is a feeling of misgiving and uneasiness amongst the more thoughtful, which causes the reference to " good old times " to be more than usually frequent. It is also very generally the case that we feel our elders to be of a different calibre from ourselves ; we feel differently towards them, they connect us with the assuring and reliable past ; and perhaps many of us are seldom so sincere as when conversing with them. If they (honour to their grey hairs) happen to visit again the scenes of their youth, the contrast of the life they used to lead there with the life by which they are surrounded, causes them to feel its strangeness. The pretty English village, with its happy and peaceful inhabitants, the well-loved church, the merry green ! At the sound of the old village bells the crust and the cobwebs of the puffing, fretting, and foaming life in the city they have left behind them, all vanish in an instant. Cowper very sweetly expresses this :

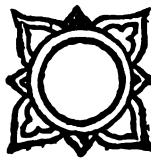
" How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept."

But it is seldom the lot of these visitants to find their birth-place unaltered. The spirit of our cities, though they be miles away, breathes in it ; and, as a monument of the progress achieved in wealth and civilisation, atheism is roared in the gin- or the beer-shop amidst the din of oaths and blasphemy.

We know that man is affected by outward circumstances, and it does, indeed, seem that the discovery of the uses steam and

magnetism has affected the spirit of our age. We are harder, more machine-like, and less like beings endowed with minds and souls capable of the highest aspirations than were our fathers. What we want is more poetry, more religion, more love. The ideal is fast losing its hold upon the minds of our countrymen, who, like their scientific leaders, "rather dive than soar." What incentive can there be to high and noble action when he who believes least and admires least is regarded as the most worthy to be believed and admired? If young people, instead of coming at loggerheads with questions which it requires a lifetime to qualify a man to investigate, would study and practice the noble 13th chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, they would be happier themselves, and, in many cases, dispel a cloud which their presence brings upon their homes. They would there learn that "charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up (verse 4). Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away" (verse 8).

THOMAS F. ORDISH.



ONLY A FEW WEEKS,

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY FRANK ACTON.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE Lincolnshire village, deep in the fens, surrounded by a sluggish river, the Grange stands close to its banks, with its front facing the grass-grown road that runs though the wood.

The distant village with its ugly whitewashed vicarage, and the thatched cottages are a contrast to the quaint Elizabethan architecture of the Grange, with its old garden, laid out in the taste of past generations ; dark yews cut into fantastic shapes border the stone steps leading to the bowling-green and fountain, moss-clad nymphs stand on tiptoe on their pedestals, and look down on the maze, and the overgrown rose-garden has hidden the sundial under leaves and roses.

Cicely Vane sat in the oak-room, a cool and shady place, even on this hot September afternoon, with its bare polished floor and panelled walls. The room was full of faint odours from the china bowls of tea vases, and a breeze wafted their petals on to the chair-cushions, where mimic roses bloomed perpetually, the work of hands now mouldered into dust.

The faint sound of running water below the window, the rustling of grass and rushes, the distant chirp of grasshoppers in the meadows, all these sounds had made Cicely dreamy, and she sat looking idly down at the river. "What a pleasant world it is!" she thought, "I cannot understand why some people say it is full of sorrow and change. I think nothing has changed here ever since I grew up, except that perhaps Aunt Barbara may be a little fatter and have a few more grey hairs ; but my life never changes—nothing happens to me. I could almost fancy that Marshlands is a happy valley like the one Raselas lived in, out of which there is no escape—but no, that will not do, we have no hills here, this is like rather the Island, and I am the Lady of Shalott waiting for Sir Lancelot."

The sunlight flickered on Cicely's lovely face, through the shade of the Virginian creeper, as she leaned over the window-sill and fell into one of those vague day-dreams, full of impossibilities so dear to "sweet seventeen" and which lose their charm where the golden gates of early youth have been passed. She did not even awake from her reverie as a boat shot round a bend of the river, rowed by

a tall young man, and with a red-headed youth steering, like a stout personification of "pleasure at the helm." As they passed the Grange the fat youth, becoming careless, pulled so recklessly at the rudder that he ran the boat aground.

Lancelot Treherne quietly got the boat afloat again, evidently too much accustomed to such proceedings to trouble himself to reprimand his companion.

"What a pretty old house! Do you know who——" he began; but stopped short as his upturned glance met a pair of lovely blue eyes gazing down from an open window.

In spite of a university education, and his twenty-three years, Lancelot Treherne, so far forgot himself in his admiration that he could not withdraw his eyes from the picture before him framed in the window; the little head crowned with masses of wavy golden-brown hair, the regular features, long, dark eyelashes resting on a transparently white cheek, and the dreamy smile hovering round the "perfect lips:" all stood out against the dark background of the room with such beauty, that Lancelot Treherne certainly had some excuse for his rudeness; but the picture suddenly vanished, and he awoke from his trance of admiration.

"Good Heavens, Dent! tell me who is that wonderfully lovely girl?" he said, working off his excitement by rowing tremendously hard.

Robert Dent lifted eyes slowly from the contemplation of his nails, and answered with most irritating deliberation—"Don't excite yourself, my dear fellow: it is only pretty Miss Cicely Vane looking out of her window. I thought her a nice little girl last year; she does not bother one to talk, that is one great point in her favour. I never speak to her, of course, the conversation of young girls of her age is too insipid; a woman like Georgie Armstrong is far more amusing to talk to."

"What a loss for Miss Cicely Vane, to be deprived of your admiration and intellectual small-talk! Do you know, most aged youth of nineteen, I strongly suspect that she has nipped your young affections in the bud, and that is the reason you are so bitter."

The mild sarcasm in this speech was quite lost on Robert, for he always took everything quite literally.

"Not such a fool!" he answered angrily, "I know better than to trouble myself about a little bread-and-butter miss of seventeen, a mere child, who has never stirred from this dismal hole in her life, and—she reads Political Economy!" The last grievance was uttered in a tone of the deepest disgust. "I like her fat aunt a hundred times better; she is a very sensible woman—makes the best vol-au-vent I ever tasted, I do assure you! It is a mystery to

me how you could have come to look so well with so few advantages."

Treherne's next remark was to his sister, "What a fellow you are meeting! Do you say I shall be better off before you are twenty years old than you are now?—and then what will Miss Georgie say?"

"Oh, Georgie takes it to be strong and stout, and really after meeting her for the first time with Mr. Armstrong, she requires no encouragement to support me. I often call on Miss Barbara Vane about a broken time, and she feeds me on the fat of the land."

"Now tell me about these Vanes, I am awfully curious to hear something of their history. Who are they?"

"There is not much to tell. Miss Barbara Vane is fifty, has a great weakness for sauntering at all times and in sundry places—no particular ideas of her own, which is not at all a bad point in a woman; for what do they want with ideas of their own, indeed."

"Come, Dent," said Treherne impatiently; "I don't want to hear any more about this pattern woman. Tell me about the family, my good fellow."

"Her only brother was the owner of a good estate that had belonged to the Vanes for generations; but he was a bad farmer and fond of the turf, so he muddled away all his capital and sold his land. He died twelve years ago of heart-disease, leaving his only daughter, Cicely, to the care of Miss Vane. Now are you satisfied, Treherne?"

"I suppose, then, from your account, they are not well off?"

"Not what *you* would call rich, you son of Cræsus! The aunt and niece have about £200 between them, and the old Grange; and as they never leave the village, that is quite enough to keep them comfortably."

Silence fell on them, Dent resumed his meditations on the perfections of charming Georgie Armstrong, a mature damsel of twenty-five who had enchained his youthful heart last Long; and Treherne rowed on silently, with a thoughtful expression on his face.

In the oak-room at the Grange stood Cicely Vane, with anger at the recollection of the bold gaze of admiration she had met from those dark eyes. No one had ever looked at her so before; Mr. Armstrong often looked at her very kindly, but he was quite old, almost forty—that was quite different; but this stranger——

A maid suddenly put her head in at the door, and disturbed her meditations. "Please, Miss," said the head, "Miss Armstrong wants to see you," and vanished again swiftly. Cicely ran down the creaking stairs, and passed like a beam of light through the dark passages into the room where her visitor awaited her.

A short girl rushed towards Cicely, throwing down several

chairs on the way, like a whirlwind in petticoats, and gave her a tremendous shake of the hand." How are you, old girl?" roared Georgie Armstrong, with the voice of a stentor.

Cicely began some polite inquiries about the health of her mother and uncle, but Georgie soon cut them short. "I've come to tell you some jolly news! You know Bob. Dent, Uncle George's pupil, came back the day before yesterday; but you don't know that an Oxford chum of his came after him yesterday, to cram for his degree. Now, isn't that news, Cicely? and shall not I have larks when uncle's back is turned?"

Georgie seated herself in the attitude that is assumed by a gentleman on horseback, and appeared radiant with satisfaction.

"I don't think you ought to go out leaping ditches with Mr. Dent, and rabbiting. Your mother would not like it if she knew what you did last Long."

"Oh, bother! I don't mind her, or uncle either, except when he is in a jolly rage!"

¶ Cicely knew Georgie's peculiarities very well; so she understood that when that damsel said "Bother!" it was no use attempting to lecture any more; therefore she judiciously changed the subject.

"Is Mr. Dent's friend going to stay here?—By the way, what is his name?"

"Only about six weeks I believe; Dent says Lancelot Treherne is such a lazy fellow that he would not work any longer, though he is clever enough for anything—why do you blush so, Cis.?"

"Oh nothing, I was only amused at hearing such a name."

"Very silly, is it not! Well, this chap came down yesterday, as I said before, and brought a most splendid boat with him, much better than our old tub and your little cockle-shell! I hope he will ask me to row in it, our boat is too heavy; it makes my arms ache," and Georgie stretched out a pair that might have moved a blacksmith's heart to envy."

"Do you think you will like Mr. Treherne as much as you do Mr. Dent, Georgie?" said Cicely smiling.

"Don't chaff a fellow!" answered the bashful damsel. "I know Dent is fond of me, and I like him too—and would like him better if he was not so fond of shirking rowing; but he is nineteen and I am twenty-five, so our ages don't suit as well as our dispositions. A great pity! But Dent is a hundred times nicer than that stuck-up swell, Treherne, who pretends to be astonished when I say what I think to uncle!"

"Well, you may be friends later, when you are more used to each others' habits and customs. You know, Georgie——"

"I must be off in a minute, for I am going ratting, on the sly, with Dent at five; and it is ten to five now, so good-bye, Cis."

"Well, good-bye, if you will go so soon," said Cicely, feeling very hypocritical. "I wish you would stay a little longer."

"Oh, hang it all ! if I've not nearly forgotten to tell you that you must come to tea to-morrow at six. I must go now ;" and she was out of the room and striding down the garden-path before Cicely had finished her speech of polite acceptance.

"Lancelot Treherne !" thinks Cicely, as she stands drumming on the window-pane with her little fingers. "He must be delightful with such a name. I hope he will not be too grand to speak to me to-morrow—I am afraid he will. Grand gentlemen don't care to hear country girls talk ; and I am so stupid, I have never talked to any amusing people, never been to the opera or theatre, and never danced. Oh, how horrid it is ! I am only a stupid country girl, with nothing to talk about. He will say to me 'Miss Vane, have you heard Patti in 'La Sonnambula ?' ' and I shall have to say 'No.' Then he will say, 'Have you been out many seasons ?' and I shall say 'No.' And so on, until he will think I can only say one word. I have nothing to talk about."

Innocent little Cicely heaves a deep sigh and looks down ; her eye catches her dress, and it shares in her displeasure—

"Why, I am not even properly dressed ; my skirt is quite old-fashioned—Mr. Treherne would laugh if he saw me in it. How lucky it is that I have my muslin dress quite ready to wear ! but still I have no doubt I shall look ridiculous enough in it."

She need not have entertained this fear in her mind, if she had only known what a pretty picture the round mirror on the wall reflected ; the slender, graceful figure in a plain grey dress, with a muslin frill close to the white throat ; with an innocently troubled expression in her eyes, she seemed far more like a fair Puritan dreaming of her absent lover, than a young lady longing for a new dress, but truth *will* out as well as murder,—Cicely is only a girl with a girl's love of pretty things, and though this case is an exception to the rule, she cares more to please a naturally artistic eye than to attract admiration.

This love of beauty is the key-note of Cicely's character ; she admires all that *seems* beautiful, good, and true ; and judging from her own guileless heart, has a boundless faith in the goodness of others. She is still but a child in experience, and waits for the hard lessons that we all must learn from time and fate.

"Thump, thump, thump," echoes a step along the passage, and a stout lady waddles into the room, bringing in with her an agreeable odour of bakemeats. "I ran away to the kitchen, my dear, directly I saw Georgie," she says in a fat voice "I cannot sit by and hear her talk for all the world like a mare in petticoats—it quite upsets me ! So I says to myself 'Barbara, you had better go

and see how the cook is making those rissoles for tea; and it seems I may say providential, for if you will believe me, my dear——”

Cicely recklessly interrupts Aunt Barbara's remarks; “Oh aunt, I am going to the Vicarage to-morrow evening. May I have Jane to iron my dress?”

“Of course, my dear; but I never like your going there. I am always afraid of your catching Georgie's manner of talking, though *you* are so different. It is a wonder to me that madame is so completely mastered by her daughter, for she has a good temper of her own; but Georgie does just what she likes.”

“Aunt, did Georgie behave in the same way when she first came to Marshlands as she does now?”

“Just the same, my dear. The fact is Madame spoiled her; and Mr. Armstrong is such an absent, silent man, that he never found out what an odd niece he had, until it was too late to change.”

“Oh, don't say so! perhaps she may change still,” said Cicely.

Aunt Barbara settled herself more comfortably in her armchair, and said in a doubtful voice, “She will change some time, no doubt; but I hope she will make haste. She has been here ten years, and she seems to become more like a boy every year; but she will change, no doubt.”

There fatigued with the unusual exertion of talking, she sleeps the sleep of a clear conscience and a good digestion.

CHAPTER II.

SIX o'clock sees Cicely at her toilet; she stands before her glass and looks at her reflection with an anxiety that she has never felt before. The crisp blue and white muslin, the pale blue ribbon that holds the waves of hair in their place, the lace frills, they only meet with half an approbation; at last, with a parting glance over her shoulder, she takes up her shady hat and goes slowly downstairs.

A few minutes walk brings her to the vicarage gate. Cicely's heart beat violently, as she rang the bell; for was she not to see the owner of that handsome face which haunted her ever since that momentary glance. Georgie opened the door and greeted her warmly, thoughly she did not consider Cecily a poor “womanly creature.”

“That is right! you are in capital time. Come upstairs and take off your toggs;” and Georgie preceded her visitor up the narrow stairs, taking two steps at a time, and thereby exhibiting an extensive amount of red stockinged ankles, rather thick than otherwise.

Rooms are said to bear the impress of their owner's character, Georgie Armstrong's bedroom was no exception to the rule; the walls hung with sporting pictures, a trophy of walking-sticks, fishing-rods, whips, and an alpenstock (which she used to leap ditches). A muddy Ulster and a Glengary cap laid on the floor, Wellington boots and dumb-bells reposed on the bed beside a black-and-tan terrier, and gaiters, dogcollars, and "Barker, on the Dog," were scattered on the table.

"Oh, Georgie, what a dreadful mess your room is in! Why, don't you let your housemaid put it in order?" said Cicely, looking at her surroundings with dismay.

"Bless my heart!" said Georgie, standing with her legs rather far apart, and looking round with great satisfaction. "Bless my heart! what would you have? You can't expect me to have a room like a neat old maid, smelling of lavender and with the pins arranged in a pattern on the cushion. No, a fellow of my habits can't be expected to have a prim, poky room!"

"Will you lend me a brush? my hair is rough."

"What nonsense! you are all right; there you are!" And Georgie gave Cicely a rather bald brush, and watched with great impatience what she called "twiddling hair."

The two girls went down stairs together, the strangest contrast in the face and manner that is possible to imagine. Georgie Armstrong had a face that would have been considered handsome in a man,—regular features, short black hair, tanned complexion, and a rather more than *soupeon* of a moustache on her upper lip. Cicely bane, looked more lovely and ladylike than ever by contrast.

Only Mr. Armstrong and his sister-in-law were in the drawing-room as they entered. Madame, a dark, tiny creature, rushed forward and embraced Cicely with effusion—for she was fond of her pretty neighbours—in her impulsive French way, and often lamented her hard fate that "*le bon Dieu*," had willed that she, a Parisienne, should have a daughter like Georgie, when Cicely would have been just to her taste.

Mrs. Armstrong—or Madame, as she preferred to be called—was French by birth and education; her husband a penniless, idle *vaurien*, with nothing but his good looks to recommend him, had spent every penny of his wife's fortune, and then died, leaving his wife and daughter to the care of his younger brother, George Armstrong, then, as now, with the magnificent income of £200 a year. Ten years had passed since his sister-in-law and daughter had entered his house, and Georgie Armstrong was now thirty-eight, with hair and beard already streaked with grey; but he never betrayed a sign of impatience at the burden laid upon him, and found comfort and consolation amongst his books and the manu-

script of poems which he hoped would bring him honour and wealth hereafter. Madame submitted calmly to the monotony of her existence, and gave herself up to dress and novel-reading; but, in spite of these weaknesses, she was far from being a heartless, empty-headed woman. She devoted herself to Mr. Armstrong, and was more than a mother to him; and many a deed of kindness and charity was done by frivolous Adrienne Armstrong, *née* Basseur, with which the world would have never given her credit.

"Ah, my pretty one," said Madame, holding Cicely's hand and softly patting it. "What a charming toilette you have made! How the blue suits you! N'est ce pas, Georges mon ami, Cicely is beautiful this evening!"

George Armstrong had nervously shaken hands with Cicely, and then retreated to the window, pretending to watch Dent and Treherne knock croquet-balls about, and inwardly raging at his shyness, which prevented him from seating himself beside her, and beginning one of those long conversations which were the happiness of his life.

"He is not adroit to make the compliments," and Madame laughed merrily. "He should have said, Mademoiselle is always beautiful! Every dress suits her; but, alas, he is English—he is *triste*!"

"Mr. Armstrong and I are friends, and friends never compliment," said Cicely, with a smile. She little guessed how her words cut her friend's heart.

"Only a friend!" he thought; "nothing else for me, but patience, patience—I must trust to time."

He seated himself by her, and tried to silence the loud beating of his heart.

"How do you like the book I lent you?" he says, in a loud voice. The commonplace words are a strange contrast to the burning thoughts within.

"I liked what I read, but I have been out rowing so much lately, that I have read very little."

George Armstrong's little twinkling blue eyes are fixed on Cicely's face, and he rubs his straw-coloured hair off his broad forehead as he remarks—

"I think you will like the 'Earthly Paradise;' it is strange, that undercurrent of sadness which runs through all the joy, and yet only too true. I never read any more really melancholy lines than those in the 'Doom of King Acrisius,' because they are quite true—"

"Love while ye may; if twain grow into one,
'Tis but for a little while; the times goes by,
No hatred 'twixt the pair of friends doth lie,

No troubles break their hearts—and yet, and yet—
How could it be? we strove not to forget;

We played old parts, we used old names—in vain,
We go our ways, and twain once more are twain."

Mr. Armstrong and Cicely soon became absorbed in their favourite subject, but the latter soon awoke, and started violently as two gentlemen entered the room. Dent made a few polite remarks to her, and then seated himself by Georgie, with whom he began an animated conversation in a low tone, the only words audible being, "Capital jump!—no end of a lark!—jolly good spin up the river!"

Mr. Armstrong uttered the formula which polite society demands, and Mr. Lancelot Treherne and Miss Vane were made acquainted. Cicely did not dare to look up at her tall hero as he conveyed her into the dining-room, and only recovered her self-possession when she was seated opposite to Georgie and Dent, and her timid answers rendered only audible to Lancelot, by their neighbour's continual flow of loud conversation.

"And so, Miss Vane, you have never been away from Marshlands in all your life?—I should never have guessed it."

"I have been away a few weeks," answers Cicely; "but I should not care to go away for a long time—it is very pleasant here."

"But don't you find it rather dull sometimes? You cannot have much dancing or gaiety here, and that is not a natural life for a young lady."

"Never dancing, but I have boating and croquet, and I sing and read. I think girls do not expect so much amusement in their lives as men do; and so they really enjoy their little pleasures far more. Still," said Cicely, laughing, "I don't pretend to be such a philosopher that I should not care to travel, or enjoy a London season; but I shall never have those pleasures, so I don't want to think of them."

"Ah, who knows? Miss Vane, I should not be surprised if you had a good many London seasons yet. The world is a very curious place, and many odd things happen."

Lancelot smiled down at the innocently perplexed face beside him.

"What nonsense! you are laughing at me. I hope you won't really find this place *too* dull, Mr. Treherne."

"Dull! oh no, not now. I thought a few days ago that it would be rather slow here; but I changed my mind yesterday afternoon, and I am certain Marshlands will be an earthly Paradise."

Cicely understood this very broad compliment, and believed in its truth with all the strength of her innocent heart; she knew that Marshlands was a changed place for her since she had seen Lancelot's face, and why should not he feel the same thing? It is so easy to persuade ourselves of the truth of what we wish.

"You say you have never danced; surely you can dance though? Don't think me a very rude fellow, but I must say, I never saw a young lady look more as if she could dance well than you do."

"I think you would laugh at Georgie and me if you saw us waltzing together. She makes a capital gentleman; but I don't dance well."

"I have no doubt, Miss Georgie would make no end of a gentleman; but I don't think I should laugh if I saw a fairy dance."

A young lady in society accustomed to fade compliments would easily have made a little joke, and turned the silly flattery into ridicule; but Cicely had not been into society, so she only blushed and was silent for a minute, and then said hurriedly—

"Georgie says you sing, Mr. Treherne—what kind of voice have you?"

"A very small tenor, but I am fond of singing. I was so awfully glad to hear that you sing; you must sing something for me this evening—won't you?"

"Yes, I will; but only if you will afterwards."

"Do you know that song of Shelley's? I will sing you that if you like. It begins like this—"

"I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night."

Lancelot whispered these lines to Cicely as if they were a secret, and in the pause that followed their neighbour's conversation became distinct above the crackling of toast and the tinkling of teaspoons.

"'Tis such a jolly little terrier! Smith says it rabbits and rats capitally. You must take the animal; it would be a pity if you lost such a chance," says Dent, in a voice muffled by muffin.

"Thanks, awfully!" says his beloved; "but I dare not have another dog,—uncle would be sure to turn crusty; besides, if I had two, I would rather have an animal that would swim after the boat."

"I saw a boat fastened near to the Grange—is it yours?" says Lancelot to Cicely.

"Yes, I often row in it; I am very fond of boating," answered Cicely.

"Do you ever go out in the afternoon; it is the best time for rowing?"

"Very often."

"Ah, I always row then. I hope our boats will often meet."

"That would be very pleasant! I hope they will," answers Cicely, from the bottom of her heart, with perfect innocence.

"There, it is a compact," bending his handsome head to look at her.

A little later Cicely is seated at the piano, and fills the room with her fresh, young voice; towards the end of her song her voice wavers, and she leaves the piano hurriedly, and seats herself by the open windows. Is it because she feels a pair of hazel eyes are looking at her furtively, as their owner stands near her and pretends to turn over the leaves of music. George Armstrong sat near to Madame, but he did not hear a word of her soliloquy on the present fashions; he was suffering intensely, as only a man can suffer who has passed his early youth without even a passing fancy, and now, in his ripe manhood, has given his love only to see it thrown aside. He sees Treherne's face bent towards Cicely with a tender look in his eyes; he notes the unusual flush on her cheeks, the expression on her face.

"I ought to have guessed I was too old for her to love me," he thinks, already making his love a thing of the past. "It is only natural Treherne will love her, and she will be happy, and yet, I cannot bear it."

* * * * *

He hears Cicely sing a song he had often heard in the old happy days (which now seemed to be years ago), when he had hoped she would learn to love him; but now the refrain sounds in his ear like the dirge of his fading hopes—

"Oh, love, for a year, a week, a day,
But alas for the love that loves away!"

Madame stands on tiptoe before the mirror and arranges the artistic coiffure of lace and mauve ribbon which rests on her grey curls.

"Georges!" she cries, in her little shrill voice, putting her head on one side like a canary. "Tell me, then, this coiffure, does it suit me? Have I the air of an Anglaise, or am I a Française perfectly well *coiffée*?"

George answers in his usual loud, cheerful voice, and then Madame seizes on him, and pours into his patient ear her last ideas on the manufacture of her head-dresses.

Yes, we must play our proper parts on the stage of life,—be cheerful, interested, lively, as the moment may require; it does not matter that the actor is faint with a deadly wound, let him only have a little patience until his *rôle* is over, then he can groan aloud behind the scenes, as a recompense for his self-restraint.

Lancelot stood at the window and looked at the garden.

"Madame," he said, "would it not be pleasant to have a little croquet in the twilight; there is quite light enough, and it is not at all damp?"

"Go, my children; go and play; but I don't like the rheumatism. I will stay indoors and watch you," Madame answered.

"Then come, Dent and Miss Armstrong, and have a game. Mr. Armstrong, of course you will come?"

"No, thanks, Treherne; I will stay with my sister."

"Cicely will not want me—I shall only bore her," thinks George Armstrong, as he seats himself by Madame.

Lancelot had not asked Cicely to come, but merely glanced at her, as if it were unnecessary to go through the form with her; and so out they all went in the grey twilight to the lawn, which lay in front of the windows, with the privet hedges on each side concealing the kitchen-garden, a strange mixture of flowers and vegetables.

"Treherne, chose your partner and let us begin," said Dent.

Lancelot turned to Cicely, and said smiling—

"Suppose we two watch Dent and Miss Armstrong play, and improve our minds by watching the scientific manner in which they treat the game?"

"You do not care to play?" said Cicely, feeling a little disappointed.

"The fact is, Miss Vane, I play badly, and that makes my 'angry passions rise,' as Dr. Watts says; so I avoid the game on principle. Let us have a stroll instead, and explore the garden."

"All right! Miss Georgie and I shall play capitally together, I know," says Dent, seizing a mallet.

"Come on, old fellow!" answers Georgie, and throws up a ball in the air and catches it again with great skill. "Ten to one I beat you—now then!"

Lancelot and his pretty companion turned the corner of the hedge and sauntered slowly up the grassy paths that ran between the beds. In that pleasant walk he told her a great deal about his house in Cornwall (unconsciously bragging somewhat of its magnificence), his rich father, so indulgent and yet so strict on some points, and his pretty cousin, Lady Susan, the great heiress.

"What a splendid rose! I must steal it," said Cicely, gathering a half-blown *Gloire de Dijon*, as she passed a bush covered with fragrant blossoms. She held it in her hand, half hidden by the folds of her dress.

"I know you will think it a strange question, but tell me, did you ever give a flower to Robert Dent or Mr. Armstrong?" said Lancelot.

"No, never—why do you ask me?"

"Because I have an odd fancy that I should like to be the first man to whom you ever gave a flower. Very silly, is it not? But you will give me one—won't you?"

A little white hand shyly put the rose in his, and a voice whispered, "A very silly fancy! the rose is not worth having."

Lancelot held the little hand for a minute in his, while with the other he put the rose in his breast-pocket.

"Oh, you will spoil the poor little flower! You shall wear it in your buttonhole," said Cicely anxiously, in her childish voice.

"How can I wear your gift like any other common flower? No—no: I will treasure it as long as I live!" he whispers to her; but as he speaks there comes across his memory another day, not many months ago, when he had uttered almost the same words to another girl.

Cicely's beautiful eyes shine like stars in the dusk; her lips are parted in a smile of innocent pleasures; she looks up at him and sighs softly—

"Oh, no, Mr. Treherne; you are talking nonsense; you are laughing at me."

"Laughing? no, my darling," he says—

In a minute she has flown from his side, and nearly reached the boundary-line of hedge; but Lancelot Treherne has followed those flying feet, and holds the trembling hands in his; the blushing face, wet with indignant tears, is turned away from him in silent anger.

"Forgive me," he says, "I know I have behaved like a brute; but say that you will forgive me."

Not a word from the closely-shut lips.

"You will break my heart," he whispers; "only press my hand, and I will take it as a token that you will try to forgive me."

Cicely's heart was divided between two emotions—anger and some feeling she could not define; but at last her hand gave a little fluttering pressure, and then she was gone.

"By Jove, I am a lucky fellow!" thinks Lancelot Treherne that night, as he walks up and down the lawn and smokes his evening cigar; "I always find some little amusement prepared for me wherever I go, and the prettiest girls always like me. What an innocent little beauty she is! she made me more precipitate in my proceedings than I quite like; my deuced tender feelings are always running away with me."

At the Grange, Cicely is tossing on her sleepless bed.

"I hate him—I detest him!" she says, aloud, to persuade herself against her own will. "He has insulted me; he thinks I am not a lady—I will never speak to him again!"

ANTECEDENTS OF SERVIA.

DESCENDED according to some from a colony which migrated from the country beyond the Carpathians between 634 and 638, the Servians or Serbs, are among the few Slavonian* races who retain the name of the family—that of Sirbia. According to other versions, after having long combated the Greeks of Byzantium, and having been themselves subjected by the Avari or Awars, the Slavonians of the Danube concluded an alliance with the Greek Emperors; they expelled the Awars from Illyria, and founded new colonies under the name of Slavonia.

The most remarkable and significant epoch in the history of the Slavonian nations belongs to the ninth century. The migrations had then ceased; immense tracts of country had been taken possession of, and those numerous tribes, of whose names the ancients were scarcely cognisant, had advanced some steps within the limits of historical and geographical recognition. Foreign rule, like that of the Awars, had been cast off, and the time come for the Slavonians to raise themselves into independence, and to attempt political institutions. It was, for example, by a union of Slavonic-Tshudish tribes, under Norman princes, that the Russian empire was originally formed.

Leaving it to antiquaries to trace out the origin and migrations of these people, by combining languages and myths with fragmentary traditions, it suffices to point out, that from the earliest times we find them in the country which they occupy to the present day, and more than that, they had adopted the Christian religion—the Slavonian Apostles, Methodius, and Cyrillus were even distinguished from most of the early missionaries by their endeavours to elevate the standard of the national languages, by using them in the Church service—and they had their Grand Shupanes and their kings, centuries before the invasion of Europe by the Turks.

Ever since powers have been established on earth endeavouring

* Much discrepancy exists in writing Selav or Slav, but whether the word is derived, as some argue, from Slava "glory," or from Slovo "word," the original etymology would alike be Slav. But it appears that as far back as the Byzantines, they corrupted the word into Sclaben or Sclav, so it is not surprising that different modes of spelling the word are in use in Hungary, Croatia, Servia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia. This was in the seventh century, and Christianity is supposed to have begun to spread among them at the same time, for the sixth synod at Constantinople (A.D. 680) enumerates the Slavonians among the Christian nations.

to realise, to represent, and to promote those general ideas which involve the destiny of the human race, it would seem that no nation is allowed to develop itself by the unrestrained exercise of its own innate strength and genius. The progress of all development depends materially on the relation into which a newly-emerging people enters with the nations already in a state of civilisation; and in reviewing the history of the various Slavonian tribes, it is evident that their development was determined by the influence thus exercised upon them. It is so to the present day, when we have the three great families of Russian Slavs, Austro-Hungarian Slavs, and Turkish Slavs. Poland, which Napoleon the Great, declared to be a mere geographical expression, maintained its independence the longest of all. It is in the face of these great facts that Panslavism, or the unity of the Slavonian races, becomes a dream—that is to say, a thing that has as yet no basis or foundation in the existing realities of the world, or in the actual distribution of political power.

With respect to Servia, while the western Slavonians joined themselves to the Western Empire and to the Latin Church, the Eastern tribes associated with the Eastern Church; but although settled on the soil of the Greek Empire, and acknowledging its general supremacy, the Servians, more or less secure in their mountain fastnesses, strained every nerve against the attempts made by the Emperors to increase their power over them.

The Greeks made a first attempt to bring Servia under their immediate control in the eleventh century; but they were expelled the country by Stephan Boistlaw, who further captured vessels from Byzantium laden with rich treasures. In 1043, Constantine Monomachus, sent a numerous army to re-establish the dominion of the Greeks, but it was encountered by the Servians in their mountains, as the Tyrolese and Swiss peasants have so often met their enemies, and the entire Greek army was annihilated in their almost impassible defiles.

This defeat was decisive. It firmly established the princely power of the Grand Shupanes, whose existence depended on the preservation of the national independence. In the time of the Emperors, as in the time of the Sultans, and in the resistance which they had in after-times to oppose to the Greeks, it was an advantage to the Servians that they were settled on the borders of Western Christendom: as they derived from it, if not always open aid, at least a certain degree of support. The Grand Shupanes eagerly sought to ally themselves in marriage with the princely houses of Western Europe; the Servians rejoiced in being connected with Venice, they hailed the first crusade in 1189, under Frederic Barbarossa, with the enthusiasm of vassals of the German Empire,

and Pope Gregory VII. was the first who saluted a Grand Shupane as king.

The Popes indulged, indeed, the hope that the Servians might gradually be won over; but the time was past for the profession of a new faith. The Latin Church presented not only differences in doctrines, but also another system of life and of government, which depended chiefly on the distinction between the Church and the State. This was opposed to the genius of the Servians. They looked upon the two as united in the wise sense of the very bond of nationality; they had the privilege of electing their archbishop from their own national priesthood. St. Sawa was their first archbishop; he took up his residence at Uschiza—the Servian Jerusalem or Mekka, and he raised his brother to the throne.

The early kings of Servia extended their authority towards Hungary, Bulgaria, and Byzantium, and at the expense of the Latins along the coast; but their history is enveloped in obscurity. Suffice it, that the Servian Kraals or Krales—the kings of the mountain forests—remained unconquered and in proud isolation. They and the Slavonian-Germanic tribes repelled all further progress westward of the Mongols, who in the fourteenth century held dominion over Russia.

In the schism and conflicts that arose between the Greek and Latin empire, Servia extended its territory so that it formed the strongest power of the Illyrian triangle; and it appeared, for a time, probable that it would exert great influence on the politics of Europe. Stephan Dushan gave a still greater impulse to national aggrandisement, but his reign was remarkable for an ominous event. The friend and ally of John Cantacuzenus, the two quarrelled, and the latter did not hesitate to call even infidels—the Osmanli Turks, just then rising into power in Asia Minor—to his assistance, in the confident expectation that his adversaries would find no mercy from them.

It was the natural tendency of the Servian nation to preserve itself independent in the conflict of the Eastern and Western divisions of Christendom—being politically opposed to the one, and ecclesiastically to the other—and it was at this juncture that it really achieved that independence. Dushan had assumed the title of Czar, churches and cloisters had arisen under the hands of native or of Ragusan architects, castles and fortresses were erected on the almost inaccessible tops of mountains, in defiles and in the middle of lakes. Servia was in that state which constitutes one of the most important epochs in the existence of every nation—one of transition from patriarchal traditions handed down from the darkest origin and fettered by local prejudices, to a legal order of things, founded on spiritual knowledge and corresponding with the

general development of the race,—when all its prospects of realising a station amongst the European nations were obscured by a new and alien power—that of the Osmanlis—introduced as we have seen by Cantacuzenus himself, and who had gradually penetrated into the interior of Thrace.

It became imperative on the Servians to resist the Osmanlis to the utmost; they must either repel the enemy or expect their own destruction. But unfortunately Stephan Dushan died before he had completed the empire of which he had laid the foundation; and whilst the Osmanlis exhibited the strictest unity and a more compactly-knit fellowship, being all servants of one master, in Servia, on the contrary, the Woiwodes divided the political power among themselves; hence it did not remain doubtful which of the two parties would prove victorious in the contest. As in recent times the Turkish annals contain accounts of battles not mentioned in those of western countries, whilst the Servian chronicles speak of others that are not recorded by the Turks, on both sides victories are spoken of as defeats, and defeats as victories.

But however imperfect our knowledge of the various occurrences of this war, it remains not the less certain that the Servians soon lost the Rumelian districts acquired by their predecessors, and that the chief vassals submitted one after another to the Turks. Once (in 1389) on the mountain heights, crowned by the chief seat of the Servian empire—on the field of Kossowa—the Servians, the Bosnians, and the Albanians stood united against the Osmanlis. But the Turks were stronger than all these nations combined. The particulars of the battle are obscured by national pride and the vagueness of song and of tradition; but the result is certain: from that day the Servians became subjects to the Osmanlis. The Sultan of the Osmanlis and the Servian Kraal were both slain in this terrible conflict; but their successors, Bajazet or Bayazid, and Stephan Lasarewitsch, entered into an agreement which formally established the inferior position of the Servians. Lasarewitsch even gave the Sultan his sister to wife, and undertook to render him military service in all his campaigns.

But such an unnatural alliance could not last long. Difference of religion soon gave rise to heartburning and hostility on the part of the Servians; whilst the Osmanlis on their side declared that they could not permit Christian princes to retain possession of strong forts and rich mines, lest they should use them to impede the progress of the true faith. About the year 1438, we find a mosque erected at Kruschewatz, and Turkish garrisons placed in the fortresses of Golubaz and Smederewo or Semendria, on the Danube; as also in Nowo-brdo, the most ancient of the Servian towns, in the immediate vicinity of the richest mines.

Under these circumstances, an alliance was brought about by the then Servian prince—George Brankowitsch—with the Slavonians of Poland, Lithuania, and Hungary, as also with the Bosnians. A powerful land force was organised, and so successful was this alliance that the renowned John Hunyad celebrated the Christmas of 1443 on the conquered snow plains of the Haemus, and the peace of Szegedin actually restored the whole of Servia.

Had the western potentates supported the inferior powers that still held their ground in this quarter, as also in the city of Constantinople, and had they at the same time occupied the attention of the Sultan, and endangered his forces by sea, it is reasonable to suppose that the Turks would never have subjugated a considerable portion of Europe, whilst the countries embraced in that occupation might have patiently awaited the opportunity for a general restoration.

But it was destined to be otherwise. As in the present day we see the Latin Church preferring the rule of the Osmanli to that of the Greek; so in the times we are now speaking of, the Slavonians preferred that of the Osmanlis to the sway of the Pope. The Servians invited the infidels into their fortresses that they might not see their strongholds given over to a cardinal of the Romish Church. The chief nobles of the country, whom the Turks began to annihilate, under the Moslem plea that there was no necessity for keeping faith with an infidel, soon perceived that their only safety lay in embracing Islamism, and the conversion went on even more rapidly in Bosnia and Herzegovina than in Servia. The country soon became divided among Spahis, whom the inhabitants were bound to serve, both in their persons and in their property. A traveller of the sixteenth century, describes the people as poor captives, none of whom dared to lift up his head. A gleam of sunshine came with the successes of the Emperor Leopold, who extended his protection to the unfortunate Servians. But after a lapse of twenty years, owing more to the complication of European politics than to any increase of Turkish power, the liberated districts had to be given back again to the Turks. The Patriarch migrated into Hungary with 37,000 families, and the Turks appointed a successor at Ipek. Daniel, the Metropolitan of Montenegro, was made prisoner, and the Montenegrines retorted by a wholesale slaughter of the Turks.

On the advance of the Austrians in 1737, the Servians and Albanians once more rose in great numbers, their force amounting, it is said, to 20,000; but they were met by the Turks near the Kolubara, and their entire host slaughtered. The patriarch of Ipek was compelled to flee for safety to Montenegro. These events determined the Porte not to suffer the election of another Servian

Patriarch; Greek Bishops were placed over the Servian Church, and the people now found themselves wholly subject to the Turkish Government at Constantinople.

The Servians, however, never parted with the memory of their former independence. In 1788, Austria, which had taken the Servian Patriarchate under its protection, united with Russia for an attack on the Turks, as the Emperor Joseph said, "to revenge mankind on those barbarians." The Greeks manned a fleet, and there were movements in Albania and Macedonia; but the Servians lent the greatest amount of aid. They assisted in the reduction of Belgrade in 1789, and they seized upon Karanowaz and Kruschewaz. But upon this occasion, as upon all others, the interests of the Christian populations of Turkey had to give way to considerations of balance of power. Prussia was willing that Austria should extend her power on the Danube in return for concessions on the Polish frontier; but France threatened the whole constitution of the European powers. England and Holland interfered in favour of the *status quo*; and by the treaty of Sistowa, 1791, it was deemed sufficient to secure an amnesty, and Servia with all its fortresses was given back to the Sultan.

In the meantime Sultan Selim was, with the aid of French and English officers, working hard at the reformation of the whole system of Turkish military warfare. These reforms were strenuously resisted by the Janissaries and Spahis. The Turkish empire was founded on conquest and forcible occupation, and it depended upon the superiority of the army under its pashas, upon the power held hereditarily, and exactions exercised in the towns and fortresses by the Spahis and Janissaries, often at variance with the Pashas, and, above all, upon the jealousy of European powers.

Of all the Janissaries of the Empire, none had been more turbulent or arrogant, or were more opposed to the Sultan, than those at Belgrade, and Selim determined to rid himself of such an insubordinate soldiery. Their commanders assumed the title of Dahis, after the example of the so-called Deys of Barbary. Their chief Dahi was one Deli Achmet, "or mad Achmet," a common designation for a man of reckless bravery; and he was invited to meet the new pasha—Abu Bekir—at Nissa or Nish, where he was, according to oriental practice, disposed of by treachery. The possessions of the Janissaries were next forfeited, but to the Spahis were left their tithes and their Glawnitza.

Osman Passwan Oglu—a Turkuman from Asia Minor, and where he is still well remembered, and not an Osmanli—revolted in Widdin at the head of the Janissaries; so had also a large body of soldiers called Krdschalis, men who had been dismissed by the Porte, and who lived by serving pashas or peoples in revolt, or, when

this failed them, they plundered and levied contributions on their own account. They professed no religion in particular, and rode along on stately horses, with trappings of gold and silver and bearing costly arms. In their train were female slaves, Gjuwendi, in male attire, who not only served to amuse them in singing and dancing, but also followed them to battle, for the purpose of holding their horses when they fought on foot.

Passwan Oglu attached this motley band of irregulars to him by saying "The booty be yours, and mine the glory." It was in vain that the Porte sent troops against him; he not only held his own, but he extended his conquests, and soon directed his forces against Servia, which at that time was increasing in prosperity by its peculiar and most permanent source of wealth—the breeding of swine, realising even at that epoch £130,000 annually, by its commerce with Austria alone.

Hadji Mustafa, the then Pasha, called the Servians to arms to resist the new enemy. They, with the help of their Kneses and Heyducs,—men who had fled to the forests to avoid the oppression of the Turks, exercising the profession of banditti and robbers, and still in existence throughout the Balkan,—successfully opposed the progress of the Turkuman rebel. Yet strange to say, the pride of the Mussulmans revolted at the idea that old Moslems of the true faith should be driven by the Christians from their conquests; the Mufti declared that it was against the laws to permit Rayahs to chastise Moslems, and not only was Passwan admitted as a Pasha with three tails, but the Janissaries were actually sent back to Belgrade to curb the spirit of the Servians.

No sooner arrived there than they resumed their evil ways: they seized upon Schabaz, after murdering a Servian chief, and then upon Belgrade, killing the pasha; and they then divided the country among themselves, appointing four Dahis to rule separate districts. To the Porte they wrote laconically, "Hadji Mustafa had been a false Osmanli, who had sided with the Rayahs, and had now received his reward." Not content with appointing Kaba-Dahis to rule the towns, and Su-Bashis to rule the villages, they claimed the actual proprietorship of the land, exercised the power of life and death, imposed the heaviest taxes, and reduced the Servians to a position little better than that of slavery. The Su-Bashis especially indulged in petty acts of tyranny, taking from the peasants their festive garments, turning them into menials, and appropriating to themselves the more beautiful women.

The Servians in their distress appealed to the Sultan. They were, they said, not only robbed and plundered, but they were attacked in their religion, their morality and their honour: no husband was secure in the possession of his wife, no father of his

daughter, no brother of his sister. The church, the cloisters, the people, all were outraged. The Sultan threatened "as the faithful could not fight against the faithful," to turn the Rayahs upon their oppressors. The Dahis met this threat by precautionary measures of unexampled atrocity. Not only the chiefs (Kneses and Kmetes), but every person of any consideration, whether it had been acquired by military prowess, morality, or wealth, was put to death. Horror prevailed throughout the country, and the belief was universal that it was intended to extirpate the entire population.

There are degrees even in the misery of a people. A certain amount of national spirit has never been wanting with the Servians. They felt that they had now arrived at a crisis which was to decide whether they were to remain a nation or to be annihilated; and the consciousness of this aroused them to exertion.

The country, as it descends towards the Danube and the Save, forms three divisions. Of these the central division is the most important—especially the forest region, called Schumadia. This division is separated from the others, on the one side, by the broad and frequently inundated valley of the Morava or Morawa, and on the other by the Kolubara, at its commencement a torrent, and further on flowing through extensive tracts of morass. In each of these districts a movement to commence a war, which was to extinguish an authority that was exercised in a manner so tyrannical, was originated by different leaders.

The leader in the forest region was George Petrowitsch, called by the Turks Kara or "black" George. He was a wealthy owner of swine, but had also been a Heyduc in his time, and he was considered as one of the most enterprising men in the country, as he was also one of the richest. Jacob Nenadowitsch—of whom Servian song records that his brother Alexa had, in his dying moments, charged him to revenge his death—led the insurgents on the further side of the Kolubara; whilst those on the other side of the Morava, were headed by Milenko, a man inclined to peace, but not so much so as to be blind to the danger in which he stood on account of his wealth and authority.

In all the three districts, the Turks were almost simultaneously driven from the villages. Nor did the insurgents long refrain from attacking the Palanks or Palankas—small towns, so called from the palisading round them. They first took Rudnik, and burned it, then other towns in succession, the Turkish population hastening to take refuge in the fortresses.

Thus commenced the insurrection of the Servians of which Kara George was soon appointed the chief, or *Commendant Serbie*, as was engraved on his seal. The Dahis held the fortresses and the large

towns, and they were reinforced by Krdshalics and Bosnians; but encouraged by a first success against the latter, near Schabaz, the Servians no longer hesitated to assail their enemies in the fortresses. Although the Servians—as was, and still is the case in all the Christian provinces—were much divided amongst themselves, in this case discussions arising chiefly between the levies and the irregular and insubordinate Heyducs—still this war was distinguished by acts of heroism which would have reflected credit on any race of men. Two hundred heyducs, for example, having refused to defend a monastery, still awaited the enemy who were five times as numerous as themselves upon a neighbouring height, and they fought from morning till night, until the enemy, receiving fresh reinforcements, every one of the brave men were killed.

Schabaz was the first fortress that fell to the Servians, thanks to a solitary piece of ordnance which Jacob Nenadowitsch had purchased, and the terms made to the conquered showed great clemency on the part of conquerors. All the violent partisans of the Dahis, in their despotism, were to leave the country; the others were allowed to remain. Proscharewaz fell next before the united forces of Jacob and Kara George. The Servians then concentrated all their forces before Semendria. Here those complications, which have ever been inseparable from border warfare in Turkey, and which never can be reckoned upon by any amount of foresight, took place. The chief of the Heyducs withdrew his aid, being displeased with the distribution of the booty of Poscharewaz; but on the other hand, the Turk Pasha of Bosnia, who was an opponent of the Dahis, came to their assistance, and the Turks were received into the old fortress on the Danube without any resistance. The Dahis had retreated to the Castle of New Orsova (Orschowa of the Servians); but Milenko followed them, and soon brought the heads of four of these formidable leaders into the camp. Hereupon the Pasha of Bosnia declared that everything now was done that could be desired, and he directed the Servians to return home to their herds, and flocks, and tillage.

But the Servians had arms in their hands, and they were not prepared to lay them down; whilst the Kaba-Dahis and Su-Bashis still held the fortresses, as well as the towns and villages. They regarded their countrymen as their real chiefs, and not the Pashas and the Spahis, merely because they were opposed to the Dahis. Unfortunately there was discord among the Servians, and Kjurtschia, a renowned chief of the Heyducs, was the first victim of this bad feeling. The Turkish administrators of the Sultan held out promises of utterly superseding the whole administrative system of the Dahis; but, after all, the Janissaries were Moslems and

they only tampered with them, and did little or nothing to relieve the Servians from exaction, oppression, and persecution.

Under these circumstances, the people and their leaders took a step in a direction from which they have never since been able to recede. They resolved upon soliciting the intervention of a Christian power in their favour. At first they looked to Austria, in whose country so many of their kindred tribes dwelt. But Austria had never retained the possessions she acquired, but had always given back both land and people to the Turks. Austria was at this moment also engaged in conflict with the French empire. On the other hand Russia had long stood in the same relation to Moldavia and Wallachia as that which Servia sought for itself. Russia had frequently stipulated for freedom of religion and moderate taxation for those two principalities. Russia also enjoyed a high reputation amongst all the followers of the Greek Church, and the Servians decided upon addressing themselves to this power. The Russian Government, thus appealed to, called upon the Servians first to prefer their requests at Constantinople, and promised to promote their fulfilment there.

A meeting was held at Ostruschniza, in April 1805, at which it was decided that all the fortresses should be garrisoned by Servian troops, in order to control the supporters of the Dahis, as also a compensation for previous exactions and expenses incurred. Pending the negotiations, Kara George attacked the Su-Bashis at Karanowaz; but this place having received reinforcements from Novibazar, he was repulsed. Jacob advanced against Uschiza with greater success. In this campaign we first meet with the name of Milan Obrenowitsch, as that of a chief of Rudnik who joined Jacob. The latter had now a force of 3000 men and two guns. They did not attempt to storm the mountain castle, called Sokol or "the Falcon," which stands so high and proudly on a rock, and gives its name to the whole district; nor was their march stayed by an appeal made by some old Turks, who had taken no share in the horrors which had been perpetrated, but who when asked, as a guarantee of good faith, to give up the evil-doers, replied with the usual stereotyped Moslem prevarication, "their law did not permit them to deliver their brethren in faith over to a people of another creed."

Upon this Jacob immediately attacked all indiscriminately, and the town surrendered, after being set fire to, on the 20th of July, 1805. The south was by this victory brought into the same condition as prevailed in the other part of the country. The fortresses had everywhere surrendered, though they were not yet taken possession of, and the power of the Dahis was virtually annihilated.

But the great problem, which cannot even yet be said to be finally solved, remained. The Dahis were excluded the country, but the Turks who had been opposed to their system of tyranny had not been so; and whilst the Servians claimed the garrisoning of the fortresses, the Turks claimed the government of the country. How would the two parties conduct themselves towards each other?

The Sultan had organised his Nizamidschedid, and had issued a decree that the select of the Janissaries should serve in the new corps. This was the time, then, when the spirit of reform was abroad, for the Sultan to have strengthened his hands by concessions to the Servians. But unfortunately, unlike any other Prince, all of whose subjects belong to him equally, he was the head of the Mussulmans before all others. The Turkish Empire has as yet been based, not on an union and amalgamation of different elements, but on the opposing forces of two distinct populations; one destined to command, the other to obey. Not only were the demands of the Servians rejected, but their deputies were placed under arrest, and Hafiz, pasha of Nissa, received orders to disarm the Rayahs.

The Servians, on their side, prepared themselves to repel the pasha's attack by force. They took up a position between Kupria—the bridge on the Morava—and Parakyn. Hafiz Pasha advanced to the attack, but he was defeated; and he was ultimately forced, by Kara George, to withdraw with his troops to Nissa, where he soon afterwards died, it is said, from the mortification he experienced at the frustration of his mission.

This success did not, however, relieve the Servians from the oppression they were subjected to by the Turks who held the fortresses. A Woiwode visiting the town of Semendria handsomely attired and armed, was sufficient to excite the fanaticism of the Moslems, who set upon him and slew him. The Servians rushed forth to the revenge. They bombarded the town, took it, and now formally garrisoned it. This incensed the Turks in the other fortresses; and at Shabaz, Uschiza, and other places, they killed many Servians who lived outside the walls. The Sultan abetted these proceedings, and raised two divisions, one of Bosnians and Herzegovinians, under Bekir Pasha; another of Albanians and Rumelioties under Ibrahim Pasha, to subject the Servians.

The weak points of Servia, as shown in the recent conflicts, are to the south-east, where are the districts of Negotin, and those but feebly defended of Kruschewatz and Zaitschar; but this open country towards Bulgaria is defended in the rear by a lofty wooded chain of mountains. This is not the case with the pass or opening by which is carried the highway from Nissa to Jagodin. Hence it is that in all invasions of the country the Turks have advanced by the lowest

of all the passes which presents itself in the limitrophal mountains of Servia and the Turkish provinces. The Servians accordingly garrisoned Parakyn, Deligrad, and Kruschewaz, just as in our times, only upon the present occasion they occupied strongholds in advance of these positions, at Alexinatz, Gorgushewatz, Zaitchar, and elsewhere.

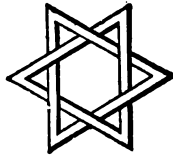
The Bosnians attacked the Servians at the same time by the line of the Drina, where they met with a gallant resistance; but the war was everywhere accompanied by the most atrocious scenes of murder, rapine, and plunder. These so exasperated the people, that the Servian chief was in danger of being murdered, and they had to conceal themselves in the forests. Ibrahim was also approaching from Nissa at the head of 40,000 men. It was in this hour of danger that Kara George earned his fame and rank as commander in chief. He held the great Bosnian army in check with about 1500 men, whilst he repulsed Hadji Beg at Paska, and, rushing over the mountains, went to the aid of Schabaz. The Servians and Bosnians met in a definite encounter in August 1806: after two days' desultory but bloody encounters, the Turks were defeated and driven over the Drina, with the loss of their bravest leaders, whilst the flower of the Bosnian youth had fallen around their standards. After this signal victory Kara George proceeded to the mountain pass, before described, and where Peter Dobrinjaz had held Ibrahim Pasha and his large army in check for six weeks before the stronghold of Deligrad. Turkey itself, being at that moment disturbed by internal dissensions, Ibrahim Pasha was glad to hold out the hand for peace. Turkey was also all the more ready to make concessions, as a war was impending with Russia, and it was most desirable to make a friend rather than an enemy of Servia. The Servians were accordingly granted undisputed possession of the country, a government of their own, and they were even to be allowed to garrison the fortresses. A Muhasil, or Pasha, was, however, to reside at Belgrade, with 150 Turks, as a mark of sovereignty; and the Servians were to pay an annual tribute of 1800 purses, or £160,000 sterling. The victorious progress of the ally of the Porte—Napoleon—against Prussia, however, lessened the fear of the Russians, so that the Turks ultimately rejected the treaty when its ratification was to have taken place.

The Servians, notwithstanding, determined not to be balked of their prey; they attacked the fortresses taking the most important—Belgrade, the first, and massacring the Turkish defenders. Schabaz next yielded, after experiencing similar horrors. Kara George then attacked Uschiza, after Belgrade, the most populous town of Servia. It was here that Milosch Obrenowitsch first

distinguished himself, receiving, however, a dangerous wound in the breast. The Servians fought for whole days during the remainder of the summer—sometimes in the open field, sometimes at the intrenchments which the Turks had thrown up, without any decisive result.

But towards autumn the Turks went back over the Drina. The remainder were driven out of the district of Belgrade, and the Rayhas, free and armed, were in possession of the country and of the fortresses. Thus it was that what is justly designated, in Servian song and chronicles, as the “War of Liberation of 1806 and 1807,” came to conclusion, and the state of subjection, in which the Servians had been held for centuries, was for a time effectually destroyed.

(To be Continued).



THE LEAGUER OF LATHOM.*

"'Twas when they raised, 'mid sap and siege,
 The banners of their rightful liege,
 At their she-captain's call ;
 Who, miracle of womankind !
 Lent mettle to the meanest hind
 That mann'd her castle wall.

THESE simple yet eloquent lines, quoted by Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth, give the key-note to his new story. That "miracle of womankind,"—Charlotte de la Trémoille, Countess of Derby, is the heroine ; but although her name is more popular than that of her husband, from her gallant defence of Lathom House, the Earl of Derby is the real hero, and his feats at Manchester, Lancaster, and Preston, and, above all, his entire devotion to an ungrateful monarch, ending in a tragic fate, more than entitle him to the distinction which is conferred upon him by the author.

Manchester, at the time of the succession of Lord Strange to the Earldom of Derby, was held by the Parliamentarians, and it had been put in an efficient state of defence by a skilful German engineer—one Colonel Rosworm, who had served under Wallenstein during the Thirty Years' War. As Lord Strange,* the earl had assembled a force of over sixty thousand efficient men on the moors of Lancashire, in the cause of King Charles ; but that monarch misled by perfidious counsellors to believe that the Stanleys had pretensions to the crown, forbade the lord to take the command of the force, and these potent auxiliaries were thus lost to the King. When that monarch, alarmed at the rapid progress the rebellion was making in Lancashire, was reduced once more to claim the aid of Lord Strange—now Earl of Derby—that aid was willingly tendered ; but it was no longer possible to raise the same amount of men—many had even gone over to the rebels. The King's desire was that Lord Derby should, with the aid of the local nobility and gentry, send such forces as they could assemble, crush the rebellion throughout the country, and to do this begin with Manchester.

No time was accordingly lost in laying siege to the city ; and as Salford had remained faithful to the King, the opposing forces

* "The Leaguer of Lathom, a Tale of the Civil War in Lancashire." By William Harrison Ainsworth. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

soon found themselves in very close proximity. A view of old Manchester, at this epoch, with its preparations for defence, taken from the tower of the Collegiate Church, is one of those masterpieces of description in which the author excels, and one which, from his intimacy with localities and past history, no other writer could equal. Before entering upon the siege, an attempt was made to win over the German engineer to the royal cause, and a gallant young cavalier—Frank Standish—was employed upon the delicate mission. But, although a soldier of fortune, Colonel Rosworm was firm in his allegiance, and he indignantly repelled the overtures made to him. Not so his daughter Gertrude, a fair German girl with profuse flaxen locks, summer-blue eyes, a delicately-fair complexion, and graceful figure; her instincts were in favour of the monarchy, and these received a new impulse in the acquaintance thus brought about with the handsome young Cavalier, with his long brown locks falling upon his shoulders, a great contrast to the closely-cropped, sour-looking Puritans, with whom she was daily brought in contact. The intimacy thus brought about was ripened by Captain Standish being wounded at an assault on the barrier in Deansgate, and removed to Colonel Rosworm's house, where he was tended by the lovely Gertrude.

This youthful maiden was not only fair, she was a person—like others whose characters were developed by the peculiar circumstances of the times—who had actually martial instincts; and so far did these carry her, that she assumed male attire in order to accompany a nocturnal sortie, resolved upon by the rebels, to burn down Alport Lodge, at that time the head-quarters of the Royalists. Gertrude, made prisoner by Frank Standish in this untoward affair, was induced by the Earl of Derby to plead with her father that he would aid in the defence of Lathom House. She did so with earnestness, but to no avail; and so far were the young maiden's sympathies with the cause won over, that she consented to separate herself from her father, and attend upon the Countess at Lathom House. This episode in a most eventful history has a melancholy ending—like the story itself. The Cavaliers appear in some instances to have been more firm in their allegiance to royalty than they were to their loves; and Frank Standish becomes desperately enamoured of a Spanish maiden, with magnificent black eyes, who had been stranded, with her father, in a large Spanish man-of-war, bringing arms and ammunition for the King's party, in the estuary of the Wyre. Poor Gertrude is no longer thought of, until, after many acts of devotion and courage, she is shot by a puritanical fanatic, known as Asaph the Avenger, and on her death-bed pardons her faithless lover.

It is not for us to anticipate the striking incidents and strange

events which attended upon the great civil war in Lancashire. The Earl of Derby, lifted at Manchester, the siege of which city was raised by command of the King, obtained possession of another of the strongholds of Puritanism—Preston—after storming Lancaster; and the royal cause was, with a few drawbacks, prospering in the county, when once more the weak monarch was induced by the Earl's enemies to take from him his command, and to summon his friends and followers to Oxford. The bearer of this unwelcome order was no less a person than the redoubtable Lord Goring—there was no eluding it—although the earl pleaded earnestly to be allowed to make one more assault on the stubborn Parliamentarians of Manchester; and nothing was left for the noble leader of the Lancashire Royalists than to retire to Castle Rushen in the Isle of Man—leaving to his brave wife the defence of Lathom House.

The true interest of the work lies with this well-known and most remarkable siege. Never, however, has it been before so fully related in all its striking incidents, as they occurred day by day,—acts of heroism which fully deserved being rescued from oblivion by such an elaborate and careful record. We have read some strangely-coloured stories of devices used to annoy and terrify the besiegers, when a scarcity of powder diminished the means of defence, and no longer allowed of the frequent and daring sallies which constituted so remarkable a feature in the defence of Lathom House; but our careful and experienced author reduces them to the flinging of balls of clay, furnished with a lighted match, such as were used at that epoch by the musketeers; and the besiegers, thinking that an assailing party was at hand, fired in the direction of the lights, to the great delight and amusement of the spectators on the ramparts.

The gallant Prince Rupert came at last to the relief of the besieged mansion—the Parliamentarians were defeated at Stockport Bridge—Bolton was taken by assault—Lathom House was set free; a banquet was given in the great hall, and a marriage took place in the chapel. The faithless Standish did not, however, live long to enjoy the company of his Spanish beauty; he fell shortly afterwards at the siege of Liverpool, and finally the King having been beheaded, the youthful Charles had once more been aided by the brave and loyal Earl of Derby to recover his father's throne, when a sad conclusion is brought about to this most eventful history, by a picture of which it is justly said: "it will retain its melancholy attraction as long as any reverence shall remain for what is noble and heroic or any pity for tenderness and constancy in the saddest reverses of fortune—in fact, as long as there are hearts that can feel and eyes that can weep."

THE RISE OF MAXIMIN,

EMPEROR OF THE OCCIDENT,

Compiled by LUCIUS, Keeper of the Imperial Archives at Iscapolis.

TRANSLATED AND EDITED

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

MAX now sent his agents, one or two together, about among the mountaineers, the hardy, independent dwellers near and upon the Blue Mountains, who entered their small circular camps, carrying the "Rah" in hand, and read from it, and addressed them. These men had never been subjected either by Sandover, Brucester, or any of the petty kingdoms which lined its coast. They had no king, but a number of chiefs, who, however, had little authority: and their hands had been for generations against the dwellers upon the coast. But even taking into consideration all the circumstances, it is impossible to explain the enthusiasm which seized upon them when the enterprise of Maximin, and the principles of his works, were expounded to them. They flocked to the Sacred Stone in hundreds, and laid themselves at his feet, begging him to lead them against their enemies, and he received deputations from the camps for two days' march along the Blue Mountain range, requesting him to be their regulus. At first, Maximin, urged on strongly by his new friends, was inclined to lead a general descent into the coasts with these men; but before he decided, he, as was his wont, went out alone to commune with the wilderness. Alone upon the great Plantain, with the sun and the sky, he thought over the proposed expedition. He reckoned up, by one, the reasons for and against. He saw that the mountaineers were hardy and brave; but he also saw that they were ill-armed, having nothing but spears and darts, and they had no organisation whatever. The dwellers upon the coast were, it is true, badly disciplined; but they possessed firearms and cannon and could retire, if pressed, behind stone walls. If they did that, the mountaineers, as soon as they had exhausted the supplies of the entry, must return to the hills, and then, the cities uniting, would rescue them, and attacking one camp after another, cause a great slaughter. It would be cruelty to expose his friends to such destruction. He could not arm them better, for there was no

iron in the hills, and he had no forges; and if he attempted to start an arsenal, the cities would hear of it, and destroy it before he could manufacture sufficient arms. He could never conquer the cities without cannon; and he could not starve them out, because they had the command of the sea. He must have iron, arms, and ships. Where to get them? Casting back among the memories of his travels in the boat or *speronare*, he remembered the beautiful Pinerie Islands in the midst of the sea, whose inhabitants had begged him to stay amongst and instruct them, so that they might throw off the yoke of those tyrants the Cythes, who occupied the only cliff. These islanders were expert sailors, well provided with ships. Their islands were full of iron, and they understood how to work it. The body of the Cythes who held the cliff fortress had disarmed them; but they were bold and fearless. Their ignorance only kept them under. The Cythes in the cliff fortress were not a large body. He would see these with his friends, destroy the barbarous Cythes, and make himself chief of the islands, and finally return with arms and ships, and disciplined men. Then with the aid of the mountaineers he might become a power. These Cythes were the curse of the land. They came from Cytheria, in the distant and inaccessible north-west, and were undoubtedly of the bravest of the brave, but cruel, barbarous, and superstitious to an incredible degree. He had long viewed the practice of the kings employing these men as mercenaries with disgust—by their aid they trampled upon their subjects, and maintained a despotism. Even then he dreaded the time when the Cythes might come in an irresistible wave, and sweep away all civilisation and learning. Their galleys and ships grew more numerous year by year, and they landed and burnt towns and villages upon the coast. No ship of traffic was safe from their piracy. He determined that one feature of the policy he would pursue would be to expel these rude invaders, and, in one word, to keep Lyonesse for the Lyonnais.

Returning, Maximin called his council together, and imparted his resolution. They opposed it on the ground that now was the time, while the enthusiasm of the mountaineers was at its highest, and represented to him that these men would shrink from encountering the perils of a voyage in which they must lose sight of land. Maximin was firm, and in the end carried his point. Even at that early date it was wonderful what an influence this man had acquired over the better judgment of his followers.

The next thing was from what port to set out, and how to obtain vessels. Maximin determined to build his own ships. He remembered a bay out of the track of vessels, and surrounded with forest, where they could build their galleys unmolested. Sydney and Stewart were both clever mechanics—they could design the ships. Before

night fell the enterprise was planned out. Messengers were sent out to the principal camps of the mountaineers, explaining the reason of this determination, and requesting them to hold themselves in readiness. When all was accomplished, Charles, who had seen the bay when hunting with Max, was ordered to lead the expedition, which set out towards midnight, travelling east and north towards the coast. For himself and Albert Max had another adventure. He had resolved that they alone together should penetrate to the centre of the city of Sandover, and nail a defiance on the public notice-post in the middle of the great square, describing his policy. The object of this dangerous attempt was not only to strike the Government with dread at the audacity of the adventurers, but also to publish his views to the whole land, for he had no doubt that the fame of the exploit would travel far and wide. While the expedition therefore went east, Albert and Max stepped rapidly direct north, and never paused the whole night long. In the morning they found themselves in the cultivated fields, and hid in a great hayrick the whole of the day. At night they travelled again, followed sheep-tracks and unfrequented roads, till at last towards midnight they reached the banks of Sycamore Creek. Albert went to the willows and launched the speronare, while Max visited the blackened ruins of the farmhouses, and with much difficulty succeeded in extricating a box from the cupboard of his former apartment. This box contained the record of his journeys, with his maps, and plans, and several manuscripts in cipher, in which he preserved the useful knowledge he had learnt upon an infinite variety of subjects. He placed this box in the stern of the speronare, and Albert and he rowed slowly out into the creek. They passed over the sandbar at the entrance, for the tide was in, and, entering upon the open sea, met a gentle breeze from the north-west, which lifted the light, long bark up and down upon the waves. They followed the shore of the Sandover peninsular about a mile till nearly under the town, and then ran their boat ashore, and drew it up in a field of oats. Cautiously they crept in the darkness up to the walls, well aware of the only place where they could enter unobserved. The palace of King Aurelius was situated at this side, and his gardens ran just within the walls. They were full of trees and shrubs; and the dissolute servants had trained the ivy up the side of the wall, till it afforded a good and easy climbing-place, so as to enable them to enter and leave it without observation upon their intrigues. Both Max and Albert were well aware of this, and knew that they could easily enter, the only danger was that some servant should happen to use the ivy ladder at the same time. They crept up to the fosse, which was dry, for being on the top of a hill they could not fill it with water, listened, and hearing no sound, cautiously climbed up

upon the wall. They crawled on hands and knees along the broad rampart till they reached the extremity of the king's garden, and then slid down an acacia-tree into it. Here there was a small arched postern door, leading out into the town. This door, as they well knew, was fastened with a spring lock—and could be opened from inside, but from without only with a key. Maximin gently opened it, but found it was kept well oiled and made no noise; Albert placed a small stone to keep it from closing behind them, and they entered the street. Here they almost ran up against a sergeant of the peace, and their guilty hearts fell; but he evidently took them for some courtiers in the darkness, and passed on. In a few minutes they gained the square, and came to the great post on which proclamations and decrees were nailed for the public to read. There was a parchment attached to it now. Maximin tore it down, and Albert unrolling their letter or pronunciamiento, placed it against the post, and by the sheer power of a strong wrist, using his knife-handle to protect his fingers, he drove some small nails through the paper into the wood. They then turned and regained the narrow street; but as they came near the postern-gate heard, low voices, and saw a woman's white dress fluttering. They halted, and grasped their daggers; but in a moment the dress, and man with it, passed inside the postern-door. Heavens, if they shut it, said Maximin, we shall be caught like rats in a trap. Perforce they waited a few moments, and then went to the door. It was as they had left it—doubtless this was a nightly occurrence for some servant of the palace to place the door ajar, and was well understood by his comrades. They got up on the rampart again, and in five minutes were under the fosse. Their excitement, so long suppressed, now broke forth, and they tore at headlong speed across the fields and gardens for their boat. They launched it, cut the triangular sail, and were speedily slipping through the water towards the east.

This was the proclamation they had nailed to the post:

"I, Maximin, of Sycamore Creek, an outlaw, and proscribed, do hereby hurl defiance at Aurelius and all his effeminate and worn-out race. I warn them to depart, and to make room for a new era and a new race. I denounce their cruelties, their exactions, their superstitions, and their falsehoods, to the people of the towns and lands which they have conquered. I denounce, moreover, the whole of the kings of the coast for similar evil deeds, and I call down the vengeance of the sky upon them, for that they do cherish and maintain the detestable system of slavery, by which human beings are bought and sold as beasts of burden, and prisoners taken in war are sent out to distant captivity. I call upon them to abolish the mercenaries—to dismiss the Cythes, and to dispossess those of them to

whom they have given land. Let Lyonesse be for the Lyonnais. I denounce the superstitions of the priests of Pheroon, and their influence over the people—down with them, throw open the monasteries, destroy the nunneries, dens of impurities and follies. And I will never cease to scourge ye till this is done.”

The speronare driven lightly before the breeze, reached the bay about seven the next morning, and there they found their friends and companions in arms.

This bay or inlet was divided into two narrow harbours by an immense cliff, which sunk down near the land to a narrow isthmus, so narrow that it suggested the idea of cutting a canal, and so forming an inaccessible island. From the long white cliff they called it Alba-Longa.

THE DESERTED SHRINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

OH, fane deserted, silent, and alone !

Devotion weeps to see so sad a sight ;
O'er thee, the birch-trees sigh their plaintive moan,
And breezes sadly whisper day and night ;
And yet of old morn smiled upon the towers
That rose to greet the pilgrim's longing eye,
Who heard thy chimes swell sweetly through the vale,
And felt his heart resound their ecstasy.

Behold ! the rosy dawn o'er spreads the sky ;
The rocky heights awake to choral song ;
A grave procession comes with banners high,
And incense floats in solemn clouds along—
First, priests revered in gorgeous vestments dight ;
Then, cavaliers arrayed in dazzling arms ;
And stately dames, attired in garments white,—
All seek yon refuge from the world's alarms.

Above the rest, see one, divinely fair,
Who droop's her close-veiled head upon her breast,
Sighing in sadness, whilst all others there
Advance in hope, by memory unoppressed.

Why mourns she thus, as one without relief?
Because in youth she plighted heart and hand
To one who wanders—oh, what bitter grief!—
To seek renown in some far-distant land.

A strange foreboding thrills her trembling heart,
As, entering 'neath the high-arched towering dome,
She seeks to where the odorous altar pours
Glad taper's light to welcome wanderers home.
Hard by the Crucifix she kneels to pray,
Where oft she prayed in childhood's happier years,
And meekly whispers sorrow's litanies;
While, from her soft blue eyes, fall blinding tears.

And as, through long-drawn aisle and dim-lit nave,
She hears the children's voices sweetly blend,
There wakes within her soul a gentle pain,
As if her grief were near its latter end;
And as the choirs their full-voiced anthem raise—
E'en as the organ swells the harmony—
Her woe she loses in the flood of praise,
And soars, released on wings of psalmody.

Faint, and more faint, earth's chorus dies away;
Hark! heavenly music falls upon her ear;
And spouse of Christ to her entranced eye
Fair visions in the firmament appear;
There, angels shine, like glorious stars of light;
There, martyrs stand, set free from death and chains;
While he smiles greeting on her ravished sight,
For whom she wept such streams of tearful pain.

Her strife is o'er; she hears her call to rest;
Upon the altar-step she sinks and dies.
A gleam of glory lights her pale, worn face—
One parting glance from her fast-glazing eyes.
All gaze in wonder at the touching sight;
The air grows sad at sound of passing bell;
A solemn tremor thrills the kneeling throng,
Obedient to the sympathetic spell.
The spell is past, the picture melts away,
The fane stands desolate by night and day.

W. F. S.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A STRANGE DOWRY.

BY MRS. ALFRED PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loves best."

A. A. PROCTOR.

"Heigh ho ! for somebody !"

MR. ADDISON was alone in the reception-room as I entered, waiting for dinner to be announced ; he was busily engaged lavishing his attentions upon Miss Stanhope's sky-terrier, Gyp. He merely rose from his seat on seeing me, and, without remark, continued his game with the dog. The silence between us became so oppressive that I felt obliged to break it, and asked if he was fond of dogs.

"I should think so, next to human beings. Indeed, I am not sure that I don't consider a good respectable dog whose qualities have been cultivated, superior to some human beings."

"What ! better than human beings, who have souls ?"

"And who dares to deny a soul to a dog ?" he asked, somewhat sternly.

"And on what grounds do you give him one ?" I inquired.

"Simply, that good is imperishable ; and when I see love, faithfulness, and gratitude shine out of a dog's eye and manifest themselves in his actions, I say the poor brute, dumb as he is, has something indestructible about him—call it *soul* or what you will—that can never die. The animal will disappear, but the love, the gratitude, the faithfulness—grand noble qualities, either in men or dogs—will live on somewhere."

At that moment Miss Stanhope and her brother put an end to the conversation by their entrance, and we went in to dinner.

"Why did you not take Mr. Addison with you to Crofton, this afternoon, Mary?" inquired Miss Stanhope.

"Miss Prior wisely remembered the proverb, 'Two are company, three none,' he said, smiling, not waiting for my reply. "I don't think I could have been cruel enough to spoil her enjoyment by intruding."

"Which knowledge on my part must explain my want of politeness. I did not wish to give Mr. Addison the pain of refusing."

"How wonderfully polite you two people are to each other!" said Miss Stanhope, gaily. "One would think that you had been studying Lord Chesterfield all the afternoon."

"Addison spoke of leaving to-night, but I have refused to part with him," said Colonel Stanhope. "I can't possibly let you go until Saturday, my dear fellow; for I have put off the man I wanted you to meet until our festivities are over."

"If you let me off this evening I will come again on Saturday," he returned.

"I have something to say in that matter," said Miss Stanhope. "I cannot part with you: I want all the men I can get for to-morrow night." After a pause, she continued: "Adrian is always useless on these occasions, and you are just the one to help me above all others. Come, Mary, join your entreaty to my insisting, and I am sure we shall gain our point. We cannot spare him—can we?"

It was an embarrassing question, but I determined to answer it without compromise to myself—so I said—

"Mr. Addison would no doubt be an invaluable *aide-de-camp*; but I think he ought to be free to please himself."

"You are not half pressing enough, Mary. I shall not employ you as an advocate if you cannot throw more warmth into my cause—you should plead as if it were your own," said Miss Stanhope.

Seeing that the conversation was becoming painful to one or both of us, Colonel Stanhope turned it off lightly, remarking—

"Of course Addison will stay,—he is too good a fellow to make us all unhappy by going."

I had grown so self-conscious again that I did not dare look up. I felt that my repentance was so plainly written in my eyes, that he must have read it had they met his own, and he would have seen how earnestly I longed for him to stay—that is, if he cared to read or see—a doubt now for ever haunting me; for a strong soul like his could so quickly master every feeling; he would never long remain the slave of a defeat, but rise above it stronger than before.

I was so glad when the weary meal was at an end, and I was free

to expand, no longer frozen by his icy coldness, which was paralyzing.

"My dear, go up into the morning room," said Miss Stanhope, when we had left the gentlemen. "I am just going to look around how things are progressing. I am sure the hammering we have had all day has been quite enough to affect the stoutest nerves. I am surprised to find how well Adrian bears it; he forgets it, I think, in Mr. Addison's society. By the way, dear, I thought you were very cool to him at dinner; don't you approve of him?"

"Perfectly; he is excellent in his way," I answered, in a tone of assumed indifference.

"Which does not strike you particularly, I suppose? Well, take a rest; you look tired—I shall not be long."

Wearied out with suppressed feeling I was soon asleep. I awoke, not knowing where I was or if it were night or morning—awoke with a start and cry of astonishment, as my eyes fell upon Mr. Addison, who was sitting on the sofa opposite.

Half alarmed, and not in the least responsible for what I said in my scarcely-conscious state, I cried out passionately—

"What are you doing here? Why do you haunt me!"

"Don't be frightened," he said, gently; "I found you asleep. I did not disturb, nor do I wish to haunt you, as you say. I came here, and remain here only at Colonel Stanhope's very earnest request, and not for my own pleasure, that you must surely know; though you are good enough to make it more supportable than I ever expected it would be. Some mental, like many physical pains, are only cured by violent means, and I am grateful that you so well understand the treatment, and have not spared me, but tried to cure me!"

I was wide awake now, and stared at him in blank astonishment. "Do explain yourself," I said. "I feel quite innocent of the charge you are making—what do you mean?"

"Simply this: that I see you are hard and cruel, when I thought you otherwise; you seem unable to forgive me for having loved you!"

The injustice of his remark, made in proud defiance, so agitated me that I was unable to reply. When our idols turn again and rend us, hope and justice seem to die. It was well for me at that moment that I felt his sting as I did, for it showed me that my god was but mortal, and not the perfect man I took him for.

Some shocks fall upon us with such force that speech, and even sense are crushed, we feel, when passing such times in review, that we were armed with unanswerable argument to prove our innocence, but dumbness held us in its spell. I longed, yet was powerless to

tell him how the coldness which he blamed but hid what I longed, yet trembled intolerably to disclose, and the burden of which was becoming oppressive.

Unable to sit there under the helpless sense of his rebuke I rose from my seat, intending to go to my room; an impulse seized me, as I passed him, to pause and say—

"Why can we not be friends?" I had hardly uttered the healing words which might have made all smooth between us, when the door opened, and Colonel Stanhope coming in, put an end to our painful interview.

"Where were you going to, Mary? I can't have any more running away to-night—I want some music. I wish you and Addison would sing one of those duets you used to sing at Southport."

"I don't feel able to sing to-night; kindly excuse me," I pleaded, still anxious to leave the room. "I have brought no duets."

"That is no reason you should run away from us entirely. Come back and sit down, like a good girl, and sing us something."

"I think you are very unkind to ask me when I don't feel able; perhaps *you* will?" I said, timidly, as I turned to Mr. Addison; for one moment our eyes met,—there was a kinder expression in his which gave me courage.

"Never mind—I will sing," I said, acting on a second thought. I would tell him all I felt in song.

"I can only attempt something very simple," I said, as I played the opening bars of the old Jacobite song, "My heart is sair!" Very feebly, scarce able to control my voice, I began—

"My heart is sair I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody."

until I reached the climax—

"While I live I'll ne'er forget
The parting look o' somebody."

It expressed so thoroughly everything I felt that I sang it with all my soul, thankful for the valve of escape it offered. Often as music has made my heart rejoice, never do I remember it with such gratitude as on that evening. Words and melody had carried me out of myself. I had confided my woes to the sympathetic spirit of song, and had found relief.

"I am afraid Arthur has been more than usually destructive to your peace of mind to-day," said Colonel Stanhope, with an attempt at banter. "You sang that as if you knew what you were saying, and felt every word of it."

"Perhaps I did; though I think it rather hard you should make Captain Crofton the author of my supposed miseries," I

answered gaily. My song had done me good—it had given me back my freedom—for awhile, at least. I could have said anything at that moment; all thought of sorrow had vanished. I had hidden it away as we bury the anticipation of death in the midst of rapturous life.

"Now, Addison, do sing us something; Mary has fairly earned it of you," said Colonel Stanhope, as I returned to my seat by the window. "Find him some music, Mary."

"You forget Mr. Addison can sing almost everything by heart; he is independent of music and accompaniments."

"As well as of most other things," he said, with a short laugh, by no means harsh. He had a wonderfully soft voice in speaking, soft yet firm—no stranger to tenderness either, as I knew. Ah should I ever hear it again as I heard it that day.

He went to the piano and sang "The Message,"

"I had a message to send her—
To her whom my soul loves best,"

with a power and pathos that made me tremble. When he had finished the last line, which is triumphant—having laid its message on the wings of song, the heart is no longer restless, but is content to wait—we could not speak our thanks.

Colonel Stanhope was very much affected, holding out his hand to him, as he returned to a seat, he said—

"I believe, Addison, you could, if you liked, send a message to the dead with your power of heart and voice."

"I should be satisfied to awake the living; if I could only do that, I, too, would be content to wait," he returned.

I knew he had meant that last remark for me. How should I ever be able to tell him that I was awake, and yet, unless I told him, how—after what had passed—was he to know? Had we been alone at that moment I *must* have told; with the influence of his song upon me I could have knelt at his feet and asked him to forgive me for not having known it sooner. Fortunately circumstances save us from yielding to our rashest impulses, which, like dews of night, evaporate in the glare of reality. Still time was slipping by; he was soon going, and once parted, no such opportunity as the present might ever again occur; and now, more than ever, I knew what that would mean for me. It would be the eating canker of a life-long regret, uncheered by hope, unblest by love.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Stay, illusion !

Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done

That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

Speak to me."

Hamlet, act i. scene i.

"What may this mean ?

Making night hideous !"

Hamlet, act i. scene iii.

THE next words startled me. They were from Colonel Stanhope, who had been sitting in his chair for some time, wrapt in thought.

"Addison, your song has acted powerfully. I feel as if the circumstances were favourable for a *seance*, and that some manifestation would be vouchsafed to me to-night. Would you mind going down stairs and speaking to Catherine about it. Tell her I should like her to come if she will."

As soon as Mr. Addison was gone, Colonel Stanhope called me to him.

"You won't be alarmed, I hope, Mary—remember I approach the subject earnestly ; with me it is almost, if not altogether, a religion, whereby from time to time messages have been communicated to me at first from, and then by one I loved. Occasionally as faith and knowledge have increased she has appeared to me ; but this only after much agonised longing. As Christ says : 'This kind comes not but by prayer and fasting.' "

"Will you, may you see her to-night ?" I inquired trembling, hoping devoutly I might be no party to any such appearance.

"Nay, I think not ; but I may receive some beloved message, some consoling assurance. Or it may be for you, my child. Often when the heart is very full of any subject which creates much introspection, together with much longing, which spiritualises the soul until we become unconscious of our bodily frames, such a condition attracts the sympathy of loved and loving spirits, who can then more readily communicate with us. Thus are messages vouchsafed."

"But if it need such powerful faith, I am hardly qualified to join with you. I reverence, with what may be called politeness more than anything else, the different religious convictions of mankind for the solace they separately afford their adherents ; and this is all that I can accord to spiritualism, which, as a faith, I don't believe."

"That matters not in the present instance. It is the scoffer

only, and the intellectually confident, to whom no light is given—their very hardness of heart renders them incapable of being recipients ; but to the man who is ready to admit the possibility of facts existing outside the range of either his experience or comprehension, and who is ready to allow that there are more things, may be, in heaven and earth than his philosophy wots of, to him manifestations are often granted, which tend to conviction and lead finally to conversion. But with you, my child, young and reverent, doubt not, and all things are possible. Only believe !”

“About the hardest task in the world to accomplish, is the qualification you demand. Unbelief is much the simpler lesson to learn.”

“Or what you call unbelief, but which I would term inability to apprehend ; a quiescent rather than a negative attitude, and a fault more of the intellect than the heart. In the present case, all I ask of you is to suspend judgment until you see what happens ; the circumstances are favourable, the atmosphere is clear, we are all more or less spiritualised in mind by the music we have heard ; none of us are inimical to each other ; we may therefore safely form a circle and summon our beloved from the other world. Would it alarm you very much to see any one you had ever loved and lost ?”

“I think so. I never lost any one but my mother that I would care to see, and time has so dimmed her image in my mind that she is now more of an influence and a memory than an individual. It would honestly alarm my unspiritual mind to behold her apparition. Shall I do you think ?”

“It depends upon the mediumistic qualities you may possess ; if they are strong you might be conscious of her presence—surely a matter of rejoicing to those who truly love. Why, then, should you fear ?”

“I hardly know,” I cried ; “my love is strong for her, God knows, even to the point of sacrifice ; but when we know that our loved ones have passed the boundaries of this life, it is only with great awe, which robs love of its joyous element, that we can contemplate the idea of holding communion with them.”

While we were thus speaking Mr. Addison returned with Miss Stanhope.

“You wish for a *seance* ? Very well, I will prepare the room,” she said, addressing her brother. “Kindly close the window, Mr. Addison, draw down the blinds, and shut the door, if you please. Perhaps you will be good enough to lock it, and keep the key in your pocket ; then if we succeed in convincing you, you will be sure there is no collusion in the matter.”

“I could never imagine that in the present company,” he remarked, as he followed her instructions.

"You don't know! However, there is nothing like precaution. That little table will do," she said, pointing to an oval one, which they drew to the centre of the open space in the room; placing upon it a few sheets of plain writing paper, and some pencils sharply pointed.

"How shall we sit?" she inquired as we stood ready to begin.

"The two ladies and the two gentlemen opposite each other; that is the easiest arrangement. Now, shall we take our places."

Doing as directed, I sat perfectly dumb with expectant attention; approaching it all with a sense of weirdness and intense interest, such as I might have experienced had I been listening to the most unearthly ghost tale. Mr. Addison had assumed his mask of impenetrability. He offered no resistance, but it was impossible to judge of what he was thinking—doubtless that he was lending himself to the whim of an invalid it was judicious to humour. Colonel Stanhope was earnestly contemplative, as if in prayer. Miss Stanhope equally grave.

As we sat down she directed us to place our hands flat upon the table that the palms might come in contact with its surface, and thus we waited. The room was in comparative darkness, but there were lights ready in case of necessity. We sat for about twenty minutes when I was sensible of a cool breeze blowing over my hands.

"What is it?" I exclaimed: "did you not feel it?"

"Hush!" said Colonel Stanhope; "manifest no alarm, Mary; in this, as in other cases, let your perfect love cast out fear; do not grieve the spirit by recoiling."

I obeyed as quietly as I could, until I heard the table give signs of communicating. It was as if some one were rapping on its surface with a light hammer.

"Will you communicate with it, Adrian;" said Miss Stanhope; "ask it some question."

Then he began very solemnly: "Are you the same good spirit which has ever attended me?"

There followed three distinct raps, which he explained to me conveyed the affirmative "yes," one rap signifying "no," while two, were "doubtful."

"Are you yet in a position to answer my most earnest longing, the purport of which is known to you?"

He started violently, as the table rapped out "yes!"

"Is it near at hand?"

Again the same reply.

"Will you not communicate by writing where, and under what conditions?"

Upon this the raps ceased, and were followed by a still more startling revelation for which there is no accounting beyond stating the fact as it happened. Although dark, the room was sufficiently light to enable me to see that all our hands were still as we had first placed them, therefore it could have been none of the eight hands present which guided the pencil that was now raised in an upright position as if held by some invisible agency—a phenomenon distinctly seen by all—and wrote.

When the message was complete, the pencil fell aside, and the raps recommenced. Colonel Stanhope spelling out the following sentence: "I have written!"

"Have you no communication for others present?"

"Yes."

"Say it, we entreat?"

"Bid Mary have courage, and all will yet be well."

"Mary! how did it know my name?" I exclaimed; but it was foolish of me to inquire. What was improbable, or impossible, after what I had witnessed! I was grateful for the darkness which concealed my agitation, but scared by the overwhelming presence of the supernatural; I longed for the *seance* to be over.

As no further raps followed this last communication, although we waited some little time, Colonel Stanhope announced the conclusion of the sitting, and asked Mr. Addison if he would light the candles which stood over the mantle-piece, that we might read the spirit message left upon the paper.

"First of all, give me the key, if you please, Mr. Addison," said Miss Stanhope. "I wish to leave the room."

"Poor Catherine! She is always fearful that these written messages may portend evil," said Colonel Stanhope sighing, while Mr. Addison lit the candles.

The light fell upon two faces wholly colourless. Colonel Stanhope looked like death itself, while Mr. Addison exclaimed—

"It has been too much for you, Miss Prior. You are faint, are you not?"

"Rather; but it is of no consequence, it will pass off soon. I have never witnessed anything of the kind before."

Colonel Stanhope then approached the table, and taking up the paper with a sacramental reverence, he looked at it and then showed it to me.

I saw only what appeared an illegible scribbling until he held it up before the mirror; there, in its reflection, we read distinctly written—

"Revelation is nigh, when release will be accomplished."

A smile, almost of joy, lit up his wan features as he read it.

"Do you know its signification?" I asked.

"Yes ; thank God ! Here, Addison, look at this ; does it not convince you ?"

"It is a mystery that needs fulfilling ;" he returned, as if the subject were one he would gladly dismiss from his mind.

"I promise you the key," said Colonel Stanhope, "sooner than you imagine ; but I would have you guard the nature of this communication from Catherine ; she may inquire, although she does not like to be present when they are read ; still she likes to be assured they contain no particular message or instruction."

We all parted shortly after for the night. When in my room, I felt so powerfully excited by all that had passed. I knew that sleep was out of the question. Every nerve seemed to vibrate with fear and vague apprehension. Had I dared to acknowledge it I would have been grateful for Christine to remain with me ; as it was, I prolonged my toilette by various small excuses until long past my usual hour, and saw her depart with a regret akin to dread.

As soon as she was gone I lit both my candles, and throwing a peignoir about me, I determined, by the aid of an amusing book, to exorcise the demon of nervousness. I must have been reading about an hour when my heart stood still with fright to hear the handle of my door turned very gently—I never used to lock it—the door creaked on its hinges with ghastly warning as it slowly opened and revealed the figure of Colonel Stanhope, looking like a wraith, as he stood there enveloped in a loose dressing-gown, holding a taper in his hand.

My first impulse was to exclaim aloud at the intrusion ; but one moment's thought showed me all the truth. I was in the presence of a somnambulist. My only course was silence and obedience.

He beckoned me to come to him ; I rose and obeyed. Seeing that I was ready, he turned around, and motioned to me to follow, which I did—but whither I knew not, for I was but imperfectly acquainted with the house ; beyond the apartments I had been accustomed to frequent I had never strayed. The left wing was a *terra incognita*, and it was in that direction we were evidently going.

"O God, keep me !" I prayed, "and save him from all harm."

In the strength of this short prayer I followed him at that dread hour of night, along the darkened corridors, which the time and circumstances tended to magnify into an endless labyrinth. On we went, like another Orpheus and Eurydice, through one grim passage after another until he paused before the half-open door of a room which he entered, still merely beckoning me to follow.

The taper he held in his hand threw no light upon the interior,

it barely guided our footsteps as we went. I only knew that it was a long apartment; and that on reaching the further end he stopped; turning round to see if I were still near, he held the taper high above his head, until the light fell upon a life-like face which looked down upon us both with living, speaking eyes!

"O merciful God!" I cried, "spare me;" for the horror of that moment eclipsed all others. With a shuddering gaze I saw that the face I looked on was *my own*!

Silently he turned and led the way out of the dreary chamber into the corridor; when outside he waved his hand as if—having accomplished all he wished—he commanded me to return.

Not daring to arouse him in his present state, I stood transfixed, unable to follow or return; then, with alarm, I saw him, still with ghostlike tread, slowly re-enter the room, and close the door, leaving me, all powerless and alone, in the dark!

Paralysed with intense fear, I knew not what to do, or where to go. Must I stay thus throughout the night? The thought was maddening; and the morning would find me bereft of reason. No criminal in a condemned cell could have endured worse tortures of alarm than did I at that moment, all alone in the impenetrable darkness of that vast country house.

"O God, pity and help me," I moaned aloud, as I cowered down upon the floor and sobbed hysterically.

I waited some minutes in a torment of fear, hoping—nay, expecting aid of some kind, when I heard a door open further up the corridor, and Mr. Addison came out holding a light.

"Oh, help me!" I cried, as I stretched my hands out towards him imploringly. "I have lost my way."

The quick revulsion of feeling was more than my already overwrought nerves could bear. I saw him come, caught the look of astonishment and alarm on his face, then all grew dark again, and I knew no more.

It was late the next morning when I awoke from a most profound sleep, with that sense of glad relief with which we awake from the horrors of a nightmare.

"Surely it must only have been a dream, after all," I exclaimed as I looked around, and saw that I was in my own room, with a breakfast tray at my bed-side, which Christine must have left some time, as everything upon it was cold.

"How glad I am that it was only a dream!" I thought; "but if Spiritualism produces such uncomfortable results, I will register a vow never to attend another *seance*. I have actually remained all night in my peignoir!

CHAPTER XXIX.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Rape of the Lock.

"My dear child, it seems an age since I saw you!" exclaimed Dolly, in whose arms I found myself a couple of hours later, on the platform of the rural station near Clynden.

I welcomed her as we welcome the sunlight. In the strong reality of her very practical nature, everything spiritual, ghostly, and uncomfortably ethereal, vanished.

"Now, Reginald, see that nothing is left in the carriage," she said, turning to Colonel Domville, who had been unusually gracious when we met. "I generally manage to leave a book, or a bag, or something, everywhere I go. It is a great comfort having some one to attend to all these petty details," she said, as she put her arm into mine, and we passed through the small station into the courtyard where the brougham was waiting.

"Let us get in; Reginald will soon be here. Pedro is there to see to the luggage, and look after Barker."

"You still retain the services of Reginald's black servant, then."

"My child, the man is a prince, not a servant. He is the most useful creature you can imagine. There is nothing he cannot do, and he is devoted to me!"

"Well, Dolly, I hope you are as happy as you expected to be?" I inquired, when we were seated.

"Happy? I should think so! I have all I want. Change of scene, money, amusements, dress,—what on earth could I have besides? and Reginald worships me!"

"Come, dear, we are waiting; one would think we were passing through the customs, you have been so long," she said as he came up.

"I wanted to see if Pedro had the poodle safe."

"O my darling dog! go and fetch her, Reginald. I forgot all about her."

"You can wait till we get to the house. Pedro has her all right."

"Reginald! you ought to know I never wait. I can't bear waiting. Kindly fetch the dog," she said, with playful imperiousness.

Upon this irresistible demand Colonel Domville returned to the station and brought back a small black-and-tan spaniel, a true King Charles', in his arms,

"Did I forget it, then, the darling?" exclaimed Dolly, embracing her pet, who was between two minds whether to be delighted, or to resent the neglect of being left in the train asleep, wrapt up in a bundle of rugs.

"This is a new possession," I remarked, highly amused at the gush of maternal feeling she displayed over it—it might have been a child, she fondled it so much—far more, I expect, than if it had been one; for it is a curious fact that women who adore and gush over their dogs are often cool to their infants.

"I should think it was, and worth all I have in the world," she replied, in answer to my remark. "Reginald gave it to me only last week; that is why I am not quite accustomed to her as yet, and so forget her occasionally—but then Pedro, or Barker, or Reginald remembers her; so it is all the same. But never mind the dog, you don't say a word about how you find us looking. Don't you think that Reginald is very much improved?"

"You have not given me time or opportunity to notice him as yet; you have been making him so uncommonly useful."

"That is just what I mean," she exclaimed, giving him a smile. "He has found out that his vocation in life is to wait upon and take care of me! is it not, dear?" she inquired playfully. "And he likes nothing better, does he, my beauty?" she cried giving the poodle a violent embrace, which Colonel Domville in his transformed condition, would no doubt have preferred receiving direct, rather than by proxy.

"My dear Medora, you will hurt the poor creature, if you squeeze her so violently," he expostulated, blandly.

"What is the creature's name?"

"We have given her such a beautiful name—haven't we, pet? We have called her Regina, after Reginald. Look up, pretty Regina. Oh, Reginald, where are the biscuits? I think she looks as if she wanted a biscuit. Have you any about you? I told you not to forget them. I am so dreadful at remembering—do look?"

But long before she had finished speaking he had found the biscuits in Dolly's bag.

"Thank you!" she said, giving the animal one. "I don't think I will give her any more; put them up, and don't let them make crumbs in my bag. I hate crumbs!"

I could scarcely believe that the man thus addressed was Colonel Domville. He took her orders so entirely as a matter of course; what did it mean?

"Don't you think your sister looking remarkably well after her travels?"

"Radiant!" I replied, the word so aptly expressed her fully developed beauty. "You must have had a very delightful tour."

"Yes, I enjoyed it extremely. Medora was fatigued at times."

"Fatigued, I was bored to death!" she exclaimed. "I never want to see a picture again as long as I live. I have had to swallow such enormous doses of art, that I have forbidden Reginald to mention the subject in my presence!"

"But, Medora, my love, it is so necessary, moving in society, to be able to converse upon these subjects."

"If anyone talks art to me I shall just tell them the truth; the number of Virgin Maries I have seen, of all possible sizes, sorts, and descriptions, have nearly stupified me, and I declare they are, without exception, the most insipid-looking set of women I ever saw in my life! They give me the blues to look at them!"

"My dear Medora, do be careful, I entreat, and don't talk slang; no lady ever uses such a horrid expression as 'the blues.'"

"Then, Reginald, the sooner you grow accustomed to Mrs. Domville giving vent to her feelings in this very wholesome manner the better. You ought to know by this time that it quite depends upon who it is uttered by, whether slang is objectionable or not. A pretty mouth sanctifies every expression! Does it not, Regina, my love?" and once more the dog was appealed to, and Colonel Domville silenced.

"What a *very* pretty place!" she exclaimed, as we drove into the ground, and caught sight of the house. "Why, Mim, you have been living in luxury! What a mistake that I married! only fancy, Reginald, I might have been staying here with Mim all this while, instead of half-killing myself in picture-galleries, churches, monuments, and graveyards, and Heaven knows what beside! How pleasant to be here! What lovely cedars!" These with a few other exclamations occupied the time until we reached Clynden, where the Stanhopes were waiting to receive their guests.

It was of no use trying to get a private chat with Dolly in her grand state apartment, for Barker, her maid, had taken possession of it and her; so I asked her to come to me as soon as she was at liberty.

I had not seen Mr. Addison all the morning; he was out of the way when I drove to the station. Colonel Stanhope I thought looking more fragile than ever—and then the circumstances of my very vivid dream all came back, and I shuddered as I recalled my sufferings. How odd that I should dream he had showed me my own face hanging upon the wall. I could only see the face, especially the eyes, all else was dim; and then the misery of that lonely darkness, and my sense of relief when I felt that I was safe again—how I blessed Philip in my dream! How miserable I should be had it all really happened! What would he think of finding me there at that time of the night? I never thought dreams could be so

vivid—for, of course, it was a dream—it would be absurd to suppose otherwise—but a dream that I would tell to no one, not even to Dolly, who at that moment came into my room.

“Does it not seem like old times, Mim, to be together again? What a charming room—what a delightful house altogether!” she exclaimed. “You will never be able to endure Southport and its trumpery society after this; but then, thank goodness, it won’t be for very long, for you come to us, you know. What on earth is that Mr. Addison doing here; I hear he is staying in the house?”

“He is on a visit, being a friend of Colonel Stanhope’s.

“I do believe he has followed you here, because he wants to propose to you, Mim.”

“Nonsense!” I exclaimed, not daring to tell her he had already done so, in case she should hear of his altered fortunes, and make one of her worldly-wise remarks about my having refused a “good chance.”

“And who are the Croftons? this Captain Crofton that you have been writing about—what is he like?”

After my description she expressed her approval, adding: “My dear child, I do believe you might——”

“I know what you are going to say—do stop,” I cried, interrupting her. “If you are like this now, what will you be when you have grown-up daughters of your own—a perfect caution to bachelors, who will read “what are your intentions?” written on your maternal forehead. Captain Crofton is very delightful, as you remark, but he wouldn’t suit me.”

“Some nonsense or other about not fulfilling your highest ideal, I suppose, or satisfying your better nature?” she remarked impatiently.

“Perhaps so,” I replied.

“My dear Mim, you will never be worth anything until you abandon all that moonshine and stuff. It does very well for paupers, because it makes up to them for the absence of the *real* thing. It is highly consoling, no doubt, to talk of another and a better world when you have no prospects in *this*; but, my dear child, take a practical, common-sense view of the question, and tell me what better nature can any one want than a handsome establishment, lots of money, a good position, a prospective title, and a good-looking husband?”

“I am glad you have the grace to include the poor man,” I said, smiling.

“Yes, we take him in the bargain, of course, thankful when he proves an additional advantage, which is not always the case, you know.”

"Dolly!" I exclaimed, growing serious. "What are you becoming?"

"A woman of the world, my dear!"

"So it seems; how on earth have you converted Colonel Domville into the agreeable creature he seems to have become; there's not the sign of a quotation left about him."

"Don't you know that it is far better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. You see, Reginald is no longer young, and I am—that is why he adores me; and when a man is foolishly fond, my dear, you can twist him round your little finger without his being aware of it."

"How have you managed about the politics?"

"As I said I would, forbade the subject. I had a violent headache the first time he tried to interest me, and neuralgia the second. Neuralgia is like charity, it covers a multitude of evils! It is the most convenient malady in existence. I always have it when Reginald wants me to do anything I don't like."

"I am afraid you must be a great disappointment to him. He had all sorts of ideas about educating you up to his standard of perfection as a wife."

"But, you see, I turned the tables, and am educating him up to my standard of an excellent husband," she returned, gaily, as she made a tour of inspection round my room, peeping at last into my wardrobe, where she caught sight of my ball dress.

"How very pretty! Who made you this? It was never manufactured at Southport, was it?"

"No; it is a present from Miss Stanhope for this evening."

"Well, I declare I never saw such people!" she exclaimed. "They will end by adopting you—such interest is quite unusual; how lucky you are! and it is all done in such a fatherly-motherly sort of fashion, that people couldn't scandalise if they tried."

From the wardrobe she went to my jewel-case, which was standing on the table.

"Give me your keys, Mim; I want to see how you have arranged your things. I must show you mine presently. Reginald has added so many exquisite things."

I did as she desired, and she opened the box, taking up one thing after another. "How I admire this diamond of yours! why don't you wear it? I always wear mine."

"But you are married."

"What nonsense! the idea of keeping anything so pretty locked up for that remote contingency! Forgive me, Mim; but you are so hard to please, I expect if you wait for that event before you wear your ring, you will have to carry it with you into the next world. I am quite sure the man does not live on earth to suit you in every

particular, so never mind being married, but liberate this beautiful prisoner that is pining for the sunlight. Put it on, just to let me see how your hand looks. It will be an improvement, I am sure—for you wear nothing; there—give me your hand,” and with this she put it on my third finger.

“What a splendid one it is! You must keep it on for to-day; every one will think you are engaged to a millionaire—what a joke!” Having accomplished her wish, and seen all she wanted, she left me, Dolly-like, to tidy up while she went down to luncheon.

I never remember seeing Colonel Domville to such advantage; he was quite in his element. The surroundings evidently harmonised with his idea of the fitness of things, very different to our poor little Southport villa; in this superior sunshine his flower of fashionable intelligence unfolded. His admiration for his wife was something remarkable. As Medora Prior he had been to her all that was ostentatiously polite; but now, as Mrs. Reginald Domville, a person incorporated in to his sacred being, he worshipped her with an idolatry he had hitherto observed exclusively towards himself. Estimating himself as the apex of all things, everything belonging to him partook of the nature of his own perfection, and was elevated to a like pinnacle. Incapable of any large-hearted sympathy, he concentrated what he possessed within the narrowest limits. A strong attachment for my father was the only instance on record out of that sphere; and this arose from their being old schoolfellows and subsequently brother officers, though my father was some years his senior. The friendship had grown in the first instance out of the immense admiration a small boy feels for the sixth-form boy who declares himself his protector. Whatever it was, the friendship existed, and, to his credit, Colonel Domville might be called a faithful friend.

Thinking that I should enjoy, and be all the better for a quiet afternoon, I went into the library, after luncheon, to search for a book. While I was thus engaged Colonel Stanhope came in and volunteered to help me, as I was looking for a particular volume I could not immediately find.

As we stood together, looking over the shelves, I passed my hands on the backs of the volumes casually, as I did so Colonel Stanhope stopped me, remarking:

“Excuse me, Mary: I want to see your hand.”

“Ah! I know what you mean. Dolly made me put it on just now, only for to-day. I dislike wearing such rich ornaments, but this was poor mamma’s.”

From the grave and melancholy way in which he held my hand and looked at it, I feared he was mourning over my girlish vanity; and I continued to blush and excuse myself, when he said:

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"I wish you would wear it always," and with that he raised my hand to his lips.

As I lifted my eyes in astonishment, who should I see coming into the room through the open window but Philip Addison!

Was anything ever so unfortunate! He had heard and seen it all.

I found my book, but not one line of it did I read. I could only recall the tableau I had witnessed, with Philip's retreating figure, as he bounded through the window back into the verandah, casting a look behind him, it was impossible to forget. What did it mean? It seemed compounded of love, jealousy, and, alas! contempt!

CHAPTER XXX.

"In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls."

Maud.

AT six o'clock Christine roused me from my reverie. She was full of excitement, and would like to have galvanised me into some manifestation of delight at the prospect of wearing such a lovely dress as the one Miss Stanhope's kindness and taste had furnished; but I was far too unhappy and pre-occupied to appreciate it, notwithstanding Christine's private declaration that it far surpassed in beauty Madame, my sister's, whose dress she had already inspected under Barker's auspices. It was true, Madame's was "*magnifique!*" "*La dentelle!*" was only to be described by calling "*Mon Dieu!*" as a witness, together with a pious appeal to Heaven as she threw up her hands and eyes in the direction of the ceiling; but Mademoiselle was, "*si simple, si elegante,*" that it almost moved her to tears of sympathy to note the perfect manner in which it expressed the purity and simplicity of maidenhood! She finished her commendations by taking it tenderly from the wardrobe, and placing it lovingly upon the sofa, she arranged every soft fold and stray leaf of the wreath of water-lilies, with a delicate touch and that profound veneration a Frenchwoman alone knows how to pay to her divinity—dress.

I hardly knew what to make of myself that I was not more interested, for the woman does not live, or rather is not worth living, who is regardless of her personal appearance; but to-night my vanity seemed dead. Of what use was dress or any other adornments if Philip would not look, and gave no sign of drawing nearer?

How should I react him ere it was too late, and save us both

from further suffering. But no, I was wrong, to suppose that he would ever suffer in any way. It was only poor, wretched I, alone, who was liable to that, because I had been foolish enough to make him my world; while he, perhaps, had scarcely another thought for me that was not unkind, if I might judge from that last look of his.

So I kept on torturing myself past endurance, until I tossed my head so violently that Christine cried aloud for me to spare the artistic edifice on which she was expending much useless time, energy, and taste.

I implored her pardon, and begged to have my hair dressed with its usual simplicity.

Yielding reluctantly to my desire, she expressed her sympathy, and made the best of me—consoled by having to decorate my head with a crown of water-lilies and long grass, which glistened with dew-drops, and made up for my deplorable want of taste. But the culminating moment of happiness arrived when she enclosed me in the marvellous tulle structure, a perfect work of millinery art. Slipping it over my head with proud satisfaction, she finished off every little detail with the utmost taste,—fan, gloves, handkerchief, and I was turned out to her complete approval, and at liberty to make my way downstairs.

On passing Miss Stanhope's door, I thought it would be but right to go in, and let her see the effect of her present.

"I have come to show myself," I said, smiling; "and to thank you for having tried so admirably to make the best of me. I think the dress is charming."

"So do I, and very becoming," she replied, turning me round on a pivot of inspection. "Adrian has sent to Covent Garden for such splendid bouquets, they came this afternoon. It is something quite new his taking thought for anything of the kind. The rooms look so pretty! I wish Adrian would have given us the library; but he said he must have it to escape into if he found the crowd too much for him. Where were you all the afternoon?"

"In my room, reading."

"You were right to rest, otherwise I was going to say 'naughty girl,' for not coming to help me to arrange the flowers. I always reserve that task to myself, a lady's taste is so much better than servants, who know nothing about the right combinations of colour; but Mr. Addison took your place. What charming taste he has! what a good fellow he is altogether! I wish you liked him a little better. By the way, what was the matter with you last night? Do you ever walk in your sleep, dear?—forgive my asking."

"No," I answered, with astonishment. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I fancied I heard a door close and open once or twice last night in this direction, or I may have been dreaming; but it struck me you might have become over-influenced or over excited after the *séance*, and were manifesting or retained some mediumistic quality which was disturbing."

"I was very much disturbed, I had frightful dreams; but I am not aware of anything further; for I found myself in my proper place in the morning, having overslept myself in consequence of falling asleep very late. I don't think anything will ever induce me to attend another *séance*."

"They affect people differently; with us they have been a habit for years, and Adrian's greatest delight; the only thing I know that really interests him. What was the message left upon the table—can you remember?"

"Yes, but Colonel Stanhope warned us of your objection to reading them; so it is not fair for you to inquire, as we promised him to respect your prejudice in this matter."

"I am always so afraid of hearing what it would break my heart to know, that my dear brother's death is near; it is the question he has always been wanting to learn in these meetings. I tell him that he is wrong to seek such knowledge. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' I must say he seems to have taken a fresh interest in life of late. I never felt more cheered about him. Mary, dear, I hope that you may never know what it is to have all your love so concentrated that with the removal of one person from the world you feel that your own light in life must be for ever extinguished."

I did not reply, for I knew but too well what she meant. Was not that just what I was doing?

"Come downstairs, I want to show you the rooms before the people come." We went together, admiring everything. The reception and large drawing-room had been cleared for the dancers, leaving the small drawing-room free for the dowagers and wall-flowers. The decorations were perfect; flowers everywhere had converted the scene into a fairy-land.

"Where are the gentlemen, I wonder!—in the library perhaps. Let us go and see."

Yes, there they were, two of them at least. Mr. Addison was standing with his back to the fire-place. Colonel Stanhope reclining in an easy-chair.

"Now, gentlemen, we want all our compliments before the crowd assemble. What do you say to my taste?" and with that Miss Stanhope, to my utter confusion, drew attention to my dress.

"That it does justice to the wearer," said her brother, with much satisfaction, as he surveyed me from head to foot, much as a

proud mother might have done. He was fast becoming an enigma to me; disturbing in many ways hard to express, mingling with my dreams, giving me horrible nightmares; wearing himself insensibly into my life, with a silent power impossible to shake off, simply because I resembled a woman he had once loved or rather still loved, since it must be with her that he held spiritual communications.

I did not dare to look at Mr. Addison, who offered no remark in reply to Miss Stanhope's inquiry. I could not tell if he saw me; I only knew that he did not care to speak; but Miss Stanhope, who no doubt felt piqued at his want of appreciation in not offering her a compliment on her taste, said reprovingly:

"You must not grow indifferent to the charms of ladies and their society, Mr. Addison—you are too young for that; you have not even bespoken Mary for a dance this evening; her card is sure to be soon filled—you ought to be early in the field."

"It is an honour I dare not hope for," he said, somewhat stiffly.

"How do you know that you cannot hope for the honour if you don't ask? What a foolish man you are! 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' remember," said Miss Stanhope.

"Retreat is the better part of valour," he cried, lightly; "I quote the antithesis of your maxim to prove my case. You must excuse me, Miss Stanhope, in this. I shall be happy to be your cavalier throughout the evening in every other respect but that of a dancing man."

Wounded to the quick by his direct refusal to have anything to say to me, I hurried out of the room to get rid of my tears, and hiding myself in a corner of the small drawing-room, was battling with pride, anger, and disappointment when Colonel Stanhope found me. I strove to conceal all traces of suffering in his presence; but he read sufficient to come directly to the point.

"What have you done to repel Addison? why can't you like him? I have noticed for some time the secret antagonism going on between you—on your side, I am afraid."

"You are quite mistaken, it is all the other way!" I burst out, glad to unburden my misery to some one. "He has taken a dislike to me, and takes no pains to conceal his aversion."

"I think you wrong him."

"I wish I thought so!" I said, earnestly, flushing crimson, as I remembered that in that last admission my secret was no longer my own.

"Poor little maiden!" he said, tenderly clasping one of my hands in his, with sympathy; "is that why the poor little heart

has been aching? I knew there was something; but never mind, it shall all be right soon."

"Never!" I cried, starting up alarmed. "Oh, you could never betray me! I should despise you if you did. If he cared for me it might be different, but he does not."

"Don't grow excited, my child—you need not fear my ever compromising you; why I say that it will all come right is, that I rather think he does care for you; and if the truth were known, his heart is aching as much as your own!"

"Men's hearts! I don't believe they have any, certainly none that can ache," I said, despondingly; "and his least of all. Men are so annoyingly strong—not like we, poor weak woman that I am!"

"Look at me, and then see if men's hearts never ache! Mine has been aching longer than you can remember, has only just ceased to ache—if, indeed, it has ceased yet!"

"But you are not—not—you know who I mean?" I stammered.

"Yes, I know who you mean," he said, smiling at the disparagement my comparison implied. "No, I am not like Addison. I wish to God I were. I am as weak as he is strong in most things; but his strength won't help him in a matter of this kind."

"Yes it will; he told me as much," I said, confidently.

"Has he? Ah, well, you must know best in that case; but did he tell you that as applying to himself generally, or in any special case, because men are so wonderfully strong on these points when not personally implicated?"

"But he was!" I exclaimed.

"And he confided his grief to you?"

"Unfortunately I was the cause of it. I never found out how much I liked him until it was too late, and now we are always at cross purposes, and he despises me; but, oh, what have I done? I never meant to tell this to anyone."

"You are only redeeming a promise you made that you would appoint me your father confessor."

"And I can trust you," I pleaded.

"Yes, child; you will find none truer to you in the world."

"A friend is a great comfort," I remarked, "especially such a friend as you have been."

"And what have you not been to me, child, God alone knows! Let us go," he said, rising hurriedly, as if desirous not to prolong the interview.

Turning back as we crossed the room, he said kindly: "Are you a little bit happier now?"

"I feel the relief of a shared secret," I answered; "although I dare say I shall regret having parted with it before I sleep."

In the common order of things Mr. Addison had to offer me his arm to go in to dinner. I took it with a sort of suspended vitality, and waited for him to speak; but it seemed as if he had registered a vow never to open his lips to me again, even to offer me the commonest civility. What had I said or done?

We parted company at table, as Dolly declined sitting next to her husband.

Colonel Stanhope was not over pleased at the change, and retaliated on Dolly by observing.

"It is early in the day to be sent to the other side, is it not, Domville?"

"But you forget I have a much better view of him where he is," said Dolly, in her most self-satisfied manner, as she gave her husband a patronising smile, which seemed to compensate him for everything: and no wonder! A smile from such a woman as Dolly now looked in the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls" was enough to turn a stronger head than Colonel Domville's.

Just once I ventured to look across the table at Mr. Addison—a shy, nervous look, as if afraid of being caught. It is said you cannot either think long of or look at a person without their becoming conscious of some exterior influence acting magnetically upon them, which attracts them to return either thought or glance. If that be true he ought to have been magnetised long ago—he was at that moment, for he looked up quickly and caught my eye, which cowered guiltily before his clear, cold gaze. I was thankful when dinner was concluded, leaving me at liberty to be as unhappy as I pleased. The gentlemen went to the smoking-room, while Dolly and I repaired to the morning-room.

"We can have a cosy chat there, Mim, until we are wanted to charm and destroy," said Dolly, with one of her bright laughs that always inspired me with life, however low the ebb I had reached, and just now I was terribly dull and in need of some yeast to counteract my heaviness.

"It is to be hoped you are going to spare us the destructive element," said Colonel Stanhope; "we want only charms to-night; you must be satisfied with one victim," he continued, glancing at Colonel Domville.

"You don't mean to call him a victim, I hope. Are you one, Reginald?"

"A proud and happy one, my dear," he said, giving her one of his most courtly bows, a perfect Sir Roger de Coverley, in fact.

"Oh, Reginald!" she exclaimed; "I forgot all about Regina;

do go and see after her. Barker is such an old maid, and only cares for cats ; she does not attend to Regina in the least."

"But there is Pedro, my dear, to see to her," he replied, feeling, no doubt, how utterly he had been dragged down from the sublime to the ridiculous in one moment.

"No, no, Pedro will not look after her. I do wish you would go, before you begin smoking, and wrap her up in my travelling-shawl."

I felt so much for his humiliation that I volunteered to go for him.

"No, dear Mim, I couldn't hear of it, Reginald is accustomed to it; she would only bark at you;" and with that she put her arm into mine, and we went upstairs.

"The sooner Domville is dead the better," said Colonel Stanhope, when next we met before the ball opened. "Your sister is a brilliant-looking girl, but that man is ruining her. She despises him already, and he has lost his head. She will become perfectly unbearable in a short time, an utterly vain and selfish woman. She is altered already."

"Do you think so!" I replied, for I considered Dolly was only developing freely what was all along in her nature. "I think she is only worldly," I remarked.

"She wants a good disappointment, my child, to bring her to her senses, and then she will be an amiable woman; but as she is——"

"Now don't say one word against Dolly, for I am blind—that is to say, I love her as she is. Faults and absurdities that I should dislike and denounce in others in her seem tolerable; they are like her slang phrases, graced by her using."

"Yes; she is just one of those pitfalls that lure men on to destruction. Charming to look at, but with no trustworthy foundation, not unlike what I have heard of her father," he said, as if thinking aloud.

"Why! what did you ever hear of our father that you speak so?"

"More than I should ever care to tell you, child," and he seemed to wince under my remark and inquiry; leaving me to wonder, while he advanced to do the honours of his house, as the guests were arriving, and the ball about to commence.

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF TURKEY.

THE never-ending encroachments of Russia upon Turkey in Europe, and in Asia—indeed, upon all Asia—combined with a sense of insecurity, arising from such persistent aggressions on the part of a colossal Power, to our own vast possessions in the East, have from a time, extending now beyond the memory of man, kept up a condition of things, at one moment of chronic, and at another of active hostility, which is not only hurtful to the progress of humanity, but it is not even creditable to human nature itself.

It is true that the Turks are aliens in religion upon the soil of Europe, but they are not more so in race than the great nationalities of Sarmatian or Slavonian, and of Ugrian or Hunnish descent, which, with the Teutons, Greco-Latin, and Keltic races, constitute the population of that quarter of the globe.

The Turks have been variously looked upon according to circumstances, and according to religious, moral, or political bias. This attests to two facts, that as a nation their condition is not satisfactory; and secondly, that being aliens in religion, no two people can look upon them in the same point of view. Some have taken pride in speaking of the Turks as encamped, rather than settled in Europe; the decline and fall of their power has been a by-word for years, and a French traveller has complacently designated their empire as a "*cadavre*." Others, again, looking at the Osmanlis in a political point of view, have, like Lord Palmerston, declared that no nation has made greater progress in late years.

The latter is undoubtedly the most current view of the facts of the case; but the Turks can never constitute, by progress or by civilisation, a recognised member of the European family, so long as the sheri or fundamental principle of Islamism—which teaches that the faithful are a dominant race, that all others are subject to them, and that no faith is to be maintained, beyond what is expedient, towards an "infidel"—is upheld in its integrity. As, however, there are Unitarians in Christendom, so also there are Deists in Turkey, as well as what may be termed Ultramontane Muhammadans, and a reform may come about even in this essential point, and Hatti-Sheriffs become Hatti-Allahs.*

* The writer has heard some of the oldest and wisest of the land say: "Give up your Saviour, and we will give up our Muhammad."

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tion neither in moral, religious, nor political antagonism to the Turks. It has its origin simply in what is expressed as the legacy of Peter the Great, but which is, in reality, the aspiration of the land to constantly extend its frontiers, and to domineer over everything that is Asiatic. It has never limited its action to Turkey in Europe, but has just as persistently oppressed Turkey in Asia, Persia, and the Powers of Central Asia. It has never ceased to have India and China in its perspective.

Hitherto Great Britain has from various reasons given its political support to the Osmanlis, and that policy, based upon a vital and necessary opposition to the inordinate aggrandisement of Russia, has been so prolonged as to have become traditional. It has remained for our times to see this traditional policy receive a rude shake from the incapability of the Osmanlis to meet their financial engagements, and to be almost finally overthrown by certain atrocities—the result of a semi-barbarous warfare—as reprehensible with the Russians in Khiva and in Khokand, and with the Egyptians in Christian Abyssinia, as with the Turks in their Christian provinces.

There are, however, many who do not see their way clearly, whether to abandon a traditional policy and let Russia have her own way, or whether it is not to their best interest to uphold the Osmanli power, even though it should be neither Christian, nor humane, nor very reputable. They want to know what are the grounds for supporting such a power. It is this question which we propose at this moment to answer, although such a thesis is only preliminary to many other important considerations. The fact is that the possession of Turkey in Europe by Russia, or the paramount influence of Russia in Constantinople, is a question almost as important to all other European Powers as it is to Great Britain. If Turkey constitutes, with Egypt, the keys of Southern Asia, and it is therefore of high importance to a nation having Imperial interests in that region of the globe, this apparently greater amount of interest, in as far as Turkey is concerned, is counterbalanced by the fact that the Danube is a German and an Austrian river, as well as a Turkish one; and the prosperity of those two nations is just as much concerned in that river not being closed to navigation by an absolute power, as Great Britain is in the highway to the East not being closed to commerce and traffic.

The import and export duties levied by Russia are of such a nature as to be utterly prohibitory, and hence it is that although all liberal-minded persons would like to see Central Asia semi-civilised, and a line of railway, or a commercial high-road, opened throughout its whole length, the transfer of the commerce of the East to

Russia would extinguish it altogether—almost as effectually as if it held Turkey and Egypt. The construction of a line of railway along the valley of the Euphrates—and it is sad to think that such an undertaking would not have cost more than was expended in a profitless invasion of Abyssinia—would have rendered the discussion of such eventualities almost unnecessary. Russia would then have been outflanked in the East, and could neither have advanced by Constantinople, nor by Georgia and Armenia. But Russia, holding what have been hitherto the Sultan's dominions (unless Egypt was by a wise forethought separated from them), would drive the commerce of the far east back again to the point from whence it started—that is to say, round by the Cape of Good Hope.

Germany may assume the haughty at the neutrality observed by Great Britain in the late continental war, and retort upon that neutrality by present indifference, whilst France may chuckle at England being now deprived of an alliance which she was faithless to at the same epoch; but such an attitude is not only faulty and suicidal, it is worse,—it is ridiculous. The political and commercial interests of France are as great in the Mediterranean as even ours, and even a united Germany would be reft of half its importance with Russia stretching as a compact power from the White Sea to the Mediterranean.

The integrity of Turkey claims support on other and yet stronger grounds than even her advancement by reforms which the incessant attacks of Russia have never given her time or opportunity to mature or to perfect, and which deeply interest almost every civilised nation.

The fall of Turkey would not only cause a disruption of the balance of power, but would also be attended with the fatal consequence of putting an end to the ordinary European and American commerce in that part of the world. The possession of, or even the paramount influence of Russia at Constantinople would, as a matter of course, be followed by the same influence on both shores of the Euxine, as also in the Eastern portion of the Mediterranean, including Greece. In fact, both European and Asiatic Turkey, with the adjoining territories of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Egypt, as well as the commerce by land of those countries, must of necessity belong to the masters of Constantinople. Were the Ottoman Empire made to disappear from the map of the world, the mercantile advantages at present enjoyed under the most favourable terms by European nations would, indeed, be almost entirely lost.

The aggressive hostility of Russia has, however, had its founda-

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The trade of Turkey, shows :—

	Value of Imports in Turkish piastres.	Value of Exports in Turkish piastres.
Great Britain, and Malta	252,300,000	130,500,000
Transit to Persia	217,500,000	217,500,000
France	108,702,150	229,971,450
Austria	113,765,550	186,310,000
Russia	97,266,000	74,263,200
Holland	26,434,950	9,017,550
Belgium	4,650,150	2,079,300
Sardinia	3,658,350	10,426,950
Greece	1,740,000	18,705,000
Persia (direct trade)	108,750,000	6,525,000
Switzerland, U. States, &c.	91,832,850	59,651,550
Egypt and Servia	99,445,350	61,826,550
Moldavia and Wallachia	56,761,500	37,845,000
Total in Turkish Piastres	1,182,330,000	1,064,445,000

This, which is derived from Michelsen's "*Ottoman Empire and its Resources*," &c., it will be seen, overlooks by some accident or other, or from the difficulty of obtaining correct information, the important commerce of Prussia and Germany, that of Italy, of Algiers and the North African States, that of India and the Persian Gulf, and other minor commercial resources, more or less alluded to in our previous articles on "*The Resources of Turkey*."

The total as it stands in English money represent £11,823,300 in imports, and £10,644,450 in exports. Ubcini, in his "*Lettres sur la Turquie*," etc., makes the proceeds rather less, stating them at £11,390,833 imports, and £9,402,500 exports. But neither of these statements appear to include the indirect trade with Turkey; such as that from India to the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, and also through the fairs of Leipsic and other places in Germany. General Chesney felt justified in estimating this additional trade, from data in his possession, at quite two millions each way, thus giving about £26,467,750 for the trade of Turkey, and even this estimate must be considered as having undergone a considerable augmentation, by the opening of the Suez canal to navigation. It is not likely European nations are prepared to forego all the advantages of this great and ever-increasing commerce merely for the childish pleasure of spiting Great Britain. It is evident that Europe at large is as deeply interested in maintaining existing relations as is Great Britain; and before a change is either abetted or sanctioned, it would be well for those nations whom it concerns to consider whether any power that might, or could, replace Turkey would give the same commercial advantages to all countries as she has hitherto done.

The integrity of the Ottoman empire is in reality of the last importance to Austria and France, as well as to Great Britain.

Were Roumania, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, severed from the Sultan's territories—as to Bulgaria it stretches its population to the very gates of Constantinople—not only would the Greek provinces of the South demand the same autonomy as the Slavonian provinces, but the independence of Austria would necessarily be compromised, since the main outlet of the Danube would then be completely under the control of another power, by whom she would be outflanked, and might be cut off politically, as well as commercially, from her exterior relations; which, with Turkey alone, give her commercial transactions of £2,990,955 sterling.

The exports of France, in cotton goods, woollens, sugar, paper, glass-ware, and fancy goods, with the imports in raw silk, linseed, sesamum, wool, goat's hair, oil, tobacco and gall-nuts, amount to £3,386,736. This would all be lost if her vessels were to be excluded from the Black Sea and the commerce of the Levant in general, which must be the case if Constantinople were to become Muscovite. Alexandria, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece would naturally follow, and even Africa would suffer from such a change.

In the case of Great Britain, taking a lower estimate than that of Ubicini :—

The direct exports to Turkey, according to the “Banker's Circular,” were in 1850 :—

From Great Britain		£3,113,679
From Bengal to the Persian and Arabian Gulfs		178,582
From Madras	” ” ”	... 117,407
From Bombay	” ” ”	... 525,705
From England to Syria		... 72,616
Indirect trade through Leipsic and the rest of Germany		700,000

Total, independently of Egypt and Barbary £4,707,989

Whereas, it appears from the “Banker's Circular,” that the exports to the Power which has the modesty to seek for the monopoly of Turkish commerce were in 1850 only £1,454,771. The official returns of trade from Bengal, Madras, and Bombay were obtained by General Chesney, for his “Expedition to the Euphrates and Tigris,” vol. ii., pp. 677, 683.

But, beyond the value of this amount of trade, Turkey is the keystone of one great branch of our commercial prosperity. Her maintenance as a nation and as an independent power is, indeed, on political, as well as on commercial grounds, of momentous importance to Great Britain.

Since the Ottoman Empire in its fall would carry with it its Syrian and Egyptian dependencies, England would, in case of such a catastrophe, be utterly cut off from India, China, and Australia, and all the far east—save by sea. It is in consequence of the pos-

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sibility of such an untoward result that, however supine other nations may be, Great Britain will find itself under the necessity, not only of supporting the Ottomans, at a last crisis, by its fleet, but also of sending a land force to Egypt to assist the Khedive in maintaining the neutrality of the Suez Canal, as it is with it as it is with the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The overland communications with India, which only the other day were but an occasional luxury, could never be sacrificed on our part, when they have become an ordinary portion of the wants of almost every family. The possibility of an invasion of India by Russia is a subject for separate consideration. There can, however, be no more doubt as to the feasibility of the thing (not implying thereby its success) than there is that the fascinating spoils of Indian wealth will not only ever be a tempting bait to a half-starving population, but it would also secure the invader support and assistance throughout a march the length of which Russia is managing to diminish daily.

By the possession of Turkey in Europe and Asia by Russia, India would be left to depend almost solely upon the bravery of its troops for its defence. Whilst Russia has a large army in the Transcaucasian Provinces ready to advance by Persia, and another in Central Asia, Great Britain would be utterly cut off from effecting any diversion by itself, or by means of Oriental allies. The only approach that might possibly remain open would be by the roundabout way of the Persian Gulf; and notwithstanding the lukewarm reception which the Euphrates and Tigris project has received, it would be found at the last moment, that even to secure this remote and frail means of effecting a flank movement, it would be necessary to hold the mouths of those great rivers by a squadron or by efficient strongholds.

But these considerations, even when coupled with the commercial advantages depending on Turkey, should weigh as nothing in comparison with the great principle of justice. These apply as instinctively to nations as to individuals, and a departure from them seldom fails to bring its retribution. Since, then, it is universally admitted that an unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression has been committed by Russia against Turkey, in upholding its provinces in rebellion, with the aid of an armed force, is it not incumbent on the Western Powers heartily to espouse the cause of their own oppressed ally? If the voice of Europe were to be thus raised on the broad grounds of right and justice, a consolidated peace would be the consequence of such action, with security to Turkey for the future.

But if such a peace is only to be obtained by electing Servia and Roumania into kingdoms, and by granting the local adminis-

trative autonomy of the other Slavonian and Muhammadan provinces, under the protection of Russia, the Greek Muhammedan provinces—certainly Epirus and Thessaly—will insist upon a similar liberation under the protection of the Hellenes; and while we shall then have a wretched anarchy and atrocity-engendering mixture of Islamism, Panslavism, Panhellenism, and Russianism, as opposing forces, nothing will remain for the Turkish Government in Europe, save Constantinople and its environs.

Thus hemmed in, the Osmanlis will have but one of two choices—to evacuate the territory altogether, or, as more probably will be the case, to make their own terms with Russia, by which terms Russia will be as powerful at Constantinople as if she was actually in possession. The declaration of the political independence of the Slavonian principalities, or the establishment of a belt of imaginary independent principalities between the Danube and the Balkan, as advocated by some, would be not a first, but a final step towards the extinction of Turkish rule in Europe. Not that upon principle, and under certain circumstances, such an event might not be hailed as an opening to civilization—for there can be no question as to the misgovernment of the Turks, and the resources of the countries held by them, have fallen to the lowest possible degree of productiveness under that misgovernment—but that the mere replacing one semi-barbarian government by another, which adds military and theocratic autocracy and commercial prohibitiveness, to a similar state of semi-civilisation, would make things infinitely worse than they now are, whilst at the same time they would be most injurious to the interests of other powers.

The existing Government of Great Britain has acted with infinite prudence, forbearance, and wisdom, under these trying and complicated circumstances. The question of the tenure of the Danube, and of the extension of Russian power in the south-east of Europe, concerns Austria and Germany more even than it does Great Britain; yet the conduct of these powers has been such as to leave it to be opined that they wished to throw the burthen of upholding these interests upon Great Britain alone. France has even chuckled over the imaginary isolation of the monarch of the seas in defending the interests of all Europe in the Mediterranean, forgetting that they have allowed themselves to speak of that sea as a French lake! There cannot be the slightest doubt but that Germany, Austria, and France will soon be rudely awakened by vital interests in danger to a sense of the derogatory position in which they have allowed themselves to be temporarily placed.

In the meantime Great Britain, with a fleet in Turkish waters, and a land force co-operating with the Egyptians, could afford to look on with infinite complacency at the indifference displayed by

the Powers to the progress of Russia in the East. It has been justly observed that it is an utter mistake on the part of France and the other Western Powers to imagine that, should we fail in protecting the general interests of Europe, our own particular interests will be thereby imperilled. The Liberal doctrine of non-intervention, in all cases and under all circumstances, is based on the assumption that we need concern ourselves with no conflagration until our own house is on fire. But this doctrine has been uniformly rejected by the Conservative party, as also by the more reflective among the Liberals, whilst it has never been allowed by any truly liberal-minded person that the interests of England ought to be considered apart from the interests of other nations, so long as other nations show themselves desirous of these being treated conjointly. If the nations which are watered by the Danube and its great tributaries feel no interest in keeping open the navigation of that great river, it is obvious that the interest of Great Britain is of a much more secondary character. If the Western Powers see nothing to affect their interests in the Russianising of the Slavonian provinces under the semblance of a protective autonomy, ours are only of a very secondary degree. If Italy can calmly contemplate being isolated from commerce and inter-communication in the Levant, where its people and language are so familiar, and if France, once ready to fight for the mere holding of the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, can see nothing to affect her interest in holy and unholy lands being handed over to a semi-barbarian power, the fault does not lie with us, but with those who have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not.

The question, as it stands, is a peculiarly European one, and instead of chuckling over the supposed isolated policy of Great Britain, great should be the shame of those powers which stand by with arms folded and see a grievous injustice committed. Our Government has, we say, acted with infinite prudence, forbearance, and wisdom, in not undertaking the Quixotic defence of European interests, whilst the rest of Europe stood by as mere spectators. But when the positive interests of Great Britain come to be endangered, then the other powers may be led to discover that they have made a mistake in not supporting us in our endeavours to serve their interests in combination with ours. We shall then, like the Turks left to struggle against Russia single-handed, have to defend our interests without regard to those of other powers. France has, for example, great interest in the Suez Canal, which, if not the originator, she has at all events the credit of having carried through; but if she is not alive to her interest in upholding the neutrality of its navigation, it is obvious that it is not the burthen of Great Britain,

whilst upholding the freedom of navigation for her own ships, to also ensure the interests of an indifferent party.

As it is with the Suez Canal, so it is with the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Should Russia, through the abstention of Germany and Austria, establish itself on the Danube and occupy the Danubian provinces—Dacian and Slavonian—the position of this country would be precisely what it was, save in so far as Russia might be tempted, now or at a proximate future, in pursuance of a foregone policy, to advance still further, and seek to obtain possession of Constantinople. English interests would then be directly touched, and if the other powers still hold aloof, which is not likely, they would find that we can take upon ourselves the task of resisting such encroachments to the utmost of our power, and that it would not occur to us to ask anybody to help us, save the populations of the invaded territories.



IRISH PRIDE.

By the Author of "Not all Fiction," "Whilst the Snowflakes Fell," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

QUEEN MAB AGAIN.

Yes, truly! her designing majesty, under pretence of seeking change of air after a severe cold, proposed and accomplished a visit to the Jointure House.

About the beginning of September she arrived, when the autumnal haze lay, like a transparent veil, over nature's face, softening its more rugged features, shadowing tenderly the golden glory of the cornfields, reflecting the purple bloom on the moors, and mingling with the blue wreaths of smoke from the sportsman's gun. Not, however, to admire nature had Mab come to the country. She preferred "art," as we know of old, and as Mick, moreover, knew to his cost, and ancient Selim doubly knew, as the carriage groaned under the multiplicity of boxes, band-boxes, and bags, wherewith the fair invalid had provided herself, and which were laden with changes of raiment, carefully chosen and arranged for the vanquishment and total subjugation of the inmates of Harcourt Abbey.

"Look like a 'commercial traveller,' do I?" she retorts playfully to Uncle Oliver's saturnine similitudes. "'The Screw'" (designating Selim) "*does* appear rather blown. Ah! the country air has really almost taken away my cold already." And emerging from her *embarras des Bagages* ("Pill-boxes" she denominates the baggage), she embraces demonstratively her three relations, and makes herself, generally and particularly, gladsome, complimentary, and talkative during the evening.

On the morrow the two girls are to depart on a ten days' visit to Harcourt Abbey, the Honourable May—a perfect Athenian in her proclivity for any new thing—on being apprised of Miss Power's expected advent, having straightway included her in an invitation she was sending Cecile. Mab, is delighted, and opens her trunks, and displays her killing *toilettes* and irresistible *arures* and *coiffures*, relating, between the dress descriptions, divers "heart histories," wherein she has played the heroine to a score of heroes—none of whom, however, seemed to have come to the satisfactory conclusion of a proposal. "My next conquest shall be the

other Harcourt, as Grandmamma irreverently styles the unappropriated Crossus."

Cecy laughs a little—her spirits are lighter than when we closed the preceding chapter. Two months have elapsed since that information respecting Frank's movements had been vouchsafed her by Mr. Lees Harcourt, and the Australian mail, soon now due, *must* bring her a letter surely. Her own epistle, too, tardily addressed though it was, is by this time well on its outward journey. She feels quite infected by the gay companionship of Mab, who rattles on glibly:—"Yes my next victim, will be this monied Harcourt. I hope he is of an impressible nature. However, that does not matter much. I rather like a resolute siege when I am sure to win in the end. I shall be perfectly stunning to-morrow evening, Cecy. *La Reine du bal*, I mean to shine."

"But there will be no ball. We are to be in time for eight-o'clock dinner—that is all."

"*That is all!*—Imbecile little literal goose!" politely retorted Mabel. "Well, ball, dinner, or tea, I mean to shine,—*that's all.*"

So she did, though rather too much in the peacock and butterfly fashion. Her mother's more subdued, more experienced taste, being manifestly deficient in the quite-fit-for-a-ball toilette, wherein Miss Power appeared at Mrs. Harcourt's dinner-table. However, she had no objection to finding herself better (*i.e.* more) dressed than her surroundings; and as the company was a large one, including many imported 'swells' and indigenous *un-swells*, and a carpet dance was got up in the evening, she enjoyed herself thoroughly. Her good looks and *pronounced* manners creating quite a small sensation, especially amongst the country gentlemen, and causing her to shine *La Reine du bal* indeed, in every masculine eye save Mr. Lees Harcourt's. Absolutely awed by the inexhaustible vivacity, the airs, graces and grimaces, of this latest addenda to the Abbey menagerie, he retreated to his customary protection post beside the sheltering pillars of the mantelpiece, directly in the vicinity, though it happened to be, of Miss Matilda Evanson, whose correctly-toned, accurately phrased short sentences, perfectly *comme il faut* corsage displaying *just* the proper amount of fair neck, formed such a quiet contrast to the dashing *belle* of eighteen, when with a distinct knowledge of the latter's identity, Miss Matilda surveyed contemptuously.

"Do you know who *that* person is?" she inquires softly of Mr. Lees, as she indicates Mabel by a slight gesture of her fan. "Very odd-looking, is she not?"

"'Pon my word, I don't know—deuced fine woman she seems to me! But, bless me, I couldn't stand her talk. As to who she is—her name is Power, I believe—and she's some relation of old Mr.

Mac's, and that makes her some relation of Mrs. Harcourt's—doesn't it?" adds Lees, spitefully.

"Oh, I hope not"—Miss Matilda shudders faintly. Then, again contemplating Mabel, "Her dress is rather *bizarre* for a quiet evening. Did she expect a ball?"

"'Pon my word, I'm a bad judge of women's clothes; and as to a ball, what's going on is very like one,—twenty or thirty people dancing, and flirting, and——"

The Honourable May, gliding up at this moment, interrupts the interesting description.

"Lees, why did you run away from my newest importation just as I wanted you to dance with her—it was so stupid! Now, come?"

Lees groans disconsolately—"Wouldn't it do to dance with the other one?" he suggests, meaning Cecy.

"No!" and, *nolens volens*, he is dragged off and confronted with the dashing maiden. Her pulses quicken as she beholds the captive Lees led up to the slaughter, and she puts her fan to her lips to hide the rising smile of triumph over her victim—victim as, of course, he will be directly. "These heavy stupids generally surrender without a struggle." But heavy stupid as he is, Mr. Harcourt possesses obstinacy in lieu of courage. During the *Lancers*, through which Miss Power has absolutely to guide him, he never articulates a word. He is unassailable because he will show no weak point for attack.

"What assault can be made against a dead wall, offering not a loophole for the smallest shot?" soliloquises Mab angrily, as, despite the united forces of "art" and nature, despite foreign cosmetics and native impertinence, she finds the first evening terminate without having made one successful step towards the achievement of her real object in visiting the country, viz., the subjugation of the unappropriated Cressus.

And each succeeding day did Lees only show himself more impenetrable. "I am horribly afraid of your cousin—she talks too much"—he would confide to Cecile, for whose society, in proportion as he avoided Mabel's, he manifested a dogged persevering preference. He danced with her his silent, faulty quadrilles—picked up her arrows with equal solemnity in the archery field, and was ready to be the riding escort only when she was of the party. Silly little Cecile, however, did not appreciate these distinguishing marks of attention. Even apart from that romance, whereof another was the hero, there was something utterly repulsive to her (notwithstanding his would-be kindness to Frank) in this sullen, intemperate rich man, whose money formed literally and figuratively his one talent. But this talent compensated, in

many eyes besides Mabel's, for all the defects and deficiencies of its owner, who in sole virtue of its possession was estimated quite a desirable *parti* in the unquestionable opinion of worldly-wise parents and prudent, sensible daughters. Nay, Mrs. Macnamara herself, with the bluest blood in Ireland circulating haughtily through her veins, had lately come to speak with less aversion, and more toleration, of the "other Harcourt." Putting her pride in her pocket, which, indeed, held very little else—for without Uncle Oliver's assistance her limited jointure would hardly have stood the annual shocks of a town season in addition to the necessities of life, Mick-Selim, and the yellow carriage. Pocketting, then, this grand sentiment of her soul and distinctive trait of her race, she regarded with a degree of complacency the *parvenu's* clumsily-exhibited partiality towards her granddaughter.

"It will be good enough for Cecile," she observed to Uncle Oliver; "she is not a beauty, and would never make a brilliant match."

"How you do settle matters out of hand!" rejoined Mr. Macnamara, grimly. "Has he asked her yet?"

"No, but his intentions and attentions are very evident. He cares for her, too, in his own way. The last day, he called here, when I purposely told him a list of her deficiencies, scolded and abused her, as I have always done to people dangling after my children, he actually (great goose, as he is!) roused himself so far as to excuse her."

"And why did you scold the poor child, or abuse her?"

"Just to show I am no *matchmaker*," returned Mrs. Macnamara with severe candour, as Uncle Oliver, with an angry, impatient "Humph," left the room.

And undoubtedly, Grandinamma had been correct in her observations and surmises: Lees Harcourt veritably "cared for" Cecile in his own way—but that was a very peculiar way. To speak of him being in love, or even spoony, as other mortals are, would be describing his sentiments wrongly. He felt attracted neither by special beauty, nor similarity of tastes, nor yet by that opposition of the same which sometimes creates the mystic tie. He considered Cecy physically inferior to that "deuced fine Power woman," whom his soul abhorred, and any possibly superior trait of mind and disposition the former might possess he was utterly incapable of appreciating. Cogitating the matter over in his own brain, his memory always reverted to that day when, totally repelled by the unfordable gulf between his own ideas and those of the fashionable world into which he had been thrown, his neglected, forlorn sympathies, had been suddenly awakened by the questions put to him concerning Australia, the land he loved so well. Yet—that was the beginning

of it. Then, Cecy had seemed quiet—fond of her brother; wherefore he estimated, she should make a good farmer's wife, and as such be delighted to accompany himself back to the bush, where this Frank, of whom she spoke so much, might be satisfactorily employed sheep-sheering or lassoing wild horses. She looked so much more natural and simple than the Honourable May, or the Misses Evanson, or Mabel—gentle and pretty, and not formidable—easily managed, and all that.

These thoughts were running in Mr Lees Harcourt's head as he sipped some brandy and soda after breakfast in the smoking-room the very morning, as it happened, succeeding that on which Grandmamma, at the Jointure House, had expressed her opinions respecting his matrimonial intentions. To refresh his mind after the unwonted toil of such sentimental musings, he sauntered out into the shrubbery, just as the unconscious subject of his ruminations chanced to be coming up one of its winding pathways.

She had been with Mrs. Harcourt gathering flowers for the drawing-room vases, and now, with her hands full of buds and flowers, was turning to the house. She advanced slowly, abstractedly; or this fair September morning was the anniversary of her departure from the Towers, and memories of the past were crowding her heart and filling her eye with tears, when, at the sound of approaching footsteps, she looked up, and confronted Lees Harcourt.

"Hallo! what's the row?" he asked. "Are you thinking of Australia?"

"Australia? No!"

"Well, what makes you cry?"

"I am not crying," she resented, not quite truthfully. "But this time of year, and this lovely morning, reminds me so of home and leaving it—just this day twelve-months. It seems such ages ago."

"Oh, is that it? But it is silly to cry for spilt milk, or a lost home, you know. Your brother, I'm certain, has forgotten it altogether."

"Ah, I am sure he has *not*. He writes about it, lives in the hope of seeing it again."

"He says so to please you. Depend upon it, he prefers Australia by this time, and so would you if you were there awhile. He has taken quite up with the sheep-farming on my place by this, I reckon. Did you hear from him yet?"

"Not yet. The mail is not due yet," she adds in a half wistful inquiry.

"No, it isn't, I believe; and you bother yourself altogether too much about letters. Now, wouldn't it be a far better thing for you

if somebody offered you the chance of going out to see your brother, and saved you the trouble of all this scribbling for the future?"

"I don't know, and I am in a hurry to get into the house with these flowers. Exotics wither so quickly," she said hastily, half frightened at his unusual loquacity.

"Go on," he returned quite good humouredly, attributing her confusion to mere shyness, and, moreover, catching a glimpse of his sister-in-law in the distance. "But give me one of those flowers first, will you?"

"Certainly—which do you choose?"

He picked out a blue salvia. "This is to match your eyes—just the colour, isn't it?"

Cecy's eyes being, she understood, brown, she felt more amused than complimented; but without venturing any contradiction, she reiterated, "Now, let me pass, please?"

"Well, if you're in such a deuced hurry, I'll defer what I have to say till I return from shooting this evening." But his words had to meet a longer delay, for after luncheon, whilst the gentlemen were still in the preserves, an express from the Jointure House arrived, in the person of Mr. Lindores, conveying the intelligence that Mrs. Macnamara had fallen down stairs, and, it was feared, broken her leg, and as the coachman had been despatched for the doctor, he had driven over, at her uncle's urgent request, to fetch Cecy back at once.

"How tiresome to fall down stairs, and break one's leg!" sympathised the Honourable May, in the same tone, she might have used had a canary (not her own) come to similiar grief. "And so provoking" (much more warmly) "to send for Miss De Burgh! I have almost a notion to ask Miss Power to be her substitute," she added, as the two girls left the room—one to prepare for departure, the other joyfully, to assist thereat.

"Mr. Macnamara particularly wishes Miss De Burgh to return home."

"And I particularly wish her to remain here. *Very* provoking, is it not?"

"Very," he answered coldly, as Cecy, habited for the drive, re-entered.

"I am really annoyed at your running off, Cecile," pouted Mrs. Harcourt, "And why did they not send a carriage for you? You will be frozen this chilly day in that high open thing. Rain is threatening too."

So it was. The weather had changed since the bright morning, grown grey and clouded, though, as yet, no drops had fallen from the heavily-shrouded sky.

"Oh, she can wrap up, a wetting is quite a natural consequence

of going out in this country, and does nobody harm," put in Mab, cheerfully, as feeling the very reverse of annoyance, disappointment, and sorrow over the sudden summons, she with a great exhibition of solitude, enfolded her cousin in all the muffling available, even assisting in establishing her comfortably in the "high open thing," and waving an affectionate *adieu, ma chère*,

Then she turned gaily within the rich, luxurious abbey. "Hurrah—the field is clear—I must—I *shall* win another such palace as this!" triumphantly emphasised her, pleasure-loving, wealth-seeking, unscrupulous heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

WORDS—ONLY WORDS.

MRS. MACNAMARA's leg had not been broken, after all, but one of her ankles was badly injured, and her whole frame generally bruised and battered. Cecy found her just arranged by the doctor, in great pain, and proportionably cross—additionally displeased, it seemed, by her granddaughter's return. "I did not send for you," she declared, truthfully. "It was ridiculous of your Uncle to do so—for I cannot tell what good your being here will do me, whereas!"—and she thought angrily of the match, which might be pending, but now—

She was, however, too weak to enter upon the matrimonial question, so contented herself with adding significantly, in reference to Uncle Oliver's recall. "I believe he did it on purpose."

Certainly Mr. Macnamara betrayed the good-humoured air of a person who had achieved a set design, told Cecy she was a good child for doing what she had been asked *for once*;" and these, the first spontaneously kind words he had ever addressed her, solaced the latter somewhat for the ungracious reception vouchsafed her by Grand-mamma, who proved the most nervous, irritable, fidgetty patient, never satisfied with anything done to ease her, and frequently expressing her firm conviction, that there existed a combination (headed by the doctor) to kill her by inches. She even groaned over the neglect with which she was treated by her friends, morning visitors being, as before suggested, rare at the Jointure House.

In the civility of calling, indeed, the Abbey people at first shewed themselves very attentive, but by degrees the half-hour in the drawing-room dwindled into a mere inquiry at the hall-door executed by a riding party, invariably consisting of Miss Power, escorted by one or two strange gentlemen, whom it would have been impossible to ask into the presence of an invalid. This mode

of "doing manners," had, of course, been the ingenious contrivance of Queen Mab herself, who, through various arts and devices, was managing to prolong her visit at the Abbey, and seemed quite to have eclipsed Cecile in Mrs. Harcourt's evenescent favour. At least so she informed her cousin one day, as she reined her horse close enough for a private conversation. "In fact, you are nowhere, my dear," Mrs. Harcourt says that "my spirits are just the stimulant for a country house. I keep everybody in fits of laughter, from morning till night, over the droll things I say and do, and the caricatures I make. Now, don't pretend to look shocked, Cecy. Perhaps I am not really so bad as so-called 'quiet' people. For instance, Mrs. Harcourt, the other day, was saying you had such an innocent expression, and somebody else—Mr. Lees, indeed—answered, 'Still waters run deep.' Now, that was really unkind, because it was in bitter earnest, you know, and I am always in jest."

Cecy coloured a little. Mr. Lees Harcourt had been unremitting in bringing or sending presents of game lately; she hoped he did not consider her ungrateful, otherwise his opinion would have weighed with her lighter than air.

"Now, wasn't it an ill-natured remark?" persisted Mabel (quite conscious, she was wilfully misinterpreting a speech intended to be the very essence of a compliment, which had fallen from Mr. Harcourt's lips the previous day). "When you and he were such great friends, apparently. Are you not angry?"

"We were never 'great friends,' and I don't really mind what he said of me," rejoined Cecy rather quickly, for the idea of being great friends with Lees Harcourt upset all her equanimity.

"Never great friends—and don't care!" laughed Mab, as she bent carelessly forward, to brush a fly from the fringed forehead-band of Sultan. Then, having thrown her little stone, she rode away, flirting and chatting with her two cavaliers. In the evening—as she knew he would—up came Mr. Lees, with the inquiry: "How is Mrs. Macnamara getting along; and" (rather clumsily) "Miss Cecile, did you see her?"

"Grandmamta progresses favourably," responded Mabel with one of her profoundest *reverences*. "And Cecy—well you ought not to care much, as she told me to-day you and she *never* could be friends."

"*Never* could be friends?" he repeated blankly. "Why, what did she mean?"

"I'm sure *I* don't know. I did not give her your message either (I always confess my faults); but it would have been thrown away, as she told me, she did not care what you said.

"Not care?" again echoed Mabel's victim, (now victim indeed). "What an unkind, uncalled-for return."

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Miss Power, with a great show of amiability. "I cannot listen, Mr. Harcourt, to anything against my favourite cousin."

"I am not going to say anything—don't be afraid;" and he relapsed into such total silence and abstraction, that it failed even the Honourable May to induce him to open his lips for the remainder of the evening. Mabel was secretly triumphant. The last shred of rivalry seemed demolished.

"Did she—Miss De Burgh—*really* say what you told me," he once more asked next morning.

"She *really* did," compassionated Mab. "It *was* naughty of her, Mr. Harcourt."

He made no further remark, but when, a few days afterwards, a call was proposed to the Jointure House, he declined to be one of the party.

"What has come over him?" laughingly demanded the Honourable May of Miss Power. "He was in perfect despair at Cecile's departure; now he will not even go and see her. Has anything happened?"

"He has heard that Cecy did not care what he said or did."

"Really! How very rude, and unkind, and unlike Cecile. Poor Lees! Why I thought it quite a case; did not you?"

Mrs. Harcourt was grievously annoyed, and her manner was decidedly cold to Cecy that day. Cecy wonderingly felt the change, and puzzled her brains half the time the visitors stayed, conjecturing the possible cause, which made her seem more shy and silent than usual. Mabel, however, covered everybody else's deficiencies by her own redundancy of interest in Grandmamma's recovery, and demonstrative affection towards her cousin, to whom she imparted the news that she had been invited to remain at the Abbey until December.

That visit was the last Mrs. Harcourt paid at the Jointure House. She sent one or two subsequent inquiring messages, but all personal intercourse paused. Mabel did her work well—not content with her first confidence, which Mrs. Harcourt at least might have forgotten, she managed to keep the fire burning, by inuendos of remarks she had heard made by Uncle Oliver, the reverse of complimentary to the style of living carried on at the Abbey. In order to prevent the chance of a conciliatory explanation, she determined to make the severance complete, that would dethrone Cecy from the latter's position in the Honourable May's fickle friendship, as well as in the heart, imagination, regard—which ever it had been—of Mr. Lees Harcourt, who as yet showed himself only more sullen and uncivilised every day, drank harder, and behaved altogether more morosely than ever. Like all slow natures,

he was unforgetting, unforgiving. It took him a night and a day to comprehend fully the baseness of Cecy's ingratitude and indifference. "Not friends! Not care what he said!" The more he brooded over the misrepresented phrases, the deeper, and blacker seemed the wrong done him, for which by degrees, but surely, his outraged feelings demanded revenge. Yes, he would *make* Cecy care for *something* he said, and prove to her what an enemy he could be, if rejected as a friend. He would write by that very mail to Australia and—he snatched up a sheet of paper and a pen from the Honourable May's davenport, with such unseemly sudden haste and alacrity, that the pretty owner thereof opened wide her eyes, in amused surprise, at Lees' inspiration.

"Some magic wand has touched him and exorcised the 'Blue Devils;' he looks quite bright!" laughed his sister-in-law, as he left the room with his prize. Is it *your* counter-influence, Mabel."

Mab was decidedly too politic to say "yes," "aye," or "no," decidedly. She only answered by an oracular smile, to be read which ever way pleased her interlocutress, with whom—Cecy superseded, and the detrimental Misses Evanson departed—she was becoming a great favourite, "As I always can be if I choose," wrote her majesty in a letter to Cecy, for it was part of the little game played by this ingenious young person, to maintain a semblance of extreme cordiality, and friendship with the very individuals she was most aggrieving. She penned weekly effusions to her injured cousin, replete with amusing details of the Abbey gaieties, and concluding with loves, *bon baisers*, and protestations of undying affection. Cecile sometimes wondered she was asked no more to these festivities, but then her Grandmother's debility was of course an excuse. The sudden cessation of Mrs. Harcourt's visits also puzzled her; but Mab never accounted for this change, and Cecy was too proud to ask a reason. She had heard from Frank that he had really and gladly accepted the offer of assistantship on Mr. Harcourt's farm, that he was about embarking his remaining capital in sheep, and felt hopeful of doing prosperously. This was towards the end of November, and remorseful for her former ingratitude, she would so liked to have had an opportunity of thanking the clumsy benefactor for his kindness to her brother—thanking him, if only—her heart shrank from the possible return the benefactor might demand for his services, and she felt glad his visits were discontinued. Perhaps he had transferred his unwelcome attentions to somebody else. Happy thought!"

So the winter wore round. In December came Mab, to spend a day or two *en passant*, to pack up any clothes she had left at the Jointure House, and depart from thence to Dublin.

"Will you be in town after Christmas, Cecy?" she asked.

"No, I do not believe Grandmamma will be able."

"Not *Quel dominage*. The Harcourts will be up for the Drawing-room and—have you a card there, to put on my trunk."

Cecy opened her writing desk to search; Mabel, looking over her shoulder, assisted at the investigation. "There is one," she cried.

"No; that is a photograph."

It was, in truth, a *carte-de-visite* of Fred. Macnamara, sent by him to show Cecy how he looked under a Russian sun."

Mabel snatched it up. "Fred's photo., and done in St. Petersburg," she exclaimed. "He sent you this and you never told me. How sly!"

She examined the picture minutely. "After all, there could be nobody like Fred, if he were only *rich*," she said, struck by a new surmise, and keeping her eyes fixed on her cousin's face, that coloured involuntarily, painfully, under the sharp scrutiny. "But Crofton, you know, will live for ever; these 'dying people' always do;" and with a shrug she tossed the photograph back into the desk, and ran off with the card, whereon Cecy had rather nervously inscribed

Miss Power,
(*Passenger,*)
Dublin.

Whither her majesty departed next morning, but "as the evil that men do lives after them, so her work remained. What had that work been?—nothing apparently very reprehensible or criminal—Words—only words—and

Words are lighter than the cloud foam,
Of the restless ocean's spray,
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer raindrops
Is the air more deeply stirred;
And the roseleaf, that we tread on,
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking,
With a lightning flash—a word,
Bearing endless desolation,
On its blighting wings I heard,
Earth can forge no kneeer weapon,
Dealing surer death or pain;
And the cruel echo answered,
Through long years again.'

ONLY A FEW WEEKS,

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY FRANK ACTON.

CHAPTER III.

DRIP, drip, falls the rain on the roof with a monotonous beat ; the fens look grey and dreary with a mist creeping over the damp fields ; some crimson leaves fall like flakes of fire, and sink silently in the river. The oak room is full of the warmth of colour, a pleasant contrast to the dreary afternoon ; Cicely flits about in her grey and blue dress, singing snatches of the songs she sang last night, too restless to sit at her work, and Aunt Barbara, coiled up in a favourite chair, with a well-worn cookery-book on her lap, is an edifying spectacle of content.

"How did you enjoy yourself last night, my dear ? you have told me nothing about it yet," said Aunt Barbara, waking from a nap she had fallen into over "shrimp sauce."

"It was very pleasant," said Cicely, suddenly becoming very industrious, and stitching away with a bright flush on her face.

"What sort of a tea did you have ? You know, I like to hear about those sort of things, my dear."

"Teacakes, muffins, cake, toast, jam, and a great deal more that I cannot remember, Aunt Barbara."

"Teacakes—ah—were there currants in them—and were they light ?"

"Quite light, but no currants," answered Cicely patiently.

"Well, do you know, my dear, I think they are best with currants."

"Do you, Aunt Barbara ?" remarked her dutiful niece, trying to appear interested. "I think tea-cakes are nicer plain."

"Oh yes, of course, I quite agree with you, my dear. Now, I will look in my book, and see what it says about tea-cakes—ah, here it is—'Dry and sift one pound of the best flour—' and so Aunt Barbara babbles on for ever, like Mr. Tennyson's brook, on her favourite subject ; but she asks no more questions, and Cicely can think her own thoughts in silence. What a blessing a harmless hobby is to an idle, middle-aged spinster ! she is then a happy woman, and rarely feels bored, ill-tempered, and self-contemplative, as some of her less-favoured sisterhood do ; so we won't sit in judgment on Aunt Barbara's weakness for the cookery-book.

Cicely sewed away at the dress she was altering, an ancient silk garment that she considered the gem of her wardrobe. It was ill-cut and shabby; but as is the habit of country people it had been carefully hoarded, and only saw the light on high days and holidays, so that it always seemed fresh and pretty in the eyes of its owner.

She made the needle fly in and out with feverish activity, and pleaded the silk with mechanical accuracy, but her mind was absorbed with recollections and hopes. At some moments she was ready to cry with vexation at the thought that the rain prevented her going on the river, and to-morrow was Sunday: so that two days must be lived through before she could see him again; then, with a sudden reaction, she thought how foolish she had been to think so much of a few words and glances; she would behave very differently to him if she ever saw him again; she would be stiff and cold in her manner, and then he would see that she was not to be treated like a child.

These excellent ideas had soon an opportunity of being carried out; but, unfortunately, a certain trite remark is only too true, that it is much easier to make good resolutions than to fulfil them.

A rosy-cheeked maid, whose education had evidently been neglected, bounced into the room, like an animated india-rubber ball.

"Please, ma'am, two young men want to know if you are at 'ome, which I'm that flustered by 'aving left a broom in the 'all, which, ma'am, they are waiting there now!" she says swiftly, and with a total absence of commas.

"Show the gentlemen here directly, Tilly. How can you be so stupid as to leave them outside?" said Aunt Barbara, sitting up stiffly, and unwittingly cocking her cap on one side, as Dent and Treherne came in. After the former gentleman had warmly greeted Miss Vane and Cicely, he introduced his friend to Aunt Barbara with due solemnity. She, being a true woman, was instantly struck with admiration at Lancelot's handsome face and pleasant manners; he had the great art of appearing profoundly interested in whatever was said to him, and never interrupted to contradict or expound his own ideas.

"I must apologise for calling on such a dreadfully rainy afternoon, Miss Vane," he says to her, with an air of contrition; "but really when I have made up my mind to do something pleasant, I never can be beaten by such a trifle as the weather."

"I am sure it was very kind of you to take so much trouble; I only hope you have not got your feet damp," says Aunt Barbara, anxiously. "But I quite understand what you feel, and I would do the same myself—that is, if I had not my best bonnet on. You

see, Mr. Treherne, a lady is so dependent on the weather if a few drops of rain fall on her feather or light silk, they never look really well again."

"Indeed, you are quite right, and my opinion is, that ladies are meant to drive; their dress is only fit for a carriage," answered Lancelot, sympathisingly.

After much more conversation on the same subject Aunt Barbara left the room, "on hospitable thoughts intent," to order the five o'clock tea, and to fetch one of her famous cakes from the cupboard, where, like the actions of the just, it smelt sweet in the dust.

Lancelot had scarcely said a word to Cicely during the quarter of an hour he had been in the room, but left her to enjoy Dent's oft-told "good stories," those rather pointless witticisms; but now, as he turned to her quickly, he saw, instead of the blushing little girl of yesterday, a pale collected young lady, who seems absorbed in her needle-work; but when she looked up and saw him watching her, she stumbled in her answers to Dent, and her hands trembled so much that she was obliged to lay her work down.

"You seem fond of reading," said Lancelot, glancing at the books which were scattered about on the table. "What sort of books do you like best?"

"Poetry and novels. I know I have a very frivolous mind, but I cannot help liking them better than history and biographies."

"I cannot condemn you as frivolous, for I am a fellow-sinner, and am much too fond of reading poetry, and sometimes committing the universal folly of trying to write it."

"I think a good novel does often as much good as dozens of lectures and sermons. I comfort myself with this idea when I have spent a whole evening reading 'The Mill on the Floss.'"

"A very good excuse to silence one's conscience. I think I will try it to-night."

They both laughed, and thus entirely broke the ice of reserve which Cicely had been so anxious to preserve. Aunt Barbara's entrance simultaneously with the maiden bearing the tea-tray, cheered up Dent's drooping spirits, and he instantly went to help to cut the cake, and put the proper number of lumps of sugar in the teacups, leaving Cicely and Treherne together.

"Of course you have read the 'Idylls?' Which is your favourite heroine?" said Lancelot, turning over the pages of a book.

"I do not care much for any of them. My favourite is Duchess May, who rode to death with Sir Guy of Tintagel. Which heroine of the 'Idylls' do you like best?"

"Most certainly, Elaine, 'the lily maid;' if I had been my namesake, Lancelot, I would not have left her for Guinevere. I

know some people dislike her because she seems to force her love upon him ; but I think her character is so innocent and childish that it seems quite natural she should say, "I have gone mad. I love you : let me die !"

"I beg your pardon," added he, with a sudden change of voice and subject. "I am quite forgetting to supply you with cake, and your cup is empty—that greedy fellow, Dent, never thinks of fetching it."

"I think this is the pleasantest time in the day," said Cicely, as Lancelot returned with fresh supplies ; "and, to tell you the truth, I always feel quite glad when I hear the distant clink of cups, for then I know it is time for five-o'clock tea."

"So Miss Vane, you have that dreadful weakness for tea, like all womankind."

"A woman's cup of tea only represents to her what a man's cigar does to him ; so I don't think we are so very wicked."

"By the way, have you ever tried the '*Sortes Virgilianæ* ?' I should like to try your fate in one of these books."

"No, I have never heard of it—*Sortes*, what a curious name—what does it mean?" answered Cicely.

"You merely open a book without looking, and put a paper-cutter on a verse or line at hazard ; and that is all. I will try for myself first, to show you how." He put a paper-cutter in the book of poems.

Cicely lent forward and read aloud the verse to which the finger of Fate pointed—

"Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee*—half-a-year—
As a man is able."

Lancelot's cheek flushed, he looked annoyed and shut the book quickly ; evidently the fates were not propitious to-day.

At last Dent became tired of Aunt Barbara and her cake, and made his adieux, dragging away with him his unwilling friend.

They left behind them one very happy heart.

Lancelot Treherne went to church the next afternoon, far more willingly than was his usual custom, for he hoped to be able to see a certain lovely face again.

"You see, Dent," he remarked, as they strolled leisurely to church, "I am not particularly fond of afternoon services ; they always make me rather drowsy, and I am not particularly desirous of emulating Eutyclus !"

"Eutyclus, was not he your friend at Oriel ?" said Dent.

"Oh, of course ; what a capital memory you have ! You will never be plucked."

"I do rather flatter myself on that point, I must say," answered Dent, in a self-satisfied tone, as they entered the porch.

The church was hot and stuffy, and pervaded with faint odours of the peppermint and apples with which the village youth surreptitiously regaled itself; the sun shone through the blindless windows on the devoted heads of the congregation, and from more than one square pew subdued snores announced that the "village hinds" had succumbed to heat and weariness, and were slumbering the sleep of the just, heedless of the hydra-headed sermon, until the rousing sound of, "Finally, my dear brethren," would announce that the hour of release was near.

Mr. Armstrong was anxious to warn his parishioners against all errors and heresies, which were evident and real dangers to him, but which they could not understand; and, as no doubts had ever entered into their minds his learned exposition on Arianism was not quite so profitable to their soul's health as he thought it might be; here and there they caught and understood what they called a "good bit," which referred to the joys of heaven, or the terrors of hell, at which they groaned in concert, but the rest of the discourse was usually a soporific to their tired bodies.

Lancelot Treherne saw the face he wished to see, and his heart beat more quickly than was the usual custom of that well-regulated organ. Cicely looked the only cool and fresh member of the congregation, in her simple light dress and white bonnet; her respected aunt (wearing her favourite crimson shawl) made gigantic efforts to preserve an attentive appearance, and failing dismally, was constantly waking up with conscience-stricken snorts.

Lancelot felt almost angry with Cicely for looking so totally unconscious of his presence; for though he was not really in love with her, still this young Sultan liked to see her artless glances of admiration, and he enjoyed and intended to enjoy still more, the pleasant task of teaching her the art of flirting, in which she seemed so lamentably deficient.

Though Cicely's beauty had made a great impression on him, he had seen a great many very pretty girls, and he thought he might admire and flirt with her without any danger or fear of compromising himself, and with great benefit to her.

As the sermon reaches its last head, Cicely becomes conscious of Lancelot's glances; he raises her blue eyes, and as she sees his face, an involuntary flush rises to her cheeks, and her eyes drop again, guiltily. Poor Cicely Vane! The usual fate has befallen her; she has set up a clay idol in her heart, and has fallen down and worshipped it.

Chatter, clatter, go the hobnailed boots down the aisle and

through the porch ; Aunt Barbara and Cicely follow, the former as usual stopping to lecture, and shake her parasol in helpless indignation at the wicked urchins who make promenades round the churchyard-wall, and sit astride the gravestones of their "rude forefathers."

"How deliciously cool it feels after that stifling atmosphere!" said a voice close to Cicely. She started, and answered hurriedly and Treherne turned to her aunt to give her time to recover herself. Aunt Barbara was delighted to see him, and greeted him warmly.

"Do you ever take a walk on Sunday, Miss Vane?" said he.

"Sometimes I find it rather hot and fatiguing; but Cicely likes it," she answered.

"May I come with you, then, this afternoon? I should like so much to take a walk on the banks at the other side of the river, if you don't mind."

Aunt Barbara, intensely gratified, and with Cicely supporting her on one side and Lancelot on the other, started at once; they crossed the old stone bridge, and walked along the narrow path that was worn in the grass, Cicely a little apart, as the way was not broad enough for three. Lancelot continued to walk with Miss Vane, and entertained her with conversation to the best of his abilities, and only the uneasy glances, that were constantly cast in one direction, betrayed his secret impatience; but Fate is sometimes very kind to us in her capricious way, and his reward was to come. At last Aunt Barbara announced that she was fatigued and must rest.

"But go on with Cicely, Mr. Treherne; she will show you the prettiest way, and I will sit comfortably on the grass until you come back," said that worthy lady, making a seat of her shawl, as a precaution against damp and ants. She watched the young pair depart, so well matched in youth and good looks, without any of the misgivings on the "convenances" which Madame would have felt in her position, and only thought in her simple mind that Cicely would enjoy talking to some one of her own age.

They stroll along, Cicely looking steadily down at the grass to avoid meeting those glances of which she is so agitatingly conscious.

"How delicious this is! I wish it would last for ever!" he says, with a sigh of pleasure; the sunshine and the pretty girl beside him, both contribute in making him feel that the world is very delightful to-day.

"For ever! that is a very long time; I think you would soon be longing for your dinner, or a cigar, to break the monotony," mocked she, with a little laugh, to take the sting off her words.

"I plead guilty to having a predilection for a cigar; but I

humbly trust that I am not quite such an epicure as Robert Dent. But why do you bring me back so cruelly to earthly matters in this way?"

"Ah, poor Mr. Dent—how fond he is of eating!" she says, evading his question in a feminine way. "I like to see him at dinner—he gobbles so, and becomes so absorbed that he cannot attend to anyone."

"You have not exaggerated his peculiarities; but why are you so literal and prosaic? I *really* do wish that this walk would never end. Of course I must be provided with endless fine weather, and a princess to follow me through all the world, like that happy fairy prince Tennyson describes. Do you remember his lines?"—

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went,
In that new world which is the old;
Across the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him."

After a little pause Lancelot said, half to himself, "I wonder which princess it will be?" Then aloud, "I used to imagine, when I was a few years younger, how pleasant it must have been to be the prince; but it was quite ludicrous how my princess used to vary in face and character, according to the fancy of the moment. One day he was dark, the next fair, sometimes even red-headed, and so on." He laughed at the recollection, but stopped short as he saw Cicely's expression; a young girl does not like to have one of her favourite delusions destroyed, and to hear her hero confess that he has often been in love is very galling. Cicely was jealous of the vague visions of the past, which Lancelot Treherne had conjured up before her mental eye.

"Of course the princess was only a shadow, consisting of bright eyes and a pleasant smile," he adds.

"I suppose that they were the *shadow* of real people?" said she, trying to speak unconcernedly, and failing dismally.

"Not at all," answers Lancelot, with a little twinge of conscience. "She was generally the heroine of the last novel I had read—very boyish idea! Jealous!" he thinks, "I must say something pleasant to her, poor little girl, to make her happy again."

"Ah, indeed," she remarks indifferently.

"Would you like to hear a description of the princess that I should like to have now, as a companion for that *very* long walk, or would it bore you too much?"

"I should like to hear it very much," answered Cicely, eagerly.

"Well, remember it is a great secret that you must tell no one: she must be very young, fair, brown curly hair, blue-eyed, and tall; my little princess must be gentle, loving, and guileless—in fact, the very opposite of a muscular Christian like Georgie Armstrong, or a girl of the period."

"But, Mr. Treherne, she is not very pretty," said Cicely, with quite a disappointed face; "I thought you would describe a golden-haired beauty, and she is only rather nice-looking—don't think me very conceited for saying so, but she seems to be merely pretty, like me."

Lancelot looked searchingly at her face, he could scarcely credit her with such simplicity as not to understand a compliment, but her *naïve* expression convinced him that she was too unsophisticated to be acting for effect.

"Yes, perhaps she is rather like you," he says, slowly; "but she is not pretty—she is very lovely."

A few minutes later, he is scrambling down the bank to gather some flowers that grew close to the water's edge, leaving Cicely confused with wonder and joy. "He means me," she thinks. "Oh, I am too happy; I am certain now he likes me."

Lancelot's return with his hands full of forget-me-nots disturbs her happy reverie.

"Will you have these flowers?" he whispers tenderly. "My beautiful princess, you gave me a rose at our first meeting, that I will never part with. I can scarcely dare to hope that you will keep these forget-me-nots for my sake."

Cicely Vane took the flowers and treasured them, faded and dead relics of a happy day, until the last hour of her life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE world is two weeks older since that Sunday afternoon, the little Marshlands world is much the same outwardly, but they have been most eventful weeks in Cicely's life. Again she walked by the river, this time alone; but she evidently expected some one for she constantly looked anxiously in one direction. She is changed, a more restless, agitated happiness than of old possesses her, which gives a feverish light to her eyes and a brilliant flush to her cheeks. She is far more beautiful than she was in the old calm days.

At last the boat appears, and a few minutes later she is seated near to Lancelot Treherne, reaching thereby what she considers the height of human bliss.

"May I row too?" she says, timidly glancing at him.

"No, no; I am not going to have those pretty white hands spoilt in that way!" says Lancelot, taking the oar from her.

"Nonsense! it will not hurt my hands. I have often rowed in your boat before, and you have said nothing. Why do you mind now?"

"Because I noticed a blister on your pretty little hand yesterday, after we had been rowing; and I don't choose that it shall happen again," said he, taking her hand and examining the pink palm with an air of proprietorship.

"How quickly the time has passed!" she says, with her dreamy eyes fixed on the water. "It only seems a few days since the afternoon that you first rowed me in the boat. I remember how frightened I was that Aunt Barbara would not like it, but when I told her that I had met you, and you had rowed me home, she only said: 'Very kind of him, my dear,' and fell asleep again. Poor Aunt Barbara, she is always so sleepy!"

"Do you always tell her when you have been in my boat?" said Lancelot, sharply. "I must say, I cannot see the necessity of informing her of such a trifle."

"I only told her the first time," Cicely answered, rather pained by his tone. "I do not tell her now; she never pays attention to things of that sort. But why don't you like me to mention it to her?"

"Don't you see, Cicely," he said, more gently, "I have already asked you not to mention the fact to the Vicarage people, and, of course, if your aunt knows, she will tell them. I don't want any of the Armstrongs to find out that I occasionally give you a row in my boat, for I am certain that they would be offended at my not asking Georgie too—which I should object to most highly!"

"Oh, I quite forgot that! How fortunate we have been, never to have met the Armstrongs or Mr. Dent when we have been on the river," she said, laughing with childish joy.

Lancelot Treherne thought that it was not so surprising after all, for he had taken precautions to avoid being seen alone with Cicely, choosing the hour when he knew that Mr. Armstrong was safe in his study, and Dent sleeping away the effects of a heavy meal; he had no idea of being detected in his little flirtation, and thus perhaps having a stop put to it. He had more difficulty in hinting to Cicely, without alarming her, that their water expeditions must be kept secret, or they would come to an end abruptly. The innocent child never understood that she was doing anything peculiar in the eyes of the world. What should she know of its ways and customs, when all her ideas on such subjects were gathered from a few novels?

"Cicely, I know by your pretty eyes, that you are in a day.

dream," says Lancelot, looking at her, admiringly. "Wake up, and tell your humble servant what it is about."

"I was not in a day-dream. I was thinking what a pity it is that we cannot tell what our future is going to be. I should like to know where I shall be a few years hence, and if I shall be as happy then as I am now?"

Ah, poor little Cicely, if she could have known!

"Shall I try to lift the curtain of fate for your benefit?" said Lancelot. "I think I can tell pretty well what will be your probable future."

"How can you guess? Still, I should like to hear what you think."

"Now listen—the future unveils itself before my prophetic eye. I see before me a country church, the Vicar is preaching, a short, stout, bearded man, with what we will charitably call a *tonsure* on his head. What a tremendously long sermon he is preaching on the "duty of a wife to her husband!" I see that he means his own wife to take a few hints from his discourse, for he often looks in her direction. His pretty wife is listening dutifully but a friend of hers, a tall dark man, who is sitting near her, is very inattentive and yawns no end, but—"

"Why, you have described Mr. Armstrong," interrupts Cicely laughing heartily. "And you have positively married me to him! I never heard anything so amusing in my life. That old bachelor!"

"It is all very well your laughing at my prophetic vision; but I am afraid that there is a little probability of its coming to pass."

"No, no—never!" said Cicely, horrified into seriousness. "You cannot really mean to say that you think it will!"

"Don't be frightened. I was only imagining what I think Mr. Armstrong would like to happen; I am sure I hope he will be disappointed."

"He does not care for me, Mr. Treherne! I am certain you are mistaken. I am only his little friend. Marry *him*, what a horrible idea!" She shivered at the very notion.

"But do you know I have seen symptoms in him which make me suspect that his heart is affected, and I am certain that you are the fair lady to whom he has given his valuable affections. He 'never told his love' to me,—perhaps for good reasons; but I found out his secret all the same."

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense—I don't like it. It is such an absurd idea!"

"Cicely, can you pretend to be astonished that Mr. Armstrong loves you?" said Lancelot. "You know that no one who sees

you can prevent himself from admiring, and"—he finished his words with a sigh.

"Pray, don't exert yourself to make such very high-flown compliments," she answered, with as much severity in her voice as she could summon up, but her face betrayed how sweet the flattery was.

"I never compliment you. Whatever I say to you is the truth," he says quietly.

Soon he begins to sing softly, looking at her with tender eyes; it is a happy moment for Cicely, but it is not to last—suddenly the song ceases and he jumps up.

"Why, there comes Armstrong, walking along the bank, by Jove!" he exclaims, angrily.

Cicely looked up and saw Mr. Armstrong. He cast an astonished glance at her, bowed gravely, and passed on.

"He has seen us—what a row there will be!" says Lancelot, discontentedly eyeing the departing figure.

"What, am I doing anything wrong in being here with you?" says she, with whitening lips and dilated eyes.

"Oh no—nothing wrong, of course; but it may be awkward for us," he answers.

Cicely's mental eyes are opened, and she needs to ask no more questions. "Oh why did you ask me to come with you, and never tell me that it was wrong?—it is cruel!" she sobs.

Lancelot has a man's horror of tears, and even beauty in tears is not beautiful; so he was heartily glad when Cicely passionately demanded to be put on shore, and he was left alone with his unpleasant meditations.

Mr. Armstrong was waiting for him at the landing-place, near the bridge.

"I waited here, Treherne; I want to walk home with you," he said quietly. His face is rather pale, but his voice is under control.

"All right, I shall be very glad of your company," Treherne answers, jumping on shore, and fastening the boat's chain firmly to a post with an affectation of indifference.

They walked slowly towards the Vicarage, Mr. Armstrong broke the silence first.

"By the way, I saw Miss Cicely Vane in the boat with you; how did you meet her?" He tried to speak carelessly.

"I saw her walking by the river, and as she seemed tired I asked her if she would come back with me." Something in the guilty sound of his voice excited Mr. Armstrong's suspicions.

"Are you quite certain, Treherne, that this is the first time you have met her in this way?"

He longed to hear the denial, but hope is almost dead in his heart.

"No, it is not quite the first time. Let me see—I believe I have had the pleasure of taking her out a few times for a row on the river," Treherne answers, determined to have it out.

"You must excuse me if I seem to be prying into your affairs, but my excuse is that Cicely Vane is a little friend of mine, and all that concerns her touches me deeply. Of course, I conclude, from what you have told me, that you are—engaged, or about to be engaged to her?" He spoke calmly, and then paused to hear the death-warrant of his love.

"Engaged! Ha, ha! you are joking Mr. Armstrong! I have never dared to aspire to that honour; besides, seriously, my father has views for me which I——"

"Then you have been trifling with her!" said Mr. Armstrong, with flashing eyes.

"You take things too seriously, my dear sir. I have merely taken my pretty friend out a few times in my boat, with her aunt's knowledge and permission."

"You have seen enough of her aunt to see what a guardian she makes to Cicely; besides I am not quite certain that she *really* has understood what her niece has been about——"

"I assure you, Mr. Armstrong, I have done no harm——"

"I don't know what you mean by harm—I trust none to *her*, poor child. Listen to me, Treherne, I must ask you, as a great favour, not to continue this flirtation, and not to seek Cicely's society alone. You know she is very young, and it is not right or fair to compromise her in this way—once more, I must request you not to see her again during the rest of your stay here."

"Very well, sir; it is only a little harmless flirtation; but, if you wish it, I will not see her again."

George Armstrong could have smote the young man by his side to the ground, in the furious impotent passion that raged in his heart.

The Vicarage is reached, and they go their separate ways—one to give Dent an amusing account of the sudden end put to his flirtation with pretty Cicely; and the *other* to seek his lonely study, and kneeling down to sob with a man's painful tears. "God comfort my lost love—never *mine* again for evermore: she loves him and he will break her heart."

A warm, quiet evening, not a breeze stirs the woods, the winding river creeps along like a golden snake, the distant brown barns and stacks of the village stand out with Pre-Raphaelite distinctiveness against the evening sky.

Cicely sat alone in the wood, miserable, and of necessity idle, for she had reached that stage of unhappiness when occupation becomes insupportable, and it is only possible to think and suffer. What did it mean, three whole weeks had gone, and Lancelot had never come near her? She had not seen him, except at church—not a look, not a word! Was he angry with her, or was he tired? She would not allow herself to dwell on the last doubt. These three weeks had been an eternity of misery to Cicely, who was suffering all the agonies of love and doubt.

A dark shadow, and footsteps, approaching from the side of the river, and Lancelot Treherne stood beside her, with a pleasant smile on his face.

"I am delighted to find you here—I have been making my farewell to your aunt, and but for this lucky chance of meeting you here, I should have been obliged to leave without saying a last good-bye to you." He spoke hurriedly, like a man who has an unpleasant task to fulfil, and rushes quickly into it.

Cicely turned a shade paler, but she smiled as she said, "Going away, Mr. Treherne? You are soon tired of Marshlands." Her voice and smiles were under control, but her eyes looked pitifully at him.

"My father has written to me to come home directly on important business, so I have to leave to-morrow; 'tis a bore to have my stay here cut short, for who knows when we shall meet again?" He sighed as he spoke.

"We shall miss you very much; this is such a quiet place, that every stranger is such a blessing. You cannot imagine what it is to see the same faces and hear the same small talk, year after year; the world seems to contract into such a very small one that one forgets there is anything different in the distant world, until one is suddenly wakened to the fact by seeing some one from it."

Cicely spoke in a light tone, as if Lancelot's absence made no difference to her, except in relieving the monotony of her life; she seemed to concentrate all her energies in twisting some blades of grass into a ring. Nature makes most women actresses on an emergency.

Treherne threw himself down on the grass, near to her, with an annoyed expression on his face; a young man with a good opinion of himself likes to be appreciated, and a little indifference from a petty girl piques him as much as it would an acknowledged belle; but he happened to glance up at the beautiful pale face beside him, and something in its expression assured him of his power, for he took possession of her hands and said in the old tender tones—"We shall miss you, you say; but you, Cicely, shall you not miss me, my darling?"

She tore her hands from his grasp, and covered her face to hide the tears.

"Cicely, don't cry ; you break my heart. What a cruel fate ours is ! I cannot marry as I choose, unless I ruin my prospects—my sweetest, don't leave me, hear me one minute more—it would be ruin for me to marry against my father's wishes, and—" Lancelot Treherne's voice faltered a little, perhaps with shame, at this point in his glib explanation—"and he wishes me to marry my cousin Susan."

Cicely's youth died at that moment—all that made life sweet to her,—hope, faith, trust ; the iron entered into her soul, and the martyred heart at last comprehended that its love had been a play-thing, the pastime of an idle hour.

Lancelot was weak and impulsive, and governed by a strange mixture of worldly prudence that made him constantly repent of his impulsive actions ; but at this moment he gave vent to his weak, selfish love.

"It is cruel—we could have been so happy together ; but you would not ruin my prospects, would you ? I shall never forget you, my beautiful darling ; promise me that you will sometimes think of me when I am far away."

"I shall think of you every day of my life, Lancelot Treherne," she answers in a toneless voice.

Her voice carried conviction with it, and a pang of real love and repentance shot through his heart.

"Forgive me, Cicely ; I am not worthy of you ! God forgive me, what a wretch I have been to make you unhappy !" he said sadly.

"I am not quite unhappy now—" Cicely whispered, as, hand in hand, they gazed into each other's eyes, and truly in that moment she felt the bitterest joy she was ever to experience in this world. The instinct of her heart told her that she was loved ; but the love was like a tender plant sprung up by the roadside, the sun was hot, and the soil shallow, and the flower must fade and die.

Like a dream were his parting words, the burning kiss on her cheek, the sound of footsteps dying away in the distance, and then she awoke to find herself alone.

"Alone ! that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard ;
Yet all that poets sing and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—
Alone."

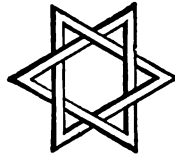
The sun has set, but the west is still flushed with its dying hues, the outlines of the wood stand out clear and distinct against the crimson and gold ; a boat emerges from the shadow of

the trees, and floats down silently towards the bridge, Cicely holds the oars, but she does not use them, for the wind has risen, and the boat drifts with the stream. She leans forward in a thoughtful attitude and sings in a low voice, Goëthe's lovely song—

“ Under the tree-tops is quiet now,
In all the woodlands hearest thou,
Not a sound !
The little birds are asleep in the trees ;
Wait, wait, and soon, like these,
Sleepest thou.”

The last sweet notes died away in a whisper, for a strange giddiness and fluttering of the heart seized her ; she sank down whispering—“ I am so tired, I must rest.”

The crimson hue has died away in the west, stars shine down peacefully on the earth, the night has come, and with it rest—beautiful Cicely Vane will never open her eyes again in this weary world.



THE EBBING TIDE.

A SONG.

HERE will I sit by this pleasant shore,
Where old Ocean has ceas'd his angry roar ;
Where I hear not even his faintest chide,
But only the peace of the ebbing tide.

It moans with its sweet, monotonous joy,
The same as it moan'd when I was a boy ;
Come and sit by me, my beautiful bride,
And list to the voice of the ebbing tide.

What speaks it, this sound as of soft, low bells,
Long-drawn from its pebbles and fairy shells ?
Oh, is it, my love, that our full young pride,
Has ebbs like the ebbs of the ebbing tide ?

Why, love, though seas roar and strong winds blow,
The tide of our bliss is still at the flow ;
How, then, should our peace from under us glide ?
Oh, false is this voice of the ebbing tide !

The sea loves to leap on his golden shore,
And I love thee, my sweet, the more and more ;
How, then, could it be, oh, beautiful bride,
That our joy should ebb like the ebbing tide ?

Nay—were this the lesson the sad waves teach,
Yet, yet we shall stand on another beach,
And, clasp'd to eternity, side by side,
Shall fear for our rapture no ebbing tide.

MOTLEY.

ANTECEDENTS OF SERVIA.

(Concluded.)

As the result of the War of Liberation of 1806-1807, the Servians were again their own masters, and had the country in their own hands. The more powerful chiefs, who styled themselves Woiwodes, set themselves up in every direction. They had a kind of body-guard, called momkes, mostly descended from good families. These followers ate with their leader, and were provided by him with horses and handsome apparel. Though not paid, they received valuable presents and shared his booty. Some chiefs kept up a retinue of fifty of these armed attendants. They appropriated to themselves the possessions of the Turks; they levied arbitrary taxes, demanded the tithe, and even compelled the peasants to perform feudal and menial service. Kara George assumed the title of Gospodar in Schumadia, and Jacob Nenadowitsch and others soon followed the example of setting up for themselves. Kara George had, however, a preponderating influence. He had the largest district, the greatest number of momkes, and the artillery was also under his command.

This military despotism was tempered by the Skupschtina, as the diet or annual deliberative assembly of the Woiwodes was called. This diet settled disputes which were inevitable under such a system, and controlled exactions. The Kneshines and Nahis—elders or heads of villages and communities—had also the right to a share in the conduct of public affairs. The necessity of a more regular and better-organised government soon, however, made itself felt, and a civil court was established under the name of Sowiet or Synod. The first secretary was a Hungarian Servian, named Philippowitsch, and he inaugurated many important laws and regulations. Justice and education owed everything to him, and he really planted the germs of civilisation and progress. Disputes, however, constantly arose among the chiefs, but none were so grave as the opposition made by Kara George, who objected to a councillor of state, sent by Russia to urge restraint upon the Woiwodes, that he was a Greek, as he was also opposed to the power of the Metropolitan, Leonti, who was also a Greek. Kara George was averse, above all things, to Servia being subjected to a Greek government; and although opposed by Russian and Greek influence, and by many of the Woiwodes, he was enabled, by great tact and natural talent, to maintain his authority, and he came to be regarded as the chief of the nation, as he was also the real founder of a first comprehensive national authority.

The influence of Russia continued, however, to be none the less paramount. That power began by sending a division of troops into the Kraina, and with their help, Kara George was enabled to exult in the massacre of 1500 Turks and the possession of no end of booty. Russia assisted the Montenegrins at the same time, and from this epoch dates its influence in that principality. Napoleon, on the other hand, did everything in his power to encourage the Sultan in military reforms, and exhorted him to revive the glorious days of the Ottoman Empire. Thus abetted, Selim applied himself earnestly to the task ; but the Russians had obtained possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, and it was their policy, as it has ever since been, to use the Servians and Montenegrins, as well as the Dacians, as tools for their own aggrandisement.

Thus urged on from without, the restless Serbs, in 1809, invaded Bosnia, and being provided with troops equipped after the European fashion, they were successful at the onset. They crossed the Drina, captured several strongholds, and ascended the Bosnian range of hills. As they progressed, the Bosnian rayas joined their standard. The project of Kara George was at that time the same as has ever been held dear with the Servians, to drive the Turks out of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and to form an alliance with Montenegro. With this view he advanced to the Raschka, where he met the Turks in force and defeated them. They were thus enabled to effect a junction with the Montenegrins, and the Herzegovinian rayahs had risen like their Bosnian brethren. There was, indeed, a general rising of the whole of the population descended from Slavonian tribes holding the Christian faith, and Kara George had established the head-quarters of the movement at Novibazar, which commands almost exclusively the communication between Rumelia and Bosnia, when news came that the Turks had thrown themselves, with all their forces from Nissa, upon the Servian frontiers near Alexinatx.

The first assault of the Turks took place in June, 1809, when they attacked a fortification near Kamenitza. The Servian *knes*—one Stephen—unable to resist, fired the powder magazine and blew the fort into the air—destroying himself with his friends and enemies ! The Turks afterwards erected a tower on the road side, and inserted the skulls of the Servians amongst the stones of its walls—a grim monument, at which many a traveller stops in the present day, to meditate upon the folly and vanity of the irrepressible war-instincts of the human species.

Kara George advanced to the rescue, and occupying Kupria, proceeded to Deligrad, and thence to Jagodina ; but the result of every engagement proved unfavourable to the Servians ; all the country to the right of the Morava fell into the hands of the Turks ; the

entire plain was covered with fugitives: slaughter and terror everywhere prevailed when—history perpetually repeats itself—the Russians crossed the Danube. It will never do for Russian policy to allow the Principalities to be entirely annihilated. They constitute its advance-guard on the highway to Constantinople. The Servians were once more delivered from the Turks, and they were even permitted to retain a part of the country which they had taken beyond the ancient boundaries.

But hitherto the contests of the Servians had been with the Dahis, who oppressed the country; they had now involved themselves in a conflict with the whole Ottoman empire. They were also, as usual, at variance with one another; one party did not approve of too close an alliance with Russia. Negotiations were even entered into with Austria; but the Russians, who styled the Servians, "brethren of the Russians, children of one family and faith," gained the upper hand in the councils of the nation, especially with Kara George, who found himself acknowledged by his diplomatic allies as "leader of the Servians." Thus it was that, in 1810, war was recommenced with the aid of Russia. There is one important lesson to be learned from all these incessant wars, that the conquest of Turkey in Europe by the Russians, acting through the Christian principalities, is not so easy a matter as many who have not studied the antecedents of Servia are ready to imagine. Russia may move many times with the view of consolidating her power in the Principalities without getting nearer to Constantinople. Besides, as there are parties among the Greeks, so there are also in Servia. Some in favour of old Servia, others in favour of an extended Servia, or "*la grande Serbie*," as Pan-slavists have it; and others in favour of Russian or foreign protection. But the majority of the Servians are, above all things, essentially national, as testified by their songs, their literature, their reminiscences, and their aspirations.

The Servians opened a campaign by occupying the Kraina, which formed their communication with Russia. The Turks were not idle on their side. They encountered the Russians on the Lower Danube, and at the same time attacked Servia at two points. The Pasha of Nissa advanced to the Morava, and contenting himself with blockading Deligrad, he took Kruschewatz and lay waste the country around. A certain Colonel O'Rourke came to the assistance of the Servians at the head of 3000 Russians, and with this help they were so far enabled to resist the Turks as ultimately to oblige them to return to Nissa.

But Servia was also invaded by an army of 40,000 Bosnians on the side of the Drina. Kara George was equally successful in this direction, and the Bosnians were driven back beyond the river.

O'Rourke also captured Bania, Gurgussewaz, and Kladowa, and gave these places over to Servian garrisons. The project of re-establishing the old Servian nationality had not been accomplished, but she had acquired districts from all the Pashaliks around her; from Widdin, the Kraina, Kliutsh and Zrnareka; from Nissa, the towns and territory of Alexinatz and Bania; from Leskowaz, Parakyn and Kruschewaz; from Novibazar, the celebrated cloister of Studenitza, and from Bosnia, the districts on the Servian side of the Drina, Jadar and Radjewina.

But Servia, now much stronger than she was before, was divided into two factions, which might, for sake of conciseness, be designated as the Nationalists and the Russophiles. Dissensions arose even in the camp, where one party declared itself opposed to the protectorate, and in favour of national rulers—even kings or emperors! Kara George stood by the Russians, but the opposition, under Jacob Nenadowitsch, became so powerful that he had to claim the assistance of his allies. With the aid of a regiment sent to Belgrade, he was enabled to change the constitution of the Senate. The Woiwodes were relieved of dependence on the superior Gospodars, whose power he effectually destroyed, and the judicial functions were devolved on ministers or administrators, under the Commander-in-Chief, and as public authority was thus concentrated in Kara George's hands, he became virtually monarch of this little state.

The campaign on the Danube of 1811, and the war of Russia and France in 1812, materially affected the prospects of Servia. The Treaty of Bucharest secured certain privileges to the latter, but, secure from Russia by Napoleon's hostility, the Turks insisted upon the right of garrisoning the fortresses, and of having a Pasha with a certain number of men at Belgrade. The Turks, who had been banished, were to return into the palankas and towns, and, more than all, the Servians were to deliver up their arms. Anything more humiliating to a proud-spirited people than what was imposed by the Osmanlis can scarcely be imagined. Although Kara George temporised, by yielding the question of the fortresses, and reserving to the Servians their small arms, still the treaty fell through from its very despotism, and the Turks prepared to renew the war under better circumstances than had previously presented themselves, when all Europe was a battlefield, and they held possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, as well as of Widdin, and were also masters of Bulgaria. Servia itself was left without assistance, but they fully understood the gravity and importance of the approaching struggle, and they prepared to meet it, as men who had fought victoriously against their oppressors for nine long years, every man not only for himself, but also for his religion and

for the lives of his children. The now fully-established monarchical government of Kara George was a point in their favour, for he was thus enabled to employ the forces previously dispersed in various directions, under independent and often factious Gospodars, for the furtherance of the general welfare. George's first idea had been one well worthy of consideration, to destroy the fortresses on the frontiers, and to await the enemy in the mountain forests of Schumadinia. But he was persuaded to abandon this project. The old plan was resorted to, which has ever proved fatal to a small power of much military virtue but little military science, that of defending the country at three points at once—on the Drina, on the Morava, and on the Danube. A reserve to be formed at Jagodina, for the succour of that division which might be in the greatest danger.

The Turks having possession of Widdin, directed their attack from that quarter where the frontier was defended by the Heyduc Weliko of whom it is related that the Russians having once told him "not to call himself Heyduc, which signified a robber," he replied, "I should be sorry if there were any greater robber than I am." The Heyduc was soon driven to his only stronghold—Negotin; and though he made constant sallies, still he had to seek for assistance from Kara George, whilst the Turks on their side were reinforced by the Grand Vizier and the Wallachians. Negotin was battered down, until the Heyduc had to take refuge in a vault. Nor did the Servians come to his aid. He was slain, and the garrison had to escape across a morass and gain the road to Poretsch. Klanowo fell at the same time, and was abandoned to the merciless fury of the Moslems. Men were impaled, and children were, in derision of baptism, thrown into boiling water! Poretsch fell next. Its defender—one Hadschi Nicola—was made captive and beheaded.

On the Morava the Grand Vizier, Kurshid Pasha, blockaded Deligrad, as before, and advanced along the right bank of the river. The Servians did not even venture to oppose so large a force and the Turks proceeding along the river unmolested, came to its embouchure on the Danube, where a junction was effected with the Turkish fleet. The third party of assailants—the Bosnians on the Drina had met with a equally feeble resistance, and had got as far Leschnitza. Leschnitza fell next, and they advanced to the assault of Schabaz.

Kara George at this crisis was no longer himself. He neither appeared on the Drina, on the Danube, nor on the Morava "Some men," it has been justly observed, "are more competent to acquire than to retain." Kara George had been a bold and successful leader, as a monarch, he acted like a coward. He remained secreted with some monks in the forests till the Turks crossed the Morava,

when he fled with a few followers across the Danube into Austrian territory. Some apologists have asserted that this step was taken by the advice of Russia, who promised to restore him to power when their hands were free; but the historian, Ranke, says the fact cannot be proved, nor can it in any way excuse the conduct of a man, whose duty it was to stake his life for the nation, which had entrusted his entire welfare to him. The defection of Kara George was, at all events, decisive. The Turks marched into Semendria and Belgrade, without meeting with any resistance, and the whole country lay defenceless at their feet.

The greater number of the Gospodars and Woiwodes, the Senate and many of the men, followed the example set by their king, and took refuge on the other side of the Danube, where they were incarcerated in Austrian strongholds. A few chiefs alone remained hidden in the mountains and forests, and among them Milosch Obrenowitsch, who, when the army of Schabaz was dispersed—the chiefs escaping over the Save—remained on the Servian side of the river, mourning over the past and meditating over the future. When urged to flight he answered, "What will my life profit me in Austria, while in the mean time the enemy will sell into slavery my wife and child and my aged mother? No! whatever may be the fate of my fellow-countrymen shall be mine also!"

Milosch's feelings were those of a brave man, that none should desert their country in the hour of her misfortune. He at once hastened to his home at Brunsizza, and he so stirred up the courage of his neighbours, that he induced them to garrison Uschiza. The Ottomans, on their side, found themselves under the necessity of coming to terms with the yet unsubdued chieftains of the country, and they promised Milosch that he should be a *knes* and governor if he would surrender. Milosch accepted the terms, and was nominated grand *knes* of Rudnik. Other native chieftains also gave in their submission to the Turks. The country was occupied by Albanian and Bosnian soldiers and the banished Spahis and other Turks resumed possession of their property, bent upon revenge for their losses and for the treatment they had experienced at the hands of the oppressed Servians. No sooner, indeed, had they gained a firm footing, than they put to death many of those whom they regarded as their especial enemies. A heavy tax was laid on the peasants, who were also made to labour at repairing the fortifications, and Sirdars were sent through the country to disarm the people.

The most frightful atrocities were committed at this epoch by the Turks. They beat the old women, dragged the young ones away as slaves some were even beaten to death or roasted alive on spits! Houses and people alike were plundered and robbed. In

Belgrade 150 young, high-spirited and brave men, were beheaded and the Iguman of Trava with thirty-six others were impaled.

No wonder that the tyranny and oppression of the Turks should have been felt as utterly insupportable. Even the chiefs were not spared—one after another they were beheaded, and Milosch himself had to fly from Belgrade to save his life. The Servians were too much humbled to dream of liberation, but, as in the first revolution, they judged it better to seek death, fighting openly in the field, than to sit at home and await the arrival of Turkish executioners.

Milosch placed himself at the head of the revolt. Appearing on Palm Sunday, 1815, at the church of Takowo, armed, and with the banner of a Woiwode in his hand, "Here I am," he exclaimed "and now the war against the Turks is begun." He was received with acclamation. It was resolved to forget internal discussions, and to fight in the common cause. Such fiendish atrocities had been committed by the Turks, that messengers were despatched throughout the province "conveying instructions that whenever a green dress (the colour of the Turks) was seen, the wearer of it was to be put to death." The enterprise was even more hazardous than the attack upon the Dahis. The people had been partially disarmed (only a few had concealed their arms), and they were intimidated and depressed by cruelty. The Turks, on the contrary, were strong in numbers and in spirit, and they were spread all over the country. Such is the state of barbarism in countries ruled over by the Turks—so utterly outside of the pale of humanity, and so little understood in Western Europe, that it was actually proposed, in so fearful a crisis, to put all the Servian women and children to death, and that the men should retire into the mountains, and war against the enemy for the remainder of their lives!

At this critical moment succour arrived in the shape of a handful of resolute men from the mountains of Rudnik and Jagodina, and a kind of guerilla warfare commenced on the Upper Morava, in which even the monks took a part with their armed servants, and many a marauding and plundering Albanian was hurried into the river, and carried away by the torrent. The outbreak soon spread to Belgrade and Waljewo. The Spahis resisted, but Milosch was already sufficiently strong to go to the relief of his oppressed countrymen. Using swine carts, with boards fixed upright on the axle-tree in front of the driver, like a shield, the Servians attacked the Spahis at Palesch and drove them from their intrenchments, capturing a piece of ordnance. This with one that had been secreted, made two, and upon the news of a successful engagement, Servians rushed to the aid in the revolt from every direction.

Milosch was thus enabled to clear the whole of Waljewo of Turks. They even fled before his artillery ! The Servians pursued them and rescued much booty, making also many prisoners. Put in utter contrast to the conduct of the Turks, every attention was paid to the wounded, and women and children were unmolested.

The Turks abandoned even Kragujewaz, and fled to Poschar-ewaz, where they made a last stand. Repulsed in the open field, they fought bravely behind their entrenchments. Milosch, on his side, felt that all that was worth living for was at stake, and he fought like a lion. On three successive evenings, he carried the first, second, and third entrenchments. The Turks defended themselves with their knives, when they could no longer use their swords. On the fourth evening, the Servians were at the fourth entrenchment, which rested against the church and mosque, and was the strongest of all. The Servians passed the night by the side of the walls, which they ultimately succeeded in piercing, and they thus forced their way to the choir (termed the altar), where the fiercest struggle took place ; but the Turks had to succumb, and Milosch, with his usual considerateness, allowed the survivors of this hand-to-hand struggle to depart to Kupria. So also with the garrison of a fortress near the junction of the Iwar, at Karanowaz, he allowed it to withdraw to Novibazar. Milosch, indeed, so brave in combat, is credited with having made use of his victories with great moderation. He had conducted a campaign which would not lose by comparison with any that had ever occurred in Servia. The country might, indeed, now be considered as once more liberated ; at all events, provisionally. Much, however, remained to be done.

Only the forces stationed in the country had been conquered : and not even those completely, for the fortresses remained in the hands of the enemy. It was also certain that the Sultan would employ every means in his power to maintain the subjection of the country, and to this effect two formidable armies were collected—one in the neighbourhood of Kupria on the Morava, the other on the Drina.

But at this time, the entire Christian population of the Turkish empire was in a state of great ferment. They considered the victories of the Allied Powers as so many advantages gained for their own cause. If Russia, should consider that there were sufficient grounds for taking part with the oppressed Servians, a general revolt of the Christian subjects of Turkey had to be apprehended.

Hence when the two armies appeared on the frontier, though superior in number and strength to the Servians, instead of advancing, they came to a halt and offered terms. Milosch himself

repaired to the Turkish camp. But all attempts to negotiate failed, with Khurshid Pasha, who demanded the surrender of all arms, as a preliminary essential to an understanding. It was, indeed, with much difficulty that Milosch, who could not assent to such a proposition, was able to get back again. Marashli Ali—a chieftain from Marash, in Asia Minor—who commanded the other army, was more conciliatory: "Only be submissive to the Grand Signior," said he, "and you may carry as many pistols in your belt as you please—cannon, even, for what I care!"

Nevertheless the Servians were cautious enough not to open the country to him on his mere word. They sent emissaries to Constantinople to obtain more positive assurances, and although the answer they brought was somewhat evasive, the Pasha was allowed to proceed to Belgrade with his army. A meeting was held, at which the Pasha arose and asked: "Are ye, Serbs, subject to the Sultan?" Milosch answered:—"We are subject to him!" The question and answer were repeated thrice.

The Turks were thus enabled to garrison the fortresses of the country, with the consent of the Servians, who again acknowledged their former state of dependance, it being understood, however, that the domination of old, founded on the privileges of Islamism, should not be restored. But the haughty insolence of the Turks soon set such an understanding at defiance. They inflicted corporal punishment, and even beheaded Servians, without any appeal to the courts, which had been especially provided for the administration of justice. They were, indeed, only restrained from further outrages by the Servians being armed, and they were not long in insisting upon the removal of this last restraint.

The hopes of the Christian subjects of Turkey were, however, once more raised to a high pitch by the Holy Alliance, which had resulted from the long European war. In 1816, the Hetæria was founded. It was a secret league by which its members swore to harass, persecute, and fight the enemies of their faith and fatherland, until all should be annihilated. As Servia was most threatened by the Turks, it was resolved to commence the general insurrection there. Kara George was recalled from Austria, and reached Semendria in safety. But Milosch, jealous of his ascendancy, and threatened by the Turks, wrote to the chief at that town: "Either the head of Tzerni George, ["black," in Servian, and corresponding to the Turkish "Kara George"], or thine own." The unfortunate chieftain was murdered when asleep. Better had he fallen sword in hand fighting against the Turks.

Milosch was upon this (November, 1827) acknowledged supreme knes by all the kneses of the country. The Greek metropolitans and Servian archimandrites also supported the

appointment. In 1820, it being no longer doubtful that the affairs of Europe would culminate in peace, and the army of occupation being even withdrawn from France, the Turks felt that it would be necessary to settle the affairs of Servia, in order that they might not be further exposed to the unceasing demands of Russia. Some concessions were made, but they were of a most unsatisfactory character, particularly so in regard to the Spahis, who lived in the fortresses and claimed the rights of landlords over the villages. It was but natural that under this, and similarly oppressive enactments, the Servians should reject the attempts at conciliation. A meeting was held at Töptschider, or the place for guns, a mile from Belgrade, but to no effect. An embassy was also sent to Constantinople; but the Turks, who were at that time apprehensive of a general rising of the Christian population throughout the empire, placed the deputation under arrest. The Servians were not to be terrified by such hostile demonstrations, for they depended then, as they have ever done, upon acts of oppression calling forth the sympathy of Russia, if not of all Europe. Milosch, under these conflicting circumstances, devoted his whole attention to the task of bringing the country into good order, and more firmly establishing his own power. The institutions and rule of Milosch were, however, by no means acceptable to the kneses or to the peasantry. The former he treated as sirdars or officers, the latter he ground down by taxation—the *Pöresa* for houses, the *Haradsch* for persons—almost as onerous as under the Turks and Spahis. Several revolts occurred among people not restrained by habitual obedience; but Milosch was successful in putting them down without having recourse to aid from without.

The uprising of the Greeks against Turkish misrule excited a generous interest amongst all the nations of Europe, and a sympathy was aroused such as was never entertained in favour of the Servians, who are as it were cut off from the rest of the world. This is a misfortune which may possibly be to a great extent removed—even in our own times—by the prolongation of the European system of railroads to Constantinople. At such a crisis, and threatened at the same time by three powers—England, France, and Russia—which had formerly been restrained from hostile action by their political jealousies of one another,—the Sultan promised to enter into negotiations with Servia for securing to it the privileges conceded by the Treaty of Bucharest. At a conference held at Akjerman, in the summer of 1826, the affairs Servia formed one of the principal objects of negotiation. The Porte, however, always ready to make concessions under the pressure of adverse circumstances,—to promise, and even to issue *Hatti-sheriffs* of a most revolutionary character, in as far as the

Sheri or Cheri—the Mohammadan religious law—is concerned,—acted with its usual want of sincerity, or from that incapability which lies in the fact that no kadi or inferior officer will carry out rules or regulations which are not sanctioned by the law—(that is, the dominion of one race of people, and the subjection of all others who do not belong to the “true faith,”)—there was no real attempt made to carry out the convention.

On the contrary, Mehemet Ali had been enabled with his troops, disciplined on a European model, to restrain the revolution in Greece, and Sultan Mahmud still bent upon the reforms inaugurated by Selim, was thus enabled to put down the Jannissaries—the last exponents of an ultra adhesion to the extreme policy of Islamism. This was not, as is well known, effected without the usual amount of the most frightful acts of violence and horror; but once the Jannissaries extirpated, the Sultan was enabled to set seriously to work to introduce European discipline into the army.

But side by side with this reformation, there lay an intention of anything but a reforming character, that of leading back to submission the people who were liberating themselves from her yoke. The Sultan, uninfluenced by the fact that the intercourse between Egypt and the Morea had been put an end to in the port of Navarino, rejected the intervention of the Powers, offered to pardon the Hellenes and exempt them from a year's Haradosh if they would submit, and he even retracted all previous concessions extorted from him. He actually declared, in plain terms, that as Khalif al Mumimim or “Head of the Faithful,” he had entered on those negotiations only to obtain the time necessary to prepare for war; and respecting the demands of the Servians, he observed that they had been unacceptable in themselves, and that nothing but the pressure of circumstances had induced his consent to them. Such is Osmanli prevarication!

The Egyptians had, however, to give way before a French army in the Morea, and the reformed military power of the Sultan was attacked by the Russians on the Danube; and at last in a second campaign, the Russians having crossed the Balkan and come into alarming proximity to the capital, peace was obtained by the usual amount of concessions, to be afterwards, if possible, declared as null and void and having been obtained by compulsion!

Greece obtained her independence as a kingdom, and by the Treaty of Adrianople, that of Akjerman was no longer to be declared a dead letter in as far as Servia was concerned. The claim of the warrior class settled in Servia, and who had hitherto governed the country, upon an authority grounded on the prerogatives of religion, was disavowed, and it was arranged that the

fortresses should be garrisoned by regular troops. The entire administration was left to the Knias—as Milosch now officially styled himself—a reform was introduced into the system of taxation—Turks not belonging to the garrisons were forbidden to remain in the country (no other alternative presented itself to Osmanlis not claiming the personal services of a Servian—a practice still prevalent in regard to some Christian people in remote parts of the Empire). No restrictions were left with reference to apparel or dwellings, nor were arms any longer prohibited. Numerous churches were built, and schools and hospitals established. The Servians were also permitted to elect bishops and metropolitans from their own nation, and taxes could no longer be imposed by Greek bishops. The right of confirming the election of Servian eparchs was, however, left with the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. In the spring of 1830, Turkish and Russian commissioners travelled over the country to settle its boundaries. The only drawback to all these good intentions was as is always the case, the Pasha, and other Osmanli officials did not believe in them. The Pasha of Widdin treated them with open contempt and ridicule. On the Drina, the Servians were attacked by armed men and robbed of their horses and money. A more severe servitude, indeed, than ever was for some time imposed on the Christians in disputed districts, as at Kruschewaz and Alexinatz. At length several young girls having been forcibly carried off, the people—no longer disposed to submit tamely to such outrages—rose in rebellion in the border districts of the Kraina and Klintsch, and the fierce revenge of the Servians was only appeased by the boundaries having been definitely fixed in May 1833.

Milosch, we have seen, was elected by the Servians as their chief in 1817, and this election was renewed at the diet of 1827. In 1830, he was once more acknowledged as Prince of Servia, and the Porte made the dignity hereditary, at the expressed wish of the Servians themselves. His position remained, as it had been from the first, a combination of Turkish supremacy and the free choice of the Servians. On his side he seemed to consider himself the founder of a dynasty, and to regard his authority as final and inviolable. His administration continued to be characterised by the same harshness and severity as when a firm and indissoluble union was essential to the liberation of the country. He adopted the “Code of Napoleon” as the basis of legislation in the country. But the public power, represented by Milosch, was not so far civilised or so intimately blended with Eastern practices, that it did not yet distinctly acknowledge private rights. Milosch took possession of whatever he pleased—fields, houses, and mills—fixing the price himself. He one day burnt down one of the suburbs of

Belgrade, because it was his intention to erect new buildings on the site. He also upheld one of the worst features of Oriental rule—that of bond-service. Another Oriental practice was that the people were not remunerated for quartering and provisioning officials, messengers, and soldiers. A momke would leave his worn-out jade in a village, and take the first horse he could find as a substitute. Milosch also endeavoured to monopolise the most lucrative trade of the country, that of dealing in swine. He enclosed land and woods, which had hitherto been common to all, for his own purposes. In fact, he considered himself absolute master over the land, the people, and their property. And woe to the man who opposed him, or appeared dangerous to him! He exercised his power of life and death as despotically, and as irresponsibly, as any Turkish Pasha.

This system of oppressive rule soon engendered discontent, and it was resolved that at the next Skupschtina, the assembly should meet in great numbers and should enforce—even by violence, if necessary—an alteration in this absolute and tyrannical rule. Milosch, endowed with great quickness of apprehension, saw that the defection was general, and, to avert the fate that awaited him, he immediately determined to leave the country. He was, however, prevailed upon to remain, as the people, he was told, did not wish his person or his life, or even to overthrow his government: they only wanted security and their rights.

Milosch pledged himself that at the next diet everything should be arranged agreeably to their wishes, and he accordingly, in an opening address, explained the reforms which he proposed. Government was to be limited, not only by law, but by a kind of constitution; a ministry was to be appointed who would submit public business to a Council of State. He appeared even willing to reserve to himself only the supreme superintendence and confirmation of their edicts. Ideas, flowing from the constitutional movements of Europe were making their way into this half-oriental State. These ideas involved the rights and privileges of men—personal liberty and security of property—responsibility of ministers—and, lastly, that the prince himself should be amenable to the laws. It is, however, one thing to frame regulations under some strong momentary impulse, and another to carry them into effect.

The two great neighbouring empires at once set their faces against anything at that time held to be so revolutionary as a constitution! The Porte had a similar horror of anything of the kind; and thus Milosch, who regarded himself as the natural leader of all the Slavonian Christians in the Turkish empire, continued to reign as though a constitution had never been framed. He

became, if possible, yet more inflexible, and his monopolies were rendered more systematic. Misunderstandings had arisen between Russia on the one hand, and England and France on the other, and an English consul was sent to Servia and was favourably received by Milosch. This gave an offence at St. Petersburg. By a curious inversion of ideas, the Constitutional States were in favour of an absolute prince in a country like Servia—in a state little above barbarism—whilst the absolute Powers contended for a restriction of his authority.

The absolute Powers, being the nearest and having most concern with Servia, carried the day. The Porte, with the connivance of Russia, created a senate, the members of which Milosch had not the power of dismissing, and which was henceforth to restrict the authority of the prince within the narrowest possible limits, and to possess the virtual rule.

Milosch, perceiving that his greatest enemies—especially Wutschitsch—were the first senators nominated, took refuge in Semlin; but hearing that a movement had been made in his favour, he returned and offered to allay the excitement. But Wutschitsch took this in his own hands. He then returned to Belgrade, at the head of his victorious army, and repairing with his monks to the palace, he told Milosch that the nation would no longer have him as its head: if he wished it, he would call the assembled multitude, who would confirm his assertion. Milosch answered,—“If they no longer desire to have me, it is well: I will not obtrude myself further upon them.” Upon this an instrument was drawn up, in which Milosch formally abdicated in favour of his son, after which he proceeded to cross over into Austrian territory.

Milosch, attached to his notions, which he had imbibed through his intercourse with so many pashas, had attempted to reign according to the old unreformed system of the Ottoman empire, and now he had that very Power aiding in his downfall. Milan, his eldest son, was too ill to assume the princely power, and Wutschitsch and others had to form a provisional government, until the succession of Michael, Milosch's second son, was determined upon. The Porte associated with him Wutschitsch and Petroniewitsch as official counsellors; but the Servians themselves did not approve of this tutelage, and rebelled against it. Michael himself, apparently harassed by the state of dissension which pervaded the country, removed the seat of government to Belgrade, where he would at least be under the protection of a Turkish Pasha. The opposition insisted upon this, on a change of ministry, which Michael having resisted, a campaign on a very small scale was entered upon by the young prince against Wutschitsch. The latter, however, proved

to be the stronger of the two, and nothing remained for Michael—who was ultimately murdered at Topchi-Dereh—but to leave the country, which he at once did; whilst Wutschitsch entered victoriously into Belgrade, styling himself “Leader of the Nation,” and assuming the supreme authority.

Had the Obrenowitsches succeeded in their design of ruling the country on the old Turkish system, they would have obtained a position resembling that of the hereditary Pashas of Scutari; but they could not agree amongst themselves, one worked against another, secretly or openly—a state of things which may be considered as normal in the Christian principalities in Turkey in Europe—and this gave their adversaries the ascendancy, and led inevitably to their total ruin.

Wutschitsch, in a similar manner, although claiming sole power, had to give way before the claims of others for ascendancy; and a provisional government was formed and a grand diet convened, at which Alexander, son of Kara-George, was brought forward and received with a shout of joy. The Porte promptly acknowledged the newly-elected chief as Knias of Servia. Russia alone was discontented, and as Kara Georgewitsch's (or “the son of black George,” as Alexander was surnamed) election had been carried in a tumultuous and invalid manner, insisted that a new election should take place in a more regular form. This was accordingly done with the same results, and the Servians maintained their right to choose their own prince. The removal of Kiamil Pasha and the two Servian chiefs, Wutschitsch and Petroniewitsch, was also insisted upon by Russia, as instrumental in the downfall of the Obrenowitschs. Upon this being effected, Alexander was again confirmed in his position, as what was described as “the distinguished among the princes of the Moesian people.”

But an election, viewed with distrust by Russia, was not destined to last long. Those intrigues which are so characteristic of all Servian history were now fomented from without, and ultimately the Obrenowitsch family, more subservient to the rule of others, supplanted that of the more national Kara Georges, in the person of the actual prince, Milan Obrenowitsch—leaving the same antagonism of the two pretenders to the throne, in abeyance. One of the apologies for Servia rushing into war at the bidding of the Panslavic portion of the Russians, backed by the whole influence of Russia itself, has been that if Milan did not yield to the pressure his place would be once more taken by Kara-Georgewitsch. The war thus entered upon, at the bidding of another power, had not only nothing to justify it, but was most ungrateful to the Porte, which had granted a complete autonomy, in so far as local

government was concerned; nor did Russia, by its intervention, pay that respect to the Treaty of Paris which was to be expected from an honourable power.

It is impossible to understand the complications which exist in the internal policy of Serbia; still less is it possible to arrive at any proximate estimate of a possible future, without some slight study—such as has never been attempted to be sketched—of its past history. It is quite certain that so long as the Porte shall maintain in its Christian provinces the exclusive privileges and prerogatives of the followers of Islam, the simplest and most rightful claims of the Christian population will remain unheeded—revolts will continually arise—and outrages will be as incessantly renewed.

But the Sublime Porte has not only promised reforms, but is earnestly engaged in carrying such out, in respect to all its Christian populations. It cannot, unless it wishes to commit political suicide, consent to the perfect autonomy or independence of one principality or population more than another, or to the same being handed over to other powers, as Russia or Austria. But it can grant such an amount of independence in self-government as shall set them for ever free from Turkish misgovernment or oppression. This is all that ought to be required of her, and Serbia really possessed as much ere she rushed into disastrous warfare, under pretence of liberating her co-religionaries, but really to carry out a dream of Panslavic supremacy.

The spirit of modern times, which seeks the emancipation of the Christian tribes, operates, mainly, by political means. It does not aim at the annihilation of Islamism, either by conversion or force. Still, it seeks to restrain its pretensions within due limits, and it is fully justified in not only endeavouring to prevent the followers of the Christian religion from being trampled on simply because they are Christians, but also in securing to them such an amount of local government as shall at once remove them, and protect them, from Turkish despotism and the commital of outrages.

How difficult it is to assure such a state is sufficiently attested by the recent war, to which Serbia, under its own prince, its own administration, and its securities guaranteed by the European Powers, must still commit itself, prompted by Russo-Panslavonic ambition to extend its own power over neighbouring Christian populations. It is quite true that Serbia has long been regarded as the precursor of the minor states of the eastern corner of Europe, in the struggle for emancipation from Turkish thalldrom; but nothing could justify her, knowing from past history her utter incapability to combat Turkey single-handed, throwing herself into the hands of Russia to obtain the emancipation of other peoples. There is in all this only another manifestation of that

utter absence of all political, as well as social, morality which is the base of Oriental Christianity.

There is, indeed, in all barbarous or semi-civilised states a want of that high moral tone which is the soul of national honour. Human life is held lightly ; the rights of property are not respected : and individual will and might prevail. This is painfully apparent throughout the history of Servia. The worst consequences of a long, barbarous subjugation is that even that amount of emancipation which lies in the local administration of their own affairs, and which will probably be conceded to them by the resistless force of public opinion, will only slowly conduce to an awakening to the consciousness of moral duties. The highest problems of moral and intellectual life which ennoble mankind have not yet penetrated into the Christian populations of Turkey. The divine principle of Christianity, though stifled in the fierce conflict for existence, obscured by rivalry with other churches and persuasions, and corrupted by an ignorant, bigoted, and, not unfrequently, a drunken and immoral priesthood, may still be said to be in existence. But the development of a more elevated tone of morality is not only wanting in laity, but in the ministers of religion and in the rulers themselves. It is not until Christianity—a vital religion, purified from fanaticism and superstition—becomes firmly established in the hearts of a people and the institutions of a country, that the duties and rights of man can be fully understood and truly observed. How far they have as yet progressed by elementary education, by moral, religious, and political education, and by the example given to them by their superiors, let any one personally acquainted with the internal condition of the Christian populations of Turkey—including even Roumania—say.

you took your seat in covered cars, which horses used
Mr. Walters was the manager, and Walters' word wa

"I cannot be mistaken, wife ; I'm sure I know that :
Said a bishop, as at Cairo he up and down did pace.
"My dear, you must remember, that sad dog, Sweari
I thought before this he'd been hung ; but here he's I

Bill Walters, Emma, don't you know, who ran away
A very horrid lad, indeed, sunk in iniquity ;
Who never opened his bad lips, but out there came a
And if *two* struggled to come out, he found room for

Still, when we are at Cairo we must do as Cairese do :
" My good friend, Mr. Walters, how goes it now with
I hope that you are doing well, and leading a new life
You remember me at Wallingford ? and this is my goc

" I'm glad to see you Bishop, and your good lady too
Your teaching wasn't thrown away, I'm grateful, sir,
My old sea habits I gave up, and in my locker stowed
And when I feel I want to swear, I only say I'm ' blc

There's lots that try to make me swear ; but then I al
The Reverend Mr. Stubbles, he drove that sin away,
Mr. Stubbles who's a bishop now, he drove away that
So, You be blowed ! I gently say, and all is peace wi

And folks pretend they've paid for seats, although they know
they've not,
Which makes me say, 'Oh that be blowed,' at once upon the
spot!"

"Mr. Walters," said the Bishop, "I raise my hat to you!
If you can give up swearing, there's nothing you can't do.
As for wishing to be blowed, in these Eastern countries hot,
I think it is a venial sin, but still you'd better not.

"In the evening," said the Bishop, "I regret to say I hear,
If I take ticket 36 my dear wife won't be near!
For she is number 24, and sadly she will sigh
To miss her lawful partner, and so, no doubt, shall I."

Then up spoke Captain Chaffinbras, of the gallant Third Hussars,
A man who worshipped Venus, and Bacchus, too, and Mars;
"I'll change with you, my reverend friend, for I've got 25,
And 37's a pretty girl; so, Bishop, look alive!"

"24!" cried Mr. Walters, who of all the vans had charge,
And in stepped Mrs. Bishop, who was elderly and large;
"25!" said Mr. Walters, *now* Captain Chaffinbras,
And the bishop as a captain bold, attempted him to pass.

Mr. Walters recollected the gratitude he owed,
But he muttered quite distinctly, "Oh, Bishop, *you be blowed!*"
And madness seized on Walters then, who shouted right and left,
Till people, of his senses thought Walters was bereft.

And when he came to 36 he gave a fearful grin,
"*The Bishop of Bombay*," he said, "will please to now step in!"
Then up strode Captain Chaffinbras, with look so bold and bad,
The men said, "He's a rum one!" the ladies, "He's a lad!"

Mad Walters, now forgetting the teaching of his Church—
Alas! it was his Bishop who had left him in the lurch;
Into his widely-opened mouth his handkerchief he crammed,
But the horrid words they gurgled out, You a Bishop? You be
d——d.

J. T. W. B.

THE LEPER OF AOSTA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE
BY C. MILLER.

THE Southern part of Aosta is now almost deserted, and, indeed, looks as if it had never been thickly populated. It contains cultivated fields and meadows, bounded on one side by the old ramparts, with which the Romans had surrounded it, and on the other by garden walls. This solitary spot is not, however, uninteresting to travellers. Close to the city gate are the remains of an old castle in which (according to popular tradition) Count Renè de Chalans, in the 15th century, being impelled by jealous fury, left his wife, Princess Marie de Bragance, to die of hunger; hence came the name of Bramafau, which means *cri de la faim*, given to this castle by the country people. About a hundred feet from the castle stands a square tower, leaning against the old wall, and built of the marble with which in times gone by the wall had been entirely faced. It was called *the Tower of Fear*, because the people believed it had long been haunted by ghosts. The old women of Aosta perfectly remember having seen a tall woman, robed in white, come forth one dark night, bearing a lamp in her hand. About fifteen years ago this tower was put in a state of repair by order of the government, and had a wall built round it for the purpose of receiving a leper, who would thus be separated from society, yet would retain all the comforts of which his sad condition left him susceptible. The hospital of S. Maurice was responsible for his food, and along with a few pieces of furniture, a set of gardening tools was given him.

He lived alone here for a long time, seeing no one but the priest, who came occasionally to give him the consolations of religion, and the man who brought him a weekly supply of provisions from the hospital.

During the war of the Alps in 1797, a soldier who chanced to be at the city of Aosta was passing one day by the leper's garden, and finding the door open, had the curiosity to go in. He saw a man plainly dressed, leaning against a tree and plunged in the deepest meditation.

At the noise made by the officer in entering the recluse called out in a melancholy voice, without turning or looking, "Who is there? and what do you want of me?"

"Pardon me," answered the soldier, "I am a stranger, and

have perhaps been betrayed by your charming garden into a thoughtless act; but I would not annoy you on any account."

"Come no further," said the inhabitant of the tower with an admonitory gesture; "come no further, for you are near a wretch attacked with leprosy."

"Whatever may be your misfortune," replied the traveller, "I shall not fly from you, for I never yet forsook the miserable; but if my presence troubles you I will depart at once."

"You are welcome, then," said the leper, turning suddenly round; "stay if you dare, after having seen me."

For a few moments the soldier stood aghast, overpowered with horror at the appearance of the unfortunate man, whose face was completely disfigured by leprosy. Then he said, "I will stay willingly, if you will accept a visit from a man who came accidentally, but who remains from motives of the deepest interest in you."

THE LEPER.

"From interest in me? I never excited anything but pity."

THE SOLDIER.

"I shall be only too happy if I can give you any comfort."

THE LEPER.

"It is a very great comfort to me to see anyone, and to hear once more the human voice, which seems ever trying to escape me."

THE SOLDIER.

"May I talk to you awhile and see over your abode?"

THE LEPER.

"With pleasure if you wish it. So saying, the leper covered his head with a large felt hat (of which the sloping brim concealed his face). Come here and look at my little garden, it may interest you. You will find some great rarities in it, for I got seeds of all the plants growing wild on the Alps, and it has been my delight to improve them by cultivation, and so to make them flower double."

THE SOLDIER.

"I see many flowers here quite new to me."

THE LEPER.

"Look at this dwarf rose! it is the rose without a thorn, which grows on the very highest Alps; but it is already losing its individuality, for no sooner do I bestow upon it care and pains than it begins to put forth thorns as well as flowers."

THE SOLDIER.

"Surely it is the emblem of ingratitude."

THE LEPER.

"If you admire any of those flowers you can take them without fear, for you run no risk in gathering them. I sowed them and I have the pleasure of watering them and looking at them; but I never touch them."

THE SOLDIER.

"Why not?"

THE LEPER.

"I am afraid of polluting them, in which case I dare not give them away."

THE SOLDIER.

"For whom do you mean them?"

THE LEPER.

"The people from the hospital who bring me food are not afraid to make bouquets of them. Sometimes, too, the children from the town come to my garden-gate. As soon as I see them coming I go up into the tower for fear of frightening them or doing them harm, and I watch them running about and picking the flowers. When they go away they look up to where I am, calling out laughingly, 'Good morning, leper,' and at the sound of their voices my heart is glad within me."

THE SOLDIER.

"I see you have vines and fruit trees of various sorts, as well as flowers."

THE LEPER.

"These trees are still young. I planted them myself, and this vine also, which I trained to climb over this old wall, along which is my favourite walk. Make use of these stones, they form a ladder of which I was the architect; keep close by the wall."

THE SOLDIER.

"What a charming little nest! How well it suits the meditations of a recluse!"

THE LEPER.

"I love it well. From hence I look down upon all the country round: I can watch the labourers at work, and can see all that passes in the hayfields, whilst no one can see me."

THE SOLDIER.

"I am surprised to see how quiet and retired this place is although in a tower, it has all the appearance of being in a desert."

THE LEPER.

"Solitude is found only amidst forests and rocks; but the miserable are alone everywhere."

THE SOLDIER.

"What course of events brought you here? Is this your native land?"

THE LEPER.

"I was born by the sea side in the principality of Incille, and I have only lived here for the last fifteen years. As for my story, it is one long unvaried calamity."

THE SOLDIER.

"Have you always lived alone?"

THE LEPER.

"I lost my parents in my infancy, and have, indeed, no recollection of them; the only sister left to me died two years ago. I never had a friend."

THE SOLDIER.

"Unhappy man!"

THE LEPER.

"Such are God's decrees."

THE SOLDIER.

"Pray, what is your name?"

THE LEPER.

"Alas! My name is a terrible one,—men call me *The Leper*. No one knows my family name, or even that bestowed on me by the church on the day of my birth; I am 'the leper,' and this is the only title I have to the kindness of men. May they remain for ever in ignorance of my identity!"

THE SOLDIER.

"Did the sister you lost live with you?"

THE LEPER.

"She lived five years with me in this place. She was as unfortunate as myself, but she shared my griefs, and I endeavoured to soften hers."

THE SOLDIER.

"How do you occupy yourself in this profound solitude?"

THE LEPER.

"The details of my life would only sound monotonous in the ears of a man of the world, who finds his happiness in the activity of social life."

THE SOLDIER.

"Ah! you know little of that world. It has never made me happy. I am often alone from choice, and there is perhaps more analogy than you fancy between our notions of things. Yet I must own that an unbroken solitude would terrify me; I can hardly imagine it."

THE LEPER.

"He who loves his cell finds peace therein. 'The Imitation of Jesus Christ' teaches us this. I am beginning to feel the truth of these consoling words. Work softens the effect of solitude, and I am a proof of the truth of the doctrine that man is never completely wretched when fully employed. As long as the fine weather lasts I find sufficient occupation in tilling my garden and cultivating my flowers; when winter comes I weave baskets and mats, I make my own clothes, I prepare my daily food from the provisions they bring me in from the hospital, and when my work is done the vacant hours are filled by prayer. In fact, the year rolls on, and

when it has passed away it seems to me to have been a very short one."

THE SOLDIER.

"I should have thought it would have appeared like a century to you."

THE LEPER.

"Griefs and vexations make hours seem long, but years are always flying with the same rapidity. And then, too, the unhappy possess in the depths of their misery a source of enjoyment to which many men are strangers, and which, I doubt not, will appear very singular to you. I mean, that of simply living and breathing. I spend whole days during the summer motionless on this wall, enjoying the air and the beauty of nature. All my ideas seem then vague and undecided, and my eyes wander over the surrounding rocks, and rest on the country which lies beyond. The ever-varying aspects of the scenery about me are so imprinted on my memory, that they make, as it were, a part of myself, and each different view becomes a friend whom I greet each day with delight."

THE SOLDIER.

"I, too, have felt somewhat of this. When grief has weighed me down, and I have sought vainly in the heart of man the sympathy I craved for, the face of nature comforts me. Then do I find I can love the rocks and trees, and everything, in creation becomes a friend given me by God himself."

THE LEPER.

"What you say encourages me to try and explain to you my innermost feelings. I too, have a real affection for the objects which are the companions of my life. Every night before I go to rest I take farewell of the glaciers of Ruitforts, of the dark woods of St. Bernard, and of the fantastic mountain tops which tower above the valley of Rhème. Although the power of God is as visible in the creation of an ant-hill, as in that of the whole universe, the grandeur of the mountains is much more imposing to the senses. I never behold those enormous masses, covered with their eternal snows, without experiencing a sentiment of devout wonder; but amidst the huge panorama which surrounds me there are some spots specially dear to me; amongst the number is the hermitage you see up there on the top of the mountain of Charvensod. It stands alone in the woods; close by is a piece of waste land, and on it fall the last rays of the setting sun. Although I never was there, it gives me the most intense delight to contemplate it. When, towards the close of the day, I am resting in my garden, I turn my eyes towards that solitary hermitage, my imagination finds peace. After a fashion it is my own, for sometimes I seem to have an

indistinct recollection of happier days, and a dreamy fancy comes over me, that perhaps, long, long ago, I may have inhabited that spot. Above all, I delight in gazing on those distant mountains, which seem in the dim horizon to mingle with the sky. Distance has the same effect on my mind as the thought of the future life ; it rouses hope in me, and once more my down-trodden heart cherishes the belief that there is a land afar off, where some day I shall taste that happiness for which I long ; a happiness the possibility of which a secret instinct assures me of."

THE SOLDIER.

"With so ardent a soul as yours, you must have gone through many a struggle before you could resign yourself to your fate, without abandoning yourself to despair."

THE LEPER.

"If I allowed you to think of me as of one always resigned to his fate, I should deceive you. I have never attained that perfect self-abnegation displayed by some anchorites. I have not yet accomplished the sacrifice of all human affections. My life is passed in constant strife, and even the powerful aids of religion are not always sufficient to repress the outbursts of my unruly imagination. I often seem embarked against my will on a perfect sea of chimerical desires, all tending towards that world of which I can form no true conception, but of which an imaginary picture is ever at hand to torment me."

THE SOLDIER.

"If you could but read my soul and accept my idea of the world, all your wishes, all your regrets, would vanish at once."

THE LEPER.

"Books have failed to impress upon me the perversity of men and the miseries inseparable from humanity. My heart refuses to believe them. I am continually picturing to myself groups of faithful friends, or of well-mated married couples, whose happiness is perfected by youth, by health, and by fortune. I see them wandering about together amongst greener, fresher trees than any which shade me, whilst their sun shines with a warmth mine never possesses, and their fate seems a great deal more enviable in proportion to the wretchedness of my own. When Spring comes, and the wind from Piedmont whistles through our valley, I feel its life-giving warmth penetrate through my whole frame, and, in spite of myself, I begin to tremble. I feel within me an inexplicable longing for, and a confused belief in some great joy, which I am capable of entering into, but which is denied to me. Then I fly from my cell, and wander about, that I may breathe more freely. Though I am burning to meet them, I hide myself from men, and I climb the hill, whence, concealed amongst the bushes like a wild beast, I

look down on the town of Aosta. From afar I gaze with longing eyes at the fortunate inhabitants, and with bitter groans I beg them to give me back my share of joy. Dare I confess to you that sometimes, in my agony, I have thrown my arms round the trees of the forest, and have asked God to animate one of them with a soul, that it might be my friend. But in vain, the trees are silent; from their cold forms comes no response to my wild embrace, for they have nought in common with my palpitating, unsatisfied heart. At length, overcome by fatigue and weary of life, I drag myself back to my retreat; there I take my griefs to God, and through prayer, some portion of calm descends into my soul."

THE SOLDIER.

"Alas! unhappy man, you suffer in mind and body at the same time."

THE LEPER.

"The sufferings of the body are not the hardest to bear."

THE SOLDIER.

"Do you ever get relief from them?"

THE LEPER.

"Every month they increase and diminish, according to the course of the moon; when it is new my illness is at height. It then abates and becomes more endurable and different in character; my skin gets dry and white, and I hardly feel my plague—indeed, it would be always bearable if it were not for the horrible sleeplessness it causes me."

THE SOLDIER.

"What! does even sleep abandon you?"

THE LEPER.

"Ah, sir, that want of sleep, that want of sleep! You cannot imagine how long and how miserable the night is to a poor wretch who never closes his eyes, and whose mind is fixed on a terrible present and a hopeless future. No, no one can understand it. My restlessness increases as the night advances, and when the day is nearly come, my agitation is so great that I know not what will become of me. My thoughts are all confused, and I am a prey to the most extraordinary feelings, which never possess me save at these sad times. Sometimes I seem dragged by an irresistible power into a bottomless gulf; at others black spots dance before my eyes. I try to examine them, but they suddenly cross each other with the rapidity of lightning; they get bigger and bigger as they approach me, and in another moment they are mountains, crushing me beneath their weight. At other time I see clouds coming out of the earth all round me, piled up one upon another; they swell like waves and threaten to swallow me up, and when I try, by rising, to get free from these visions I find myself kept down by invisible bonds which deprive me of all power of moving.

Perhaps you will tell me these are all dreams ; but no, I am wide awake. Again and again do I see the same things, and of all my woes, the feeling of horror is the most dreadful."

THE SOLDIER.

"It is quite possible that the want of sleep produces fever, and that what you describe is a species of delirium."

THE LEPER.

"You think it may proceed from fever? I only wish it may be so. Till now I have always feared these visions were symptoms of approaching insanity, and I own that was a terrible idea to me. God grant it may prove only delirium."

THE SOLDIER.

"I cannot tell you how intensely you interest me ; never could I have imagined such a life as yours. But was it not less sad during your sister's lifetime?"

THE LEPER.

"God only knows how much I lost in losing her. But are you not afraid to stand so near me? Sit down on this stone, and I will go behind these bushes ; so that we can talk without seeing each other."

THE SOLDIER.

"What for? No, you shall not leave me. Come and sit down by my side." (As he said this the traveller made an involuntary movement to seize the leper's hand, who drew his hastily back.)

THE LEPER.

"Imprudent man ! You were going to seize my hand !"

THE SOLDIER.

"Well ! I would have grasped it heartily."

THE LEPER.

"It would have been the first time that such a happiness has been vouchsafed to me. No man has ever pressed my hand."

THE SOLDIER.

"How do you mean? Excepting this sister whom you have mentioned, have you never had any ties ! Were you never loved by any of your fellows?"

THE LEPER.

"Happily for humanity, I have no fellow upon earth."

THE SOLDIER.

"You make me shudder !"

THE LEPER.

"Forgive me, pitying stranger ; but you must remember that the unfortunate always delight in talking of their miseries."

THE SOLDIER.

"Go on, you interest me ; you said that a sister once lived with you, and helped you to bear your sufferings."

THE LEPER.

"That was the one link which bound me to humanity. It pleased God to break it, and to leave me isolated and desolate in

the midst of the world. Her soul was worthy of the heaven which now possesses her, and her example sustains me under the despondency which has often threatened to overpower me since her death. But we did not live together in that delightful intimacy which is my ideal as uniting two unhappy friends. The very nature of our woes deprived us of this consolation. Even when we prayed together, we took care not to look at each other, lest the sight of each other's sufferings might disturb our meditations. Only our inward eyes could meet at the throne of grace. When our prayers were ended my sister generally retired into her cell, or under the nut trees at the end of the garden. So that we lived entirely apart."

THE SOLDIER.

"But why did you inflict on yourselves this cruel constraint?"

THE LEPER.

"When my sister was attacked by the contagious malady, to which all our family have fallen victims, and came here to share my retreat, she and I had never seen each other, and her horror on beholding me for the first time was extreme. The fear of distressing her, and of increasing her illness by approaching her, forced me to adopt this melancholy mode of life. The leprosy at first only affected her chest, and I had then some hopes of her recovery. You see these neglected palings; they were then covered with hops which I trained with great care, and they divided the garden into two parts. By each side of this hedge I made a little footpath, along which we walked and talked without seeing each other, or coming too near."

THE SOLDIER.

"It sounds almost as if Heaven had taken a delight in poisoning the melancholy joys it left you."

THE LEPER.

Still I was not alone then, and my sister's presence gave life to my retreat. I could hear the sound of her footsteps in my solitude. When at dawn I came to pray beneath the trees, the door of the tower opened gently, and I heard my sister's petitions mingling almost unconsciously with my own. In the evening, when I watered my garden, she sometimes came out to watch the sunset, just where we are now talking, and her shadow passed and repassed across my flowers. Even when I did not see her, I was constantly reminded of her. Never again shall I find my path strewn by flower petals or by small branches of flowering shrubs, which she had gathered and let fall as she passed. I am alone, around me is neither life nor movement, and already the grass is growing over the walk which led to her favourite grove. She never seemed to watch me, but nothing that could give me pleasure was ever forgotten. Often, on entering my own room, I would find it decorated by vases of

fresh flowers, or by a dish of choice fruit, which her own hands had carefully tended. I dared not do the same for her, and had often begged her never to enter my room; but who can curb a sister's love? A single instance will give you an idea of her affection for me. One night I was walking up and down my cell, tormented by horrible pain. On sitting down for a moment I heard a slight noise outside. I went to the door and listened attentively, when, fancy my astonishment to find it was my sister praying just outside. She had heard my groans, and though fearing to disturb me by her appearance, she came to be near me in case I needed help. She was then repeating the *Miserere* in a low voice, and I fell on my knees following her words in my heart. Tears filled my eyes, for who would not have been touched by such love? When her prayer was finished I whispered to her, 'Adieu, my sister! go back, I am a little better. May God bless and reward thee for thy piety!' She went away in silence, and I do not doubt that her prayers were granted, for I had several hours of the most tranquil sleep."

THE SOLDIER.

"How deeply melancholy the first few days after that beloved sister's death must have been!"

THE LEPER.

"For a long time I was in a kind of stupor which deprived me of the power of grasping the full extent of my loss, and when at last I came to myself, and understood what had happened, my reason almost left me. This part of my life will always seem to me full a double sadness; for in it was contained the greatest misfortune of my life, and, as a consequence of that great sorrow, I all but committed a crime."

THE SOLDIER.

"A crime! I cannot believe you guilty of one."

THE LEPER.

"It is too true, and in confessing it to you I feel a painful certainty that I shall lose much of your esteem. Nevertheless I will not paint myself better than I am, and perhaps while you condemn, you will pity me. Often in my fits of melancholy the idea of suicide had presented itself to me, but the fear of God had hitherto, sufficed to repel the temptation, when a very simple circumstance occurred, one which would seem in no way calculated to move me very deeply, yet it had nearly accomplished my eternal ruin. A fresh sorrow had befallen me. Some years ago a little dog had come to our door, we took it in, and my sister became very fond of it. After her death the poor brute had been a real comfort to me. Probably it was its ugliness that made it choose our dwelling as its refuge: every one drove it away, but in the leper's home it was a treasure. We thanked God for His goodness in send-

ing to this friend, and my sister, and I it a child. Its name contrasted so strongly with its ugliness, and its great playfulness amused us in the midst of our sorrows. Sometimes, in spite of all my care, it would run away, and it never struck me it could hurt anyone. However, some of the townspeople got frightened above it, fancying that it might carry with it some infection from me, and they laid a complaint before the Governor, who ordered it to be killed at once. A party of soldiers, accompanied by some of the inhabitants, came here immediately to execute this cruel order. They put a string round its neck and dragged it off under my very eyes. When it reached the garden gate I could not help taking a last look at it, and I saw it turn and look at me imploringly, as if to ask the help I was powerless to give. They were going to drown it in the Doire; but the mob, who were assembled outside, stoned it to death at once. I could hear its cries, and I sought refuge in my tower, more dead than alive. My trembling knees bent under me, and I threw myself on my bed in a state impossible to describe. In the blindness of grief I could not see that this act was one of needful severity, it looked only like a piece of uncalled-for barbarity, and, though I am now ashamed of the feelings of resentment which filled my breast, I cannot yet think of the scene coolly. I passed the whole day in the greatest agitation, the only living being which remained to me had been taken from me, and this last blow opened up all the old wounds afresh. I was in this state of mind when that same day at sunset I came to sit down here on this stone where you are sitting now. I had been ruminating on my wretched fate when I saw, close by the birch trees at the end of the hedge, two young people coming who had been married a very short time before. They walked along the path and across the meadow, passing very near me. They were both very handsome, and in their faces you read that delightful expression of content which happiness gives; they walked slowly along with their arms intertwined; all at once they stopped, and the young woman laid her head on her husband's breast, whilst he clasped her in his arms. I felt as if my heart would break. Must I own it? for the time I was envious; never before had I seen such a vivid picture of happiness. I followed them with my eyes to the end of the meadow, and was just losing sight of them amidst the trees, when shouts of joy were heard in the distance—it was their united families coming to meet them—old men, women, and children soon surrounded them. I heard a confused murmur of joy, I saw amongst the trees the bright colouring of their clothes, and the whole group seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of happiness. This was too much for me; the pains of hell got hold upon me and entered into my soul. I turned away and rushed

into my cell. My God! how dark and deserted and miserable it looked! Here, then, I ejaculated, my life is fixed for ever, here I must drag on my weary life, and here must I wait for a lingering death. The Omnipotent has poured happiness—yes, and loads of happiness on every living thing, whilst I only am left helpless, hopeless, without a friend, without even a companion! What a hideous fate! Full of these melancholy reflections I forgot there is One who consoles; I even forgot that at least the gift of existence had been given me. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘did I ever see the light? why is nature nothing to me but an unjust and cruel stepmother? Like a disinherited son I see a sound me the rich patrimony of the human race, but a grudging Heaven refuses me it. No, no,’ I cried at last, in a perfect fury, ‘there is no happiness for thee in this world—die, miserable creature, die, thou hast polluted the earth long enough by thy presence, would that it might open and swallow thee up without leaving behind a single trace of thy odious being. The madness of my rage increased till the purpose of self-destruction took possession of my mind and every thought became fixed on it. I determined at last to set fire to the tower, and burn up, not only myself, but every trace of my existence. Furious and agitated, I went out and wandered about under the trees near my house. Involuntary shrieks burst from my over-laden breast and startled me in the silence of night. ‘Filled with wrath I came back to the house crying aloud, ‘Woe unto thee! leper, woe unto thee! and, as if everything took part in my destruction, I heard the echo from the ruined Castle of Bramafau repeat distinctly ‘Woe unto thee!’ Horrified, I stopped at the door of the tower, and heard the far-off echo from the mountain repeating again and again ‘Woe unto thee.’ Determined to set fire to my abode, I took my lamp and went down into the lowest room, carrying with me some dry sticks and vine branches. This was the room my sister had lived in, and I had never been in it since she died. Her arm chair was standing just where it did when I took her out of it for the last time: a kind of shudder went through me as I saw her veil and some of her garments lying about the room, and the last words she had uttered before leaving it occurred to my mind, ‘I will not abandon thee when thou art dying remember; that at thy last agony I shall be present.’ As I placed the lamp on the table I noticed the ribbon of the cross she used to wear round her neck floating between two leaves of the Bible. At this sight I drew back filled with holy awe. All at once the depth of the abyss into which I was about to precipitate myself was revealed to me; tremblingly I approached the sacred volume: ‘Is this,’ I cried, ‘the help she promised me?’ As I drew the cross from within the book, I found a sealed paper which she had left addressed to me.

The tears, till then unshed, gushed forth and all my fatal projects vanished. Unable at first to read it, I pressed the precious letter to my heart, and, when, after having on my knees implored Divine mercy, I opened it and read through my sobs these words which will be for ever engraved upon my heart :—‘ My brother, I shall soon leave, but I will never abandon thee. From the heaven I hope to reach I will look down upon thee, and will pray God to give thee strength to endure thy life with resignation until it please Him to reunite us in another world. There I can show thee all my love. Nothing will prevent thee approaching me then, and nothing shall separate us. I leave thee the little cross I have worn all my life. It has been my comfort in my sufferings, and oftentimes the only witness of my tears. Whenever thine eye shall fall upon it let it remind thee that my last wish was that thou shouldst be in life and in death a true Christian.’ This precious letter never leaves me, I will carry it with me into the tomb; its gentle pleading will open for me the gates of heaven, which else my crime had barred for ever. When I had finished reading it I felt myself fainting, overcome by all I had gone through. A mist seemed to come over me, and for some time I lost the consciousness of my sorrows and of life itself. When I revived the night was far spent. By degrees, as my mind became clearer, an indefinable sense of peace stole over me. All that had passed on the previous evening was like a dream. The first thing I did was to raise my eyes to Heaven in gratitude for having preserved me from the most irreparable misfortunes. Never had the firmament seemed so serenely beautiful; a star was still shining brightly in front of my window—I beheld it with inexplicable delight, and thanked God for granting me once more a sight of His works, for I drew a secret comfort from the thought that one at least of those rays was destined to illuminate the leper’s cell.

“ After regaining some measure of calmness I returned to my own room. There I spent the remainder of the night in reading the Book of Job, and the holy enthusiasm with which its perusal filled my soul, dispersed for ever the dark and terrible temptation which had beset me. As long as my sister lived despair was unknown to me, for the knowledge that she was near me was always enough to bring me peace, and her tenderness sufficed to give me courage and consolation. Ah! compassionate stranger, may God preserve you from ever being forced to live alone! My sister, my companion, is no longer with me; but Heaven will grant me strength to endure life bravely, for do I not pray for help out of the very depths of my heart.

THE SOLDIER.

“ How old was your sister when you lost her ? ”

THE LEPER.

"She was scarcely twenty-five, but her sufferings made her look older. In spite of the disease which carried her off, and which had greatly altered her features, she would have been beautiful if it had not been for the pallor which disfigured her; she looked like living death and I could not help shuddering at her."

THE SOLDIER.

"She died young, then?"

THE LEPER.

"Her naturally delicate constitution could not long withstand such a complication of evils, and long before she died; I saw the end approaching. In her sad case, watching, as I did, her daily sufferings, I could not but look forward to her release with a melancholy joy. A month before her death she grew much weaker; constant fainting-fits menaced her life from hour to hour. One evening, in the beginning of August, I saw she was so much weaker I dare not leave her. She was in her arm-chair, having been unable for some days past to lie down. I sat beside her, and there, in the profoundest darkness, we had our last conversation together. I could not stop my tears, for I had a terrible presentiment of what was coming. 'Why dost thou weep?' she said; 'why art thou so unhappy? Though I must die I will never forsake thee, and in thy last moments I will be with thee.' A few minutes afterwards she asked me to take her out of the tower, so that she might once more offer up her prayers in the hazel grove, where she spent most of her time in summer. 'I wish to die looking up to Heaven,' she said. I took her up in my arms to carry her down. 'Just hold me up' she said; 'perhaps I may still have strength enough to walk.' I led her slowly towards the hazel trees, and made a cushion for her out of a heap of dried leaves she herself had gathered, covering her with a veil as a sort of protection from the damp of the night air. I was about to place myself by her side when she told me she wished to be alone in her last meditations, and I withdrew a little, though I dare not go out of sight. From time to time I saw the veil moving, and her white hands uplifted in prayer. When I again approached her she asked me for some water. I brought her some in her own cup, she wet her lips; but could not swallow any. 'I feel my end drawing near,' she said, as she turned her head to me; 'my thirst will soon be quenched for ever. Support me, my brother, help me across this longed for, yet terrible river. Hold me up, and repeat for me the prayer for the dying.' These were the last words she spoke. I rested her head upon my breast, and recited the prayer for the dying. Then I cried, 'Go into eter-

nity, my beloved sister ; sever thyself from this world, and leave these poor remains with me." For three hours I supported her through the final struggle. She died at last, quite quietly, and her soul fled from earth without a single pang."

When his story was told the leper covered his face with his hands, and the traveller was silent—full of sympathy. After a while the leper rose. "Stranger," said he, "when sorrow and heart sickness come upon you, remember the leper of Aosta, and you will find your visit to him has not been useless."

They walked together towards the garden-gate. As the soldier was going away he put his glove on to his right hand, and turning to the leper said, "You have never pressed any man's hand; do me the favour of pressing mine—it is that of a deeply interested friend."

The leper retreated a few steps with a kind of terror, and with uplifted hands and eyes exclaimed, "God of love, pour thy blessings on this sympathising man !"

"Grant me yet another favour," said the traveller ; "I am going away, and we may never see each other again—at least, not for a long time; could we not whilst using all needful precautions write to each other; such a tie might interest you, and it would be a real pleasure to me."

The leper thought awhile. "Why," said he, at last, "do I attempt to deceive myself ! I can never have any society but my own, no friend but God. In Him we shall meet. Farewell, generous stranger, may you be happy ! Farewell for ever !"

The traveller went on his way. The leper shut the garden gate and turned the key.

THE SUICIDE.

No hope. For she had waited many years,
And watched, and prayed, and hoped, and still she stood
Alone upon the margin of the mere.
No hope. And lo! two angels, Sleep and Death,
Calm-eyed and silent-hearted, clothed with light,
Came down, and stood beside her. Her large eyes
Were wild with woe, and all her heart beat hard,
Like wings that pant for liberty. He said,
And kissed her saying it, when he went away,
That ere the sweet returning swallow thrice
Brought the new summer he would come again,
And make her his true wife for evermore.
And she had watched and waited all those years,
And seen the sweet returning swallow thrice
Bring the new summer and depart again,
And still no speck or glittering glimpse of sail
To bring her dear lord back from other lands,
Never to part again. Her eyes were wild
With sleepless tears, and all her heart beat hard
With hopeless agony. Then she raised her head
And looked at Sleep, and lo! his eyes were calm;
And then at Death, and lo! his heart was still.
And then, "O Sleep," she said, "O happy sleep,
That steeps love-hopeless eyes in holy balm!"
And then, "O Death," she said, "O happy death,
That puts an end to all Love's hopeless pain!"
Then, being all aweary, laid her meek head
On the mere-bank, and in the warm still night
Unveiled her shining bosom to the stars,
"Come in, sweet Sleep! come in!" and closed her eyes,
And slept, and dreamed a happy dream, and waked,
And stared across the mere; and still no sail.
And then she wept, and looked at Death with joy.
"Come in, sweet Death!" and opened her white arms,
And Death came in. Not ever any more
The parted lovers met on earth; but one,
Bronzed with far suns and late-returned with hope,
Wanders alone beside the silent sea,
Calling her name, breaking his heart. But one,
Beyond all voice of anguish, sleeps in peace,
Under the waveless waters of the mere.

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A SOLID POLE.

It would be difficult to convey an idea of the pleasure and the sense of relief that was experienced throughout the country when the news was spread abroad that the Arctic Expedition had returned home safe and sound. Some loss of life was experienced, and a considerable amount of suffering undergone on the sledge excursions; and there was some almost unanticipated sickness; but it was not more than would have attended upon an exploratory journey in Central Africa, where numbers were concerned; and there have not been wanting detractors of every thing that involves danger and enterprise to point out that, even geographically speaking, much has not been accomplished.

But if the only result had been the exploration of higher latitudes than had hitherto been reached, and the determination of the true character of the Polar circle, enough would have been done to satisfy the physical geographer. It had been advocated by many, from premises which appeared to be unusually plausible, that the Arctic Ocean was, beyond the ice-bound lands, an open sea—a Polynia as it was termed—supposed to abound in living things—fishy or feathery—and to be even frequented by larger animals, such as seals, walruses, bears, and it was even suggested by an eminent zoologist—sea-cows or manati.

But instead of this, it has been found that the extreme Polar regions are covered with ancient ice of great thickness, and, indeed, increasing in thickness as the Pole is approached; and which sempiternal ice has been graphically described—borrowing terms accepted in geological chronology—as Palæo-crystic or Palæornic Ice.

“At the point where the “Alert” wintered, at almost the extreme north of Grant Land, and in Lat. N. $82^{\circ} 27'$, instead of finding a continuous coast-line leading a hundred miles further towards the north, or an open sea, the explorers found themselves on the border of what was evidently a very extensive sea, with impenetrable ice on every side. This ice was of “most unusual age and thickness, resembling in a marked degree, both in appearance and formation, low floating icebergs, rather than ordinary salt water ice.”—(Report to the Admiralty.)

Seventy-three miles north of this point, and to accomplish which the sledge party under Commander Markham and Lieutenant Parr had to travel 276 miles, and in Lat. N. $82^{\circ} 20' 26''$, the ice attained a thickness of 150 feet, while the depth of water was found to be only 72 fathoms. Whether the depth of water continues to diminish as the Pole is approached, or the ice itself increases in

thickness, as is most probably the case, there is every reason to deduct from these observed facts, that the North Pole is composed not of fluid water, but of solid Palæornic ice, reposing on land—and this may probably be the case with the Antarctic, as well as with the Arctic Pole. It is precisely what the physical geographer would expect, that at a point where there would otherwise, have been no stability, where everything inclined from an unfixed point southwards, that Providence, in His infinite wisdom, should have provided for such instability and unfixedness by a mass of solid ice—a formation as permanent as that of the oldest glacier known—and which will for the future take its place as the “Polar Glacier” or “the Sea of Ancient Ice,” or “Palæornic Ice,” among the well-determined formations of the crust of the globe.

It was found, at the winter quarters of the “Alert,” or what may be termed the borders of this ancient sea of ice, that when two of the ancient floes, met the intermediate lighter broken-up ice, which might happen to be floating about between them, was pressed up between the two closing masses to a great height, producing a chaotic wilderness of angular blocks of all shapes and sizes, varying in height up to fifty feet above water, and frequently covering an area upwards of a mile in diameter. Such an icy road, which they felt at once was sure to be continuous, destroyed all hope of the Pole itself being reached by sledges. Nevertheless, it was determined by Captain Nares to advance as far as possible, and it was during the spring of this year that Markham and Parr made that gallant and resolute attempt which led to the proximate determination of the Pole being solid ice, and of an ancient Polar Glacier. They were absent seventy-two days from the ship; and on the 12th of May succeeded in planting the British flag in lat. $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$ N.

Owing to the extraordinary nature of the pressed-up ice, a road-way had to be opened by pickaxes for nearly half the distance travelled, before any advance could be safely made even with light loads; this rendered it always necessary to drag the sledge loads forward by instalments, and therefore to journey over the same road several times. The advance was consequently very slow, and only averaged about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile daily—in fact, much the same rate attained by Sir Edward Parry in his somewhat similar attempt during the summer of 1827.

The result of this severe labour proves, according to the Official Report, the utter impracticability of travelling over the Polar Glacier to any great distance from land, and also that Baron Wrangel was perfectly correct in his expressed opinion that before the North Pole can be reached, it is first necessary to discover a continuous coastline leading towards it.

It is to be remarked that in the autumn of the year preceding, immediately the "Alert" was secured in winter quarters, provisions and boats were advanced by sledge parties along the shore to the north and westward, ready for use by the travelling parties in the following spring, the depôt being established within a mile of the furthest north position hitherto reached by civilised man. On the 14th of October, two days after the sun had bid the expedition good-bye for an absence of 142 days, the travellers returned from their cold and arduous journey of twenty days' duration. Owing to a very heavy snowstorm which, by protecting the sloppy ice from the intense frost, caused very wet travelling, a number were frost-bitten in the feet, and three amputations were necessary—one officer and two of the men being the sufferers.

Lieutenant Aldrich—engaged in pioneering the way for the main party, which was led by Commander Markham—advanced on the 27th of September three miles beyond Sir Edward Parry's most northern position, and from a mountain 2000 feet high, sighted land towards the W.N.W. extending to latitude $83^{\circ} 7'$. This was afterwards established as Cape Columbia, but no land was seen to the northwards. The existence of so-called President Land was thus disproved, both by Lieutenant Aldrich's observations, as well as by those of Commander Markham, who at the extreme point attained by his party saw no appearance of land to the northwards.

Thus within four months of leaving England the mystery concerning the "open Polar Sea" was cleared up. The "Alert," advancing to the limits of navigation, had reached a higher northern latitude than any other ship had previously been able to attain, and a sledge party had proceeded a few miles beyond the position gained, with so much labour and privation, by the gallant men commanded by Sir Edward Parry and Sir James Ross, the Union Jack, planted by them, passing into the guard and keeping of their countrymen, to be again pushed forward in advance during the following spring.

Instead of land extending far towards the north, as reported by the "Polaris," Robeson Channel was found to open directly upon the Polar Glacier, and a further argument in favour of the Palæozoic ice resting on the soil at the Pole, 400 miles distant from the most northerly point attained on the Glacier, may be derived from the fact that the "Alert," no harbour being obtainable, was secured inside a sheltering barrier of grounded ice, close to the land. Whereas ordinary ice is usually from two feet to ten feet in thickness, that in the Polar Sea, in consequence of having so few outlets by which to escape to the southwards in any appreciable quantity, gradually increases in age and thickness, until it measures from 80 feet to 120 feet. Strange as it may appear, it is recorded

that this extraordinary thickness of the ice saved the ship from being driven on shore; for, owing to its great depth of flotation (it flowed at the head of Robeson Channel with its surface at the lowest part fifteen feet above the water-line), on nearing the shallow beach it grounded, and formed a barrier inside of which the ship was comparatively safe. If, then, the ice floated at this point some hundred of feet below water-line, and grounded in water not exceeding that depth, and the water was found to be only 72 fathoms in depth 400 miles from the Pole, either that shallowness may increase in advancing further north, or the ice, from its great antiquity, may have so far gained upon the bottom of the Polar Sea, that the two meet round and about the Pole, and we may have there, as all considerations of physical necessity concur in pointing out as most likely—a mass of solid ice resting on land—a Palæornic glacier—not a Palæornic Sea, probably more ancient than any existing glacier on the face of the earth.

The “Discovery” wintered 70 miles south of the “Alert” in what is described as being a well sheltered harbour, on the west side of Hall’s Basin, north of Lady Franklin Sound, in lat. $81^{\circ} 44'$ N., and a few miles north of Polaris Bay, which was in sight on the opposite side of the channel.

Owing to the high latitude attained—both the “Alert” and the “Discovery” wintering further north than any ships had previously—the darkness of the winter was of longer duration and greater intensity than had ever before been experienced. The cold was also very intense,* but the winter was passed by all with much cheerfulness, and in hopeful spirits, penny readings, theatricals, and singing, being kept up regularly once a week, and a school on the lower deck, the officers being the teachers, was attended by nearly all the crew.

The ice remaining in motion in the neighbourhood of the “Discovery” until a late date, no sledge parties could be sent out during the autumn of 1875. The same state of things prevented any communication being kept up between the two ships, although Lieutenant Rawson made two most determined attempts to do so, but without success. Owing to the broken-up ice in Robeson Channel remaining unfrozen, he and his crew were obliged to pass the winter on board the “Alert.”

The sledging campaign began soon after the return of the sun, on the 12th of March, when a first unsuccessful attempt was made

* The lowest temperature observed was 72 deg. below Zero of Fahrenheit, or 104 deg. below freezing point. The mean temperature for thirteen consecutive days was 50 deg. below Zero—by far the coldest weather ever experienced before.

to reach the "Discovery." The well-known Dane—Petersen—was only kept alive on this occasion by Mr. Egerton and Lieutenant Rawson alternately lying, one at a time, alongside of him, but he ultimately sank from exhaustion two months afterwards. The "Discovery" was, however, reached during the following week by the same two officers, and all doubts and anxieties as to the safety of the "Alert" were thus removed. Captain Stephenson after this visited the "Alert," and also made two trips across Hall's Basin to Greenland, while Captain Nares was engaged in similar excursions with Captain Fielden, the naturalist to the Expedition. In fact, with the exception of the chaplains and senior medical officers, who unfortunately had enough to do on board, all were busy with exploring parties.

The coast of Greenland was explored by travelling parties from the "Discovery," under the command of Lieutenants Bowmont and Rawson, and they succeeded in reaching a position in lat. $82^{\circ} 18'$ N. long., $50^{\circ} 40'$ W., 70 miles north-east of Repulse Harbour. The land extended as far as lat. $82^{\circ} 54'$ N. long., $48^{\circ} 33'$ W., but very misty weather prevented its character being determined with exactness.

Lieutenant Archer explored Lady Franklin's Sound with a party from the "Discovery," and ascertained that it terminates at a distance of 65 miles from the mouth, with lofty mountains and glacier-filled valleys to the westward.

Lieutenant Fulford and Dr. Coppinger explored Petermann Fiord, and found it to be blocked up with a low glacier, which the extended across from shore to shore. In fact, with the exception of Hayes Sound, the opening of which extended a considerable distance, but which is so narrowed by innumerable islets as to prevent the ice clearing out until late in the season, the coast line of Smith's Sound has now been explored from north to south.

During the absence of the travellers, owing to their inability to procure any fresh game, as most former expeditions had done, an attack of scurvy broke out in each of the extended sledge parties, when at their furthest distance from any help. The return journeys were, therefore, a prolonged struggle homewards of gradually-weakening men, the available force to pull the sledge constantly decreasing, and the weight to be dragged as steadily increasing, as one after another the invalids were stricken down, and had to be carried by their weakened comrades. Relief was sent to some of the parties, but however vivid the description may be, it is difficult, we are told, for a stranger to the surrounding circumstances and scenery to realise the condition and appearance of these prostrated bands of men. Almost all suffered, some unfortunately perished. After their trials and sufferings, we are further told, there can no

longer be any difficulty in understanding the statement concerning Sir John Franklin's officers and men, as made by the Eskimo to Sir Leopold M'Clintock :—" They fell down and died as they walked along."

Ancient Eskimo remains were traced on the west side of Smith Sound up to latitude $81^{\circ} 52'$ N., but not beyond. Six musk oxen only were shot at the "Alert's" winter quarters, whilst fifty-four were shot near Discovery Bay. Very few seals were seen north of Cape Union, and birds do not venture beyond Cape Joseph Henry, latitude $82^{\circ} 50'$ N. No bears, dovekies, or loons ever reach the Polar Glacier. It is an icy desert, of which it may well be said, "Here life ends."

As to any regret being felt at the expedition having failed to reach the North Pole, the thing is absurd; and we ought only to rejoice with those who came back in safety. At the rate of progress, which could alone be accomplished over the Polar Glacier—little more than a mile a-day—and that with great efforts, and considering that only 73 miles were accomplished in 72 days, and that to accomplish this they had (to clear the way, and return for the sledges) to travel 276 miles, it is obvious that it would have required a year's time to cross the remaining 400 miles that lay between them and the Pole. Captain Nares is most assuredly justified in declaring all attempts to reach the Pole as impracticable. The Pole is, after all, only some place on the Polar Glacier, on which a long series of observations would require to be taken before the discoverers could be certain that they had reached it. Some there were who believed that Greenland stretched over the Pole. The exploration now made of the north termination of that land sets that question at rest. The further theoretical opinion given forth in the "Memoir on the Physical Structure of Greenland," that that land would be found not to end in great glaciers, does not appear to be corroborated. The "*Sea of Ancient Ice*" (which if solid at the Pole would be a misnomer) whether palæo-crustic or palæonic, would to all intents and purposes—being permanent except at its borders—be an ancient glacier, only naturally not moving with the same rapidity as a glacier on a mountain slope, and possibly at and around the Pole, having no movement (in itself) at all. That it was not always so, speaking geologically, is attested by the discovery of coal and of fossil corals in the extreme north; but these belong to a time immeasurably remote. One thing is certain, that the discovery of a sea or glacier of ancient ice will for ever set the seal of doom on future attempts to reach the North Pole. It will no more be possible to get over that frozen expanse by the Spitzbergen route, even if aided by the Gulf Stream, than by the route of Smith Sound.

THE LEGEND OF ST. DUNSTAN.

AN AUNCIENTE BALLADDE.

Saint Dunstan was a holy man,
 In sooth he had never his match;
 You know, I suppose, he took by the nose
 That terrible person Old Scratch.

He did still more; although that feat
 He did, I know, score one for:
 He fell in love with a pretty maid,
 And was *not* taken in and done for.

And you'll observe of that latter fact
 That it was miraculous—very—
 If you've ever gazed, as I have gazed,
 On the maids of Glastonbury.

He fell in love. He was very young
 And the heart just then is plastic.
 "Boy, don't be an ass; avoid that lass;
 And choose a life monastic."

'Twas thus his uncle spoke to him,
 All uncles are unromantic;
 But this uncle was a jolly old monk,
 And not the least pedantic.

"Take sweetheart or wife, you'll lead such a life—
 Come over to us and be cosy;
 Lovers, dear fellow, turn green and yellow—
 Our life is always rosy."

Now, Dunstan was as sharp as a nail,
 Though a long way under thirty;
 "I've noticed," he said, "the girl I would wed
 Is sometimes a little flirty.

I'll do it." What he meant by that,
 Within his bosom he hid it;

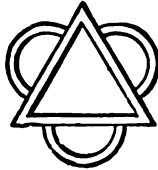
But one fine morn being treated with scorn,
By his lady-love—he did it.

He went and said, “ My beauty, I know,
We *have* been two sad fools ;
I’ll stop to sup, then lock me up
In a cell with these brushes and tools.

“ I’ll hammer and paint, and go in for a saint,
It don’t take me long to discover—
In fact,” he said, “ she has discovered for me,
I never was meant for a lover.

So here I am, monk ; just make me a monk—
I’m tired of all mundane stir.”
So took a cell ; and that fair demoiselle
’Twas a terrible *sell* for her.

CLODE MORYCE.



THE RISE OF MAXIMIN,

EMPEROR OF THE OCCIDENT,

Compiled by LUCIUS, Keeper of the Imperial Archives at Iscapolis.

TRANSLATED AND EDITED

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

CHAPTER III.

The Ships—The Voyage—The Mutiny—Storming of Bol's Rock—Maximin hailed "King"—Manufacture of Arms—Start of the Expedition—March of the Army.

THE cliff which they called Alba Longa was 'a spur from the Blue Mountains which there came down to the sea. There was a camp of the friendly mountaineers, called Ashe, about four miles from the inlet, and from them Kearsie Stewart had already derived the materials to build two ships. All that was wanted was seasoned wood, and that they had in plenty. The plan of such a vessel had been explained by Maximin to Stewart long before; and Maximin, in his papers which he brought from the burnt house at Sycamore Creek, had sections and designs upon which carpenters could at once go to work. These very sections and designs had been offered by Max to the government of Aurelius, which had simply declined to notice them. The vessel was about forty feet in length, by nearly ten in breadth at the beam, and tapered more forward than aft. The waist, or body of the ship, was low for the rowers, but the stem and stern were much raised, forming a true fore and stern-castle. There were seats for twelve oarsmen a-side, or twenty-four in all, double-banked, that is, two men sat side-by-side to pull. The fore-castle contained a cabin for the men to cook in, &c., and, the stern-castle a cabin for the officers. In those days ships were supposed to go ashore at night, and the crews to sleep under canvas on the land. For this reason they were generally small, so as to be easily hauled off again. Max had far different ideas to these, but this was not the time to carry them out. There were two masts: the mainmast carried boom, and the fore-mast a square sail; in addition to which there were two fore-sails, or a jib, and fore-sail. At the foremast head they placed hoops, so arranged that two men could sit in them comfortably—this was the crow's nest, for the look-out, and from which

fire could be directed down upon the deck of the enemy's ship in battle. The two ships exactly resembled each other, and were built roughly, because in haste ; but they were strong, and would stand rude usage. They were launched in the inlet with the full-tide, and named the "Plover" and the "Hawk." Maximin was to command the "Hawk," and Albert the "Plover," and in each there would be thirty-five men and three officers. The greatest difficulty was with provisions, for the mountaineers could supply them with but little flour. Water they had no need to take, for the sea upon which they were to sail was fresh. A store of meat and venison was laid in, and they expected to supplement it at the islands they called at. Maximin's idea was, however, to seize a fair wind, and make a short voyage ; and he waited day after day till at last, one morning, the sun rose extremely hot, and the wind was found to be blowing from the south. The Pineries, according to Max's calculations, lay almost due north, with very slight westing. They had two small compasses, and by these they steered. The use of the compass was well understood at this time, but seamen, nevertheless, rarely ventured out of sight of land, having an uncontrollable dread of the unknown waste of waters. Maximin, accustomed to long voyages alone in his small boat, looked upon such a voyage in these ships as nothing ; but his men and officers, even the sturdy Albert, viewed it with much distress. At last they pushed off, and setting all sail, drove quickly out of the narrow inlet. To the right, as they gained the open sea, they saw a long, long stretch of wooded coast ; to the left, the coast jutted out into a headland ; and beyond this, at the extreme horizon, they could just distinguish Mount St. George. Twelve miles on the other side of that was Sandover. They sailed with the steady breeze swiftly towards the mountain, and at ten o'clock were nearly abreast of it, and distant some two miles. By this time the soldiers had grown re-assured, and talked gaily of the pleasure of the voyage. From the Mount, Max bore away more northward, and less westward, across a wide expanse of sea towards the Coral Archipelago ; and the outlying islands of these they sighted at two in the afternoon. From time to time they had seen sails, but none near, and all, indeed, much closer to the land than themselves. The whole afternoon they skirted the Coral Isles, so called from the formation of the loose, friable stone of its soil, which is a species of fossil coral. These islands were all inhabited, and there were several powerful kings among] them. At sunset they ran the vessels ashore to windwards of an island, and drew them up firmly on the beach. Climbing up the hills, they could see the Archipelago from here wended westward, and that to the north it was open sea. It was this open sea that Max had crossed in his little boat, and landed

in the Pinerias ; and it was across this open sea that he was now about to lead his companions. At eight in the morning they launched their ships again, and set all sail, merrily dancing over the waves, the wind being still fair. But when after two hours the island grew low and indistinct, and the men could still see no port in sight, they began to murmur, and to gather in knots. Max took no notice of them, but taking the tiller himself, steered straight before the wind. At noon they were out of sight of land, and the men—not mutinous, but much disturbed, sat dejected, and refused to eat their food. At three o'clock the breeze sank, and at five it had lulled completely. In that sea, storms rise with fearful rapidity, but on the other hand, the waves as quickly subside ; and thus it was that in a short time the surface of the water was as smooth as a pond. The ships, about half a mile apart, were absolutely still—not the slightest motion ; the sails hung against the masts, and there was not a ripple under the counter. It was now that the men could look around them and see the illimitable expanse of water, that their discontent broke out. They rose with loud cries, and begged Maximin to turn the ship's head and let them row back. A boat came up from the "Plover" full of equally excited soldiers, and with them a letter from Albert saying that he could not content his crew, and on his own part advising Max. not to proceed. Max. advanced to the edge of the stern-castle, and looking down upon the men, told them that he had himself traversed that very sea in the frail boat which they saw on board, and he produced to them his maps and charts. He proved to them that they were already half there, and that to return was as bad as to go on. But they would not listen to him, and after awhile, began to put out the oars. Max then, aided by Charles and Stewart, launched the speronare, and got into her, declaring his intention of continuing the voyage alone. They begged and prayed him not to do so, but he began to row. Finding him obstinate, they also rowed, and, in half-an-hour, the ship was a mile away. Maximin, alone in his boat, could see the "Plover" also making way to the south.

The great sun sank, and his ships had left him. Charles, and the rest of the seven, would have accompanied him ; but he forbade, and remained alone. The men believed that in a short time he would give way, and they paused at the distance of two miles, and waited for him. Hours passed, and the night fell, still Maximin laid at the bottom of his boat, waiting. It was a terrible time. His whole life hung upon the decision of those men. If their love and better feelings predominated over their fear, they would return ; if not, he should be left to his fate, and his enterprise blasted for ever.

Slowly the night wore on. Wrapped in his cloak, Maximin watched the stars, till, in spite of himself, he fell asleep. It was sunrise when he awoke, there was the slightest breath of air. He sat up, and could still see the white sails of the two ships far to southward : obviously a breeze was rising. On board the vessel the men had passed the night quarrelling ; some denouncing the rest for leaving their leader ; while the seven friends endeavoured to persuade them to proceed. In the morning the drift of the current had carried them to such a distance that they could not see Maximin's boat, and then arose the bitterest reproaches. At the same moment, the breeze, springing up from the south, was considered an omen, and, as if by an impulse, they turned the ship's heads to the north, and spread the sails. Three quarters of an hour brought them to Maximin, and they drew him on board with every mark of shame and grief for their conduct. The strong wind carried them steadily forward, and at noon they sighted a low cloud, which soon appeared to be land ; and at three they could see a hill of those dark pines, which, lining the coast, gave rise to the name of Pineries. Maximin tacked along the shore to the westward, seeking the fishing village at which he had been previously entertained. This they found towards the evening, and ran the ships ashore. The utmost commotion was caused by their appearance, and the men hastily snatched up great stones—evidently having no arms or weapons of any kind. But Maximin, carrying a white flag, advanced alone to them, and was soon recognised. When he announced that he had come to free them from the tyranny of the Cythes, their delight knew no bounds. The ship was drawn up on the shore, and the men feasted to their hearts' content. But as evening fell, Max asked for guides to the cliff fortress, "For," said he, "if we take them unawares, the encounter will be soon over, and successful ; but if we wait till they learn our coming, they will collect their forces, and the cliff will never be stormed." Guides were speedily forthcoming, and the band set out.

The cliff fortress was situated upon an immense rock of red sandstone, which completely enclosed the mouth of a large bay or haven, and the fortress simply consisted of a wall of loose stones. If the defenders were on the alert, the steepness of the descent rendered the position impregnable ; therefore Max wished to surprise them. In this attempt he was perfectly successful. His men, followed by twice the number of natives armed with sticks and stones, climbed the cliff swiftly, then scrambled over the wall, and fell upon the sleeping Cythes with such fury that in ten minutes the whole garrison were slaughtered. A long immunity from danger, and the knowledge that the natives were disarmed, rendered them careless, and they had set no guard. Bol, the chieftain, was

slain, and from him, this rock has been since known as Bolsrock. Maximin endeavoured to appease the fury of the natives, but in vain. Incensed with years of oppression, they showed no mercy ; and in the morning various bands of Cythes scattered about the island met the same fate. The islanders armed themselves with the weapons stored up in the fortress—weapons taken from themselves—and with them destroyed their enemies. Towards the afternoon a great crowd assembled by the haven, where the ships had been brought round, and with one accord hailed Maximin their king.

For a whole week the rejoicings continued without intermission. Maximin then began to work. Learning where the beds of iron-stone were, Stewart and Sydney, with James de Caux, erected three large furnaces for smelting, and in a few days they were in full blast. Forges were then erected, and the manufacture of arms commenced.

Meantime Maximin put up a large range of buildings upon the cliff, the wall of loose stones was supplanted by one of masonry ; a deep ditch was cut, and embrasures made to fire through. With one cannon the place was inaccessible, and from the summit there was a boundless view over the sea towards the south and east. From here it could be seen that the Pineries consisted of two main islands, separated by a narrow channel, and beyond them was a dozen or more smaller islets.

Maximin brought all his thoughts and knowledge to bear upon the construction of the arms they were now manufacturing. The spears were twelve feet in length, with a broad blade tempered to a good steel ; and the spearmen were also to have a short, heavy, double-edged sword for close quarters. For armour, they were to wear a back-piece, breast-plate, and morion, or steel-cap. The matchlock men were all to have guns in the pattern of Maximin's own gun, but somewhat heavier ; and he invented a bayonet with a sword-handle. This bayonet was very long, slightly curved like a sabre, and had a double-cutting edge. With it the matchlock men could cut and slash as with a sword ; fastened at the end of a lance-handle, it proved a terrible weapon. The matchlock men were not to wear armour, but a stout leathern tunic. Arms were also made for horse. These consisted of a long lance, a long sabre, back-plate, breast-plate, thigh-pieces, and morion, with dagger at the girdle. Maximin intended to institute another class of soldiers—men-at-arms. These were to be chosen from the strongest and most active, and were to be clothed almost in complete armour, and carry, instead of spears, long two-handled swords. They were to learn the horse exercise as well as the foot, so as to be useful mounted. He drew up a code of drill for all arms, simple, but effective ; and had it copied for every officer. Cannon, throwing shot of about 7 lbs.,

were also manufactured, of wrought iron tubes, strengthened with rings shrunk on while hot, and capable of casting the ball to a distance of 500 yards. Gunpowder was made of a much stronger character than usual.

The Pinerie, who were expert shipbuilders and spent their time almost entirely upon the sea, were, meantime, engaged in building vessels upon the plan of the "Plover" and "Hawk," but much larger, and somewhat sharper. They carried fifteen oars aside or 30 in all, and the stern or prow was armed with a beak of iron so as to ram an opponent.

On the fore-castle one long seven-pounder gun was placed, and on the stern-castle two short large bore guns, meant to throw grape shot at close quarters. These were splendid vessels, and were called "triremes." They required seventy men to man them; and of these ten were constructed. For transport Maximin collected twenty of the small ships of the country in the haven below Bols-Rock. Every day bodies of men were drilled. At this duty Albert was particularly useful, and was untiring in his endeavour to make the men understand the object of the orders. Maximin also introduced a novelty into the field artillery which were made. Hitherto the cannons had but one pair of wheels, and the horses were taken out of the shafts before they could fire. He added another pair to which, the shafts were attached. The cannons could now be unhooked in a moment from the front pairs of wheels, and after firing be hooked on again, and sent forward with scarcely a pause. The preparations were now nearly complete. The ten triremes were fully manned, and upwards of fifteen hundred men more or less disciplined. In the triremes had been stored great quantities of arms, powder, tools, and artillery. The transports were ready; they only waited for a fair wind. It came at last towards the evening of a cloudy day. Maximin could not sail at night, but despatched Charles in the "Hawk," to have ten hours' start, and to try and warn the mountaineers that the expedition was coming. With sunrise the expedition sailed, bearing directly south.

It was a gallant sight: thirty vessels under canvas filled with brave and enthusiastic men, bounding over the deep blue waves towards unknown adventures. Maximin's heart naturally rose with exultation as, from the poop of the "Pinta" trireme he surveyed his splendid fleet. They sighted the Coral Archipelago the first night, and there anchored and waited till dawn. Search was made for traces of the "Hawk," but in vain, and it afterwards transpired that Charles, with extreme daring, had sailed direct for the main land, never pausing till he sighted Mount St. George. From the Coral Archipelago they coasted along till near Sandover, and then

steered out for Mount St. George, which they doubled safely, and in the evening of the second day anchored at Alba Longa. Maximin's plan was to make this place a *depôt* for his arms and provisions, and to assemble the mountaineers in the neighbourhood. The work of landing the arms and goods occupied the whole night, and towards the next evening the mountaineers began to flow in. The arms which had been made for them were then served out, and dispositions made for the march. It was intended to march along the foot of the Blue Mountains for about twenty miles, so as to enable the various camps to join. By that time, it was thought, the coast kings would be alarmed and would assemble their forces, and with sufficient generalship it might be possible to slip between them, and gain the peninsula of Sandover in their rear. The march at last began, and at the same time the triremes were despatched to annoy the trade of Sandover, and if possible to even penetrate to the West Port and fire upon the Sandover fleet—such as it was—laid up there.

CHAPTER IV.

Effort of Burgos to resist the Invasion—Coalition of the Coast Kings—Harold arrives—Battle of Barrowlands—Maximin in Danger—Desperate conflict.

THE march along the foot of the mountains was effected with success, but the attempt to attack Sandover unexpectedly utterly failed. It failed through the insight of Burgos, the chief councillor of Aurelius. This man, with instinctive perception, had from the first recognised, while he endeavoured to suppress, the genius of the young adventurer. While others at the council-table made light of the bravado of the proclamation nailed to the post in the square, Burgos alone openly pronounced his opinion that it was a serious event. He endeavoured by all the means in his power to prevent its circulation; but too many copies had been taken before any notice of it had been brought to him. He doubled the guard in the palace, dreading an *emeute* of the slaves, most of whom had been free men with arms in their hands at some time. He employed several more detachments of Cythes, and strengthened the garrison in the various towns. He even made peace with Brucester, and had the strictest search made for Maximin, offering large rewards. So that when at last the news came that Maximin had landed with a large force, descended from no man knew whence, he grasped at its importance immediately. Yet, even then, all his influence could never have persuaded Aurelius to take action, had not the fleet of Maximin made an attack upon the shipping in the West Port. For thirty years the sound of cannon so close to

the city had not been heard, and the echo of the discharges awoke the most tremendous excitement. The citizens were afraid of a landing, and troops were marched to that side of the ramparts, but Burgos never expected that for a moment. As it was, however, seven or eight ships were sunk, and a battery of three guns, which endeavoured to reply, was silenced. After this feat the galleys hoisted Max's colours—a rayed star, gold, on a blue ground—gave a defiant shout, and retired to anchor in Sycamore Creek, or Easthaven as it was more properly called, barely a mile from the walls. This attack, which Max intended to attract attention from his real intention, had an opposite effect; it played into the hands of Burgos, who was now looked upon as the wisest of men, and was warmly supported in his measures. He sent ambassadors to all the adjoining states, asking their co-operation, and especially to Brucester and to Badom, the last the largest town on the coast, but ill-defended. At the same time the news spread that Maximin was marching along the mountains collecting the mountaineers, and the apprehensions of his descent into the place grew to the highest pitch; so that the country people fled to the towns, and the works of agriculture were deserted. There was, as it were, a hum in the air—omens of the falling bolt. The slaves openly talked of their approaching deliverance. The Pheroom priests cursed the invaders as heretics with both book and candle; the whole land was astir. But the deepest hatred boiled among the mercenary bands of Cythes, who looked upon Max as their greatest enemy, and swore to burn him alive to their chief god, Blut. For although nominally converted to the ritual of Pheroom, and yielding a complete obedience to the Holy Pater at Room, they were at heart and in reality pagans. Alarmed at the progress of Max., the kings of Brucester, Sandover, and Badom, with nine minor kings, agreed to unite their forces at Barrowland, close to the ford over the Upper Hafon. Barrowland, so called from the number of barrows scattered about, was a spot on the downs, was but eighteen miles from Sandover in a direct line. Here the land was open greensward suitable for the gathering of a large army. Maximin was west of Sandover when he finished the task of collecting his mountaineers. He had reckoned that each king would oppose him individually, and hoped with superior forces to crush them one by one, and to pass eastward. He did not reckon upon the foresight and the diplomatic powers of Cesare Burgos, who for the first time perhaps in history combined the coast kings together, moreover, the enemy were assembled in strong force directly in his path. Maximin had marched one day's journey from the mountains, and intended upon the second to press on to the rear of the small body of troops which deserters, (sent for that purpose by Burgos) informed

him were at Ungerford. But in the evening his advance guard brought in a man who was eager to speak with the king, and whom Max, no sooner saw, than he ran to meet him. It was an old friend—Harold Bexton. Bexton, on his way in a Cantonian vessel to seek his fortune in the south, had stayed at Sandover from stress of weather. There he heard of Max's enterprise, and, seized with enthusiasm, went to join him. Harold was welcomed with great delight by the seven, and at once added to the council table. When they explained their plans he rose in astonishment, and declared that he had passed Barrowlands, and that the greatest force he had ever seen was gathered together. On this intelligence, which came at so fortunate a moment, Maximin determined to march to the eastward and southward, and take up a position fronting the enemy. To advance and attempt to outflank them was extremely dangerous; to retire would destroy the confidence of his troops. Much discouraged by this discovery, Maximin was restless and moody the whole of the night, sleeping little. On the morrow the army marched as directed, and towards evening debouched upon the slope of the hills which went down to the river's edge. On the opposite side they could see the tents of the enemy, and hear the strains of his bands. While the army took up position for the night, Maximin ascended the adjacent hill and gazed over his opponent's force. It was truly great, and to his then inexperienced eye appeared the greater, as he had so few to compare it against. He had heard from Harold the twelve kings were there assembled against him; and the forces could not number less than fifteen thousand men, all more or less disciplined. His own army was barely eight thousand, and of that number not more than 2000 were disciplined, the remainder being the mountaineers. It was an anxious and uneasy night. There was a light drizzling rain, which made it darker than it need otherwise have been, and in consequence men were more apt to be alarmed at the smallest disturbance, and several times the cry arose that the enemy were crossing the ford. Now and then a shot was fired by the sentinels and outposts. The watch-fires of the enemy were dimly seen in the distance, and at intervals the bugle sounded as they relieved guard.

After making all dispositions, Maximin desired to be left in solitude in his tent, and, closing the curtain, sat down before his writing-table and lamp. He listened, and as he did so the clang of the armourers rivetting arms and sharpening blades, rang dismally upon the ear. He was no coward, but his mind was too great and comprehensive not to estimate at their full importance the powers opposed to him. He felt now what it was to fight for a crown, that gew-gaw which in its narrow circle includes so much. At length, in the early morning, he drew paper and pen towards him,

and wrote a few lines to Genevre. It was the first letter he had ever written to her, and he wrote it on the eve of the battle which might not only end his hopes, but despoil him of life. It ran: "Honoured and dearest Genevre,—In this supreme moment of my life when the arbitration of the sword is about to decide my destiny, I may be permitted to tell you in plain and unmistakeable language the love that I have for you. This much you may have guessed before; but a king—for such I am, and a leader of men—may say what a poor hunter could not. To-morrow I may win—to-morrow my head may lie in the dust; which ever it shall be, remember I am ever yours alone. For love of you I have drawn the sword and put away the scabbard.—**MAXIMIN.**" He called an attendant, and despatched this letter by a horseman; then lay down upon the rude couch, and presently fell into a disturbed slumber. At three he awoke with a start and cried aloud, when the attendants came, and he began to arm. Those who saw him on that memorable occasion relate that he shivered, whether with the cold morning air, or fear, or both; that his hands were white and nerveless, his finger-nails bloodless, but his eye, unusually bright and glittering as if under the influence of wine. His face was deadly pale, and he complained of sickness and a pain in the head. When they had put on his armour, he staggered under it as if he had suddenly lost his strength, and ordered them to take it off; nor, despite every persuasion, could they induce him to retain anything more than a shirt of mail, and an open steel helmet with the short bridge to protect the nose and face. He wore the long, straight heavy sword, but no other weapon. They handed him wine, but he refused it, and drank only a little water. About four o'clock Prince Albert came up on horseback armed cap-a-pie in complete mail, and in his loud, impressive voice, demanded that the cannon should begin pointing out that the mist was rising from the valley between the two armies. "I never," writes Sydney in his memoirs, "felt so near an approach to positive dread of our commander becoming a poltroon as at that moment. I rode up behind Prince Albert, and I declare that for two or three minutes we could not understand what the king said, he spoke so low and inarticulately. I distinguished something about "peace—blood—chance!" when a cock crowed somewhere near. The King looked up as if he thought it was a good omen, raised his hand, and said in a clear tone, "Yes; advance the guns." From that moment he never faltered, although those who were near him assure me that he exhibited symptoms of extreme nervousness the whole day. Prince Albert rode off in the mist, and Sydney stayed with the King to act as his staff officer. The mist was very thick, and rose

about ten feet above the tents, so that looking up the sky was visible, but horizontally nothing could be seen. James de Caux had charge of the artillery. He, on receiving the message from Prince Albert, horsed his guns and ran a battery of six down the slope till he approached the river, and then judging distance by guess, he elevated the muzzle, and fired the first shot with his own hand. Deadened by the mist, the report sounded dull and ominous along the line, but as it echoed from the hills the men sprang up and fell in. The echo of that shot has not even yet, in one sense, died away.

This was the order of the battle. First were posted the artillery: three batteries, or 18 guns (7 lb.) under De Caux. Next came 800 match-lock men, armed with the improved musket and bayonet, under Stewart. Behind them stood the second rank of spears, or the phalanx, three deep, numbering also 800 men, under Albon Quincey. On the right wing were stationed 400 heavy horse under George de Pinole. In the rear were 200 men-at-arms, under Prince Charles, forming the reserve. The mountaineers, in all about six thousand men, most diversely armed, but principally with spears and short guns, were on the left wing, and under their own officers, but directed by Lords Henry and Sydney. The general orders issued were to engage all along the line, but not to charge or advance beyond the river, which was shallow, till express orders were given.

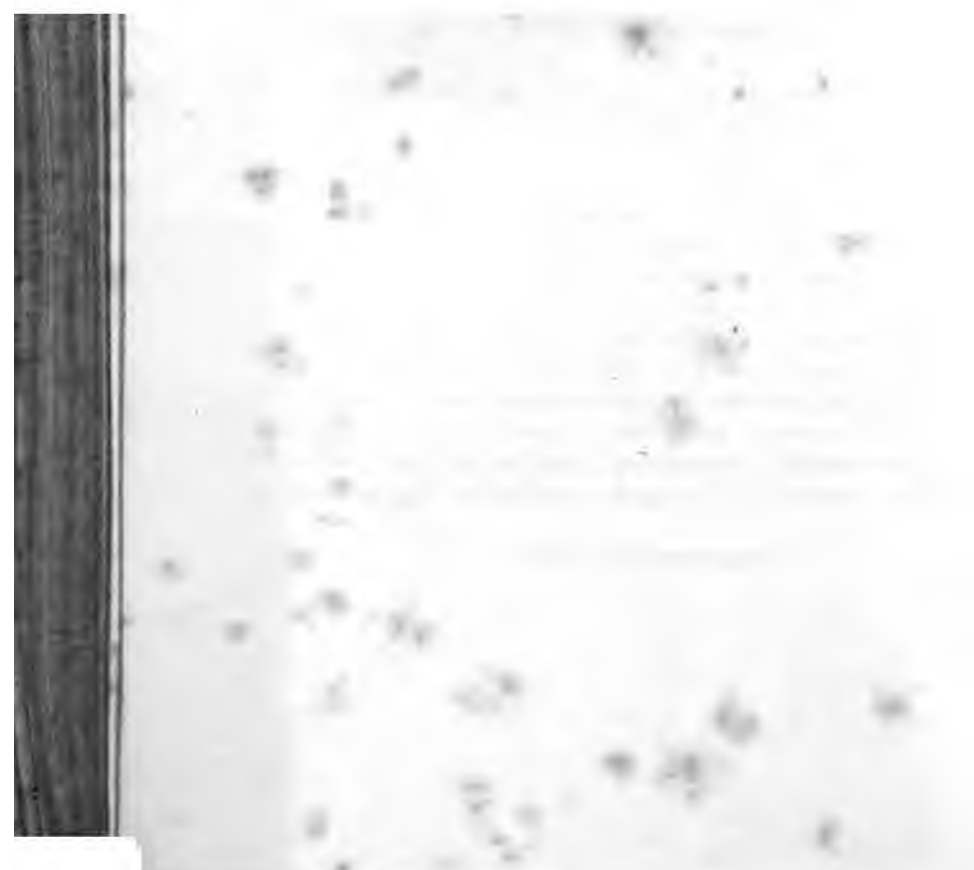
The disposition of the allies is not so clear, but it appears that Badom occupied the centre, Brucester the left wing, and Sandover the right wing, with the minor kings at the rear, and on the right of Sandover—the general object of Burgos, who commanded in chief, being to outflank his opponent. The Cythes were scattered all along the line under their own leaders. This was the original order of array when de Caux's first cannon awoke the distant echoes.

Maximin sprang on his horse, a white mare, and rode with his orderlies down to the artillery. The mist was rising fast, and as it cleared the opposite green slope across the river became visible, and upon it a few gnarled hawthorn bushes. De Caux saw now that he had fired too low, and aimed higher, when, after the next discharge there was an outcry as if the ball had told. At the same moment a sputtering fire of musketry on the left told that skirmishers were advanced to the extreme edge, and the mountaineers began to reply with irregular discharges. Maximin was watching De Caux with the guns, when a cannon-ball flew whistling through the air, and dropped on the sward close in the rear, turning up sward and earth. He turned pale but sat firm, setting his teeth. Another and another ball, till a cannon was knocked over and two horses cut to pieces. "Limber up," said De Caux. "We are

exposed to their fire over the ridge, and cannot return it." They returned to high ground, and saw the shot plough up the earth as they struck below them. The mist was now rolling westward up the valley, and the panorama of the battle was unrolled. Down the opposite slopes on his right Maximin saw troops of men hurrying to the river's edge where was a slight shelter of willow trees and bushes. His own regiments of musketeers were within easy range of the river, but the advanced sections were lying down in a hollow ditch and firing as they lay. Every now and again a man would throw up his arms and fall, roll over, or spring up in the air, and fall as the bullet struck him. Over the opposite ridge there poured still more bodies of matchlocks, who supported their skirmishers, and fired high to reach Max's men. The fire now became very hot, and Stewart's matches fell back, when there was a movement as if the enemy would cross. Caux's guns were engaged with the enemy's, firing at long range, at which they were more effective, and actually forced the enemy to withdraw under the ridge. Max rode to him and ordered the guns to play on the infantry at the river's edge, which they did with terrible effect, and soon forced the enemy up the slope. Stewart sent his matches forward both sides, and fired volleys into them; but at this moment Max's attention was directed to the left wing, for an orderly rode up with a curt message from Edward Sydney:—"Sandover pressing very hard! Cythes half across the river! Can hardly hold our own." From the high ground Max could see as he galloped along the slope the green jackets of the Cythes in the water, and their long glaives—a sword-blade on the end of a pole, a terrible weapon—flashing as they swung them up and down. The mountaineers were forced back in the centre, and the green jackets had torn across. Cheers echoed from the Sandover troops, and there was the thud of galloping cavalry, as the Burgos sent his horse forward to support the Cythes and press the advantage. At this moment Alban Quincey rode up to Max, and seizing his bridle, begged him to order an advance on the right wing, as Stewart's matches were at the river's edge, and if supported could advance up the slopes under cover of the artillery. Max looked back at the retreating troops; then forwards at the struggle ahead. He saw the green flag already his side of the river; he saw the swords of the cavalry glitter as they rushed down the slope, and felt the ground tremble under the charge. He heard firing a long distance ahead, as if troops had already outflanked him. He hesitated. In that moment he remembered the encounter he had witnessed between Sandover and Bicester, and his own contempt at their inefficiency. Now he understood the difficulty of war; recognised the extreme importance the smallest

step may bear. He thought it better to protect his line than to advance. He refused Quincey, and ordered him to return to his brigade, and sent messages for Caux to send up a battery. The battery came, but came too late. The fiery horse had charged across the shallow river, and was among the mountaineers. Max saw the horses' heads tower over his men—he saw the swords rise and flash, fall, and rise again, of a dull tint. He saw the troops pressed back—a wave passed over them—then came a cheer—the horse burst in, and the mountaineers gave way. He felt a sickening sensation at his heart, and his sight swam for a moment. When he looked again, the battery was on his right, playing into the enemy; but it was in vain. Burgos urged forward every man he could get into the gap, the mountaineers fought bravely; but they were a disorderly crowd, in ten minutes it was a rout. Horses and infantry, Cythes and all, were in one indescribable ruck, all pressing up the slope, all shooting right and left at the fugitives. Max threw up his arms as if to stem the torrent. The balls thrown by the battery into the stream of pursuers seemed no more than marbles—unheeding they pressed on, and the artillerymen seeing that there was nothing between them, and the Cythes, began to waver and aim widely. “Fly, fly,” cried Lord Sydney riding up, the cavalry come this way.” He urged Max's buglemen, when a shot struck the white mare, and she reared and fell. In another moment the horse were on them. The artillerymen crept under their gun, but the cavalry, laughing and shouting, pushed them between the spokes of the wheels, and stabbed them mercilessly. Sydney was forced away, striking back as he rode, and crying, “A Rescue! a Rescue!”

To be continued).



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